

NOTES
ON 9-14-14
DRYDEN'S
VIRGIL.

In a Letter to a Friend.

With an ESSAY on the same Poet.

By Mr. MILBOURN E.

*Arma virum—Nonne hoc spumosum & cortice pinguis?
Ut Ramale Vetus pragrandi subere coctum.*

Perf. Sat. I.

Thus Translated by Mr. Dryden:

*Friend—What if I bring
A Nobler Verse? Arms and the Man I sing.*

*Perf. Why name you Virgil with such Fops as these?
He's truely great, and must for ever please:
Not Fierc'd, but Awful is his Manly Page;
Bold is his Strength, but Sober is his Rage.*

Cedimus inque vicem præbemus cura Sagittis.

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ЗАКОНОДАВСТВО

417.04

NOTES ON DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

In a Letter to a Friend.

SIR,

WHEN the late Translation of *Virgil* first appear'd in Public, you desir'd my Thoughts of it: The Task was not ingrateful; for tho I never had any great Opinion of Mr. Dryden's Performances of *that kind*, yet I had so great a Respect for *Virgil*, as made every thing which might endenizen him, acceptable to me: I set therefore upon reading the *Translation* presently, and cast my *Observations* on it into Writing: But meeting with many *Avocations*, of which you are not ignorant, I have

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had since no Leisure to look over or compleat them. Being at last Master of a little, I send them you ; of what Weight they may appear to *the Few*, Time will shew.

And here, in the first place, I must needs own *Jacob Tonson's* Ingenuity to be greater than the *Translitor's*, who, in the *Inscription* of his fine *Gay* in the Front of the Book, calls it very honestly *Dryden's Virgil*, to let the Reader know, that this is not *that Virgil* so much admired in the *Augustean Age*, an Author whom Mr. *Dryden* once thought *Untranslatable*, but a *Virgil* of another Stamp, of a courser Allay ; a filly, impertinent, non-sensical *Writer*, of a various and uncertain Style, a meer *Alexander Ross*, or some body inferiour to him ; who could never have been known again in the Translation, if the *Name of Virgil* had not been bestow'd upon him in *large Characters* in the *Frontispiece* and in the *Running Title*. Indeed, there's scarce the *Magni Nominis Umbra* to be met with in this Translation, which being fairly intimated by *Jacob*, he needs add no more, but *Si Populus vult decipi decipiatur*.

But Mr. *Dryden* himself, after some little *v. litations* and odd *Complements* bestow'd on my *Lord Clifford* and the *E. of Chesterfield*, shews his *Triarii*, and in a large Battle, with a Front of extraordinary *Length*, but not very *Deep*, in his Address to my *Lord Marquis of Normanby* ; Mr. *Dryden* knew he had to do with a *Critic of the First Rate* in that Noble Lord ; That

That he perfectly understood the *Author, and his Translation*, and therefore try'd to tyre him so with a very familiar indeed, but tedious and confus'd Epistle, as might, if possible, prevent his looking more nicely into the Translation : and doubtless if that *Noble Lord* had patience to read over such a *Volume of Impertinence*, Mr. *Dryden* might justly give him leave to damn all the rest of the Book.

It may perhaps be worth the while to examine that Epistle a little, to see what Thoughts Mr. *Dryden* in it has of his own Performances, and the Intellectuals of others; tho a Man must be very carefull of his Movements, since a dreadfully barbarous, and unnatural Postscript lyes behind in Ambuscade, and Heaven knows how many little Scribblers have fallen into the Hands of those merciless Monsters, to the perpetual Terror of such unthinking presumptuous Creatures. However I'll March as warily as I can, and being forewarn'd, may be perhaps forearm'd too, till I have gone through what I design'd, and you expected from me.

After some Discourse of the Nature of an Epic Poem, He tells us, as he says, from *Boiss*, That *Statius* bad a mind to try his Strength with *Virgil* on a particular Subject, as Funeral Games, as *Virgil* had with *Homer*: I have not *Boiss* by me, but if he talks so, he mistakes. *Statius* never pretended to come up to *Virgil*, much less to wrestle a Fall with him in Heroics, *Tu ne Divinum Aeneida tenta, sed longe sequere,*

& vestigia semper adora, was more agreeable to his Modesty. He might imitate Virgil without incurring the Name of that *Capanicus of a Poet*, which perhaps, may pass for a fine Thought, but indeed is Nonsense ; nothing but Lightning could hinder Capanus from entering Thebes inspight of all their Gods. Pray what hindred Statius from mateing Virgil ? And Virgil can scarce be said to borrow any thing from Homer in this case, since his Games were of another Nature as 'twas fit they should have been , only his were Funeral Games as well as those of Homer, and might have been so, tho he had never read the Grecians Poems.

After a long Story about the *Epic and Dramatic Poem*, especially the *Tragedy* , He closes his Paragraph, with a Character of his own *Tragedies*, tho he introduces it with a Reflection on the Lord Orrery, what ever that is, the rest is true on certain Expérience. We can believe Achilles or Æneas routed Armies in Homer, or Virgil. But, Ne Hercules contra duos in the Drama. This is coming to Confession for Almanzor. Afterwards He tells some more Truths of Himself, such as may perhaps make him a Hero, but of no perfect Virtue ; However He's a Native of Parnassus, and bred up in the Study of its Fundamental Laws. Now if I'm not mistaken those are Monarchical, but Mr. D— since he received Mr. M—es stamp is of another Clan, a mere Renegado from Monarchy, Poetry, and good Sense. But let him praise

praise *himself*, while we wonder at *bis Writings*, and conclude with himself, That *All are not Heroic Poets*, I add, Nor fit to Translate them, who have *assum'd* that *lofty Title* in *Antient or Modern Ages*, or have been so *esteemed* by their partial or ignorant Admirers.

They are not to be rank'd among the three whom I have nam'd. This passage is somewhat obscure, for whether he means *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Tasso*, or *Tasso*, *Spencer*, and *Milton*, or speaks of three where he had nam'd but two, only to *burlesque Scripture*, may be disputed. But why was not Mr. *Cowley* nam'd as well as *Spencer*, or *Milton*, since *Spencer's Fairy Queen* is no more finish'd than Mr. *Cowley's Davideis*, I know those who have little of *their own*, condemn the *Superfluity* of *his Wit*, the Reason is *their Unhappiness*, not *His*? Those who have *Wit* may use it, and those who want it may be *Angry*: But I'd sooner yield to my *Lord Bishop of Rochester's Character* of that Beginning of the *Davideis*, That It's a better instance and beginning of a *Divine Poem* than he had ever yet seen in any *Language*, than submit to the Censorious Ignorance of our latter Scribblers.

A Poet cannot speak too plain on the Stage— I'm afraid then a great many fine words in the *Conquest of Granada*, must be lost, such as *Vivarambla*, *Mirador*, *Escapade* &c. which may create some difficulties to *Unb испаниолиз'd Readers*.

That the *Moral of the Æneis* is less Noble than that of the *Ilias*, I know no Reason to grant, That union among Confederates, or Little States, is necessary for the their support, and for their compassing any great or generous Designs, is a great Truth, and made good by the *Ilias*, is own'd, That Piety to the Gods, Reverence to Parents, exact Justice, and prudent Valour are necessary and effectual to carry Men thro Difficulties, and as Noble a Truth and as clearly made out by the *Æneis*, and is its great Moral must be own'd too. That the Romans from thence should make an Inference, That they could not be happier than by a quiet Submission to the Conduct and Government of a Prince in whom all these Qualifications met, was reasonable; it was what the Poet design'd, and what Augustus might have cause to value the Poem for, and, supposing it the great Moral, How comes Obedience to an excellent Prince to be a requisite inferior to that of Unity among little Confederates? Why should it be less Noble in an Englishman to be Loyal and Faithful to William the III. than for the seven Provinces to be true to their Uniting Leagues, in Opposition to the Spaniard, or the Princes of Germany against the Monarch of France? Tho we own Mr. D. may be a Republican now, it's but agreeable to his Character; from the Beginning he was an *αντεργάτης*, and I doubt not but he'll continue so to the end of the Chapter; but his Argument to prove Virgil such, is as ridiculous as a Man could wish.

The

The Verse out of the 8th *Eneid* proves it not *Secretosque pins &c*, (for so it should be written) *Augustus* himself would have Honour'd *Cato* for his severe Virtue ; but neither *Virgil* nor any other *Wise Man* would have admir'd him for his *mistaken Republicanism* ; and had *Virgil* been suspected for such Principles, the very suspicion would have ruin'd what Mr. D. makes the great Moral of the Poem. But *Virgil* is not the only Person on whom Mr. D. has endeavour'd to fix a *Scandalous Character*.

For the Cause of Religion is but a modern Motive to Rebellion, invented by the Christian Priesthood refining on the Heathen. This is malicious enough, and would have been an Invention becoming Mr. Dryden's Wit, had he been unhappily admitted into *Holy Orders* ; tho for ought I know, his very Christianity may be questionable. But I'm afraid, Mr. D's a little out in his *Chronology*. His old Friend *Lucretius* tells him, *Religio peperit scelerata atque impia facta*, and might not Rebellion be reckon'd among such kind of Actions, if he questions it, I'll shew him some Instances of *Rebellions under the presence of Religion* before Christianity was heard of ; and since then, I have never heard of any sort of Christians, who have turn'd Religion into Rebellion, and Faith into Faction, but those of the Church of Rome, and their spawn of the Separation. Our Republicans are generally Atheists, and therefore tho they are as ready for a Rebellion as Heart

Heart could wish, it can't be said to be under
Pretence of Religion.

He being murder'd by his own Son. I wonder where Mr. Dryden met with that fine Piece of History? How many Sons had *Julius Cæsar*? And by which of his Wives had He this *Barbarian of a Son* who murdered Him? I have heard indeed, that when *Brutus* struck him, he cry'd out *è tu rex*. *Cæsar* had been us'd to call him *Son* familiarly, and out of Kindness, but no body ever said He was *Cæsar's own Son*: Now it's one of the Fundamental Laws of *Parnassus* to write True History. Therefore, if Mr. D. attempt any more,

—*Pimplæum ascendere mentem*

Musæ furcillis præcipitem ejicient.

It would be a great Kindness to the World to give a good Evidence of the Truth of *Virgil's Desire that his Aeneids should be burnt*. I don't remember any of his Contemporaries mentioning it; and *Sulpitius's Epigram*, and those Verses fastned on *Augustus*, and the Story in *Donatus* are not exact enough to build our Credit upon in the Case.

The *Poetical Revenge* he talks of was only fit for his Observation; a Critic would have been ashame'd of it. Among *Rowers*, or *Racers*, or *Archers*, or *Players at Whorl bats*, if that Word may be used as *English* for the Latin *Cæstus*, some must have been worsted; but *Virgil* endeavours to represent their Case tenderly; and either some extraordinary *Misfortunes*,

fortune, or some *Machine* is brought in to excuse the *Looser*; which needed not, had he made them *such* out of pique. Thus *Dares* was a Terror to every one, and could have been beaten by none but *Entellus*, who was a Match for a *Demigod*.

It's possible for a *Courtier* not to be a *Knave*, is a great *Discovery*, and an extraordinary *Condescension*. But what a Happiness is it, that Mr. D. can speak so freely as no *Dutch* Commentator could? Poor Scoundrels, silly illiterate Fellows they! What were the *Heinsius's* and *Emmenius's* to Mr. Dryden? But one Poet may judge of another by himself. Excellent! *Poet Squab*, endued with *Poet Maro's* Spirit by a wonderful *Metempsychosis*, yet just before *Virgil* was no *Knave*. It was an ugly croaking kind of *Vermin* which would need swell to the Bulk of an Ox. He who'd burn a Collection of Mr. D's Works every Year to the *Manes* of *Virgil*, would be as just as He who sacrific'd a *Statius* to Him: I'm sure they'd blush, if Souls were capable of it, at the *Scandalous Parallel*; but He can speak what the French durft not. Yet would not a *French Army*, with the P. of W. at the Head of it, be very welcome to Mr. D. and, without doubt, they'd make us all *Free Subjects* presently.

Æneas could not pretend to be Priam's *Heir* by *Lineal Succession*. *Heir*, to what? Did He pretend to reign at *Troy*, to set up again for the *Command* of all *Asia*? No, but *He*, and a few more, advis'd by the Gods to put themselves

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selves under his Command, went to seek their Fortunes in another Country, from whence, tho' the Trojans had descended, God knows when, yet Priam, nor any Heir of his, had any thing to do there: But Mr. D. must be squinting at a Prince, who had no great Opinion of his Merit, and therefore gave the Laurel to another; and thus the Vengeance He defers is not forgotten. Yet, now I think on't, why should not Æneas be Priam's Heir, since Mr. D. tells us in the very next Page, That He married the Heiress of the Crown. But how could that be, when here he observes, that Helenus and Atys Priam's Son and Grandson were still living? But these Great Wits have commonly very bad Memories, and must now and then, to throw dirt at Princes, or to wreak their Teen, be allowed to talk a little Non-sense.

It was not for Nothing that Virgil made the Office of High Priest vacant by the Death of Pantheus for his Hero to succeed in it. Of this great Discovery Mr. D. says, If Commentators have not taken notice, he's sure they ought to have done it. Now I'm afraid Mr. D.'s a little too confident here; and I durst adventure much, that Virgil, that most judicious of Poets, had no such Thought in his Head: He says indeed, in the Person of Hector appearing to him in the Vision, *Sacra suosque tibi commendat Roma Penates;* and he tells us further of Hector, that presently after these Words, *Manibus vittas, Vestamque potenter Esternumque adytis*

adytis effert penetralibus ignem. If by this *Æneas* was made the *Pontifex Maximus*, it was not in the room of *Pantheus*, for *He* was yet living, and *Æneas* meets *Him* soon after, and from him receives the lamentable Account of *Simon's Villany* and *Troy's Ruine*; and *Pantheus* was then flying with his Gods and his Nephew to seek for Shelter; *Pantheus* then turns again, as it should seem, with *Æneas* and others to try their utmost to drive off the Enemy; and *Pantheus* is killed afterwards, in the very medley of War, when *Æneas* had no time to look after his Gods; nor do we find him ever seeking for them; but when he returns home to carry off his Family, *Anchises* bears the Gods left at Home by *Hector* in the Vision before, along with them in their last Flight. Besides, *Pantheus* was particularly the Priest of *Apollo*, and not greater than *Lascoo* before, who was *Neptune's* Priest, of great Interest and Authority, and therefore made an Example of by angry *Minerva*; but *Augustus*, for whose Sake this deep Discovery was made, was the Chief Priest of all, not devoted to any one, but presiding over the Religious Ceremonies of all the Gods, and was no more *Æneas* his Heir in this Office, than *Æneas* had been the Heir of *Pantheus*.

But Virgil makes Diomede give him a higher Character for Strength and Courage. A higher Character than whom? It must be than *Hector*: Now *Segrais* was much wiser to omit this Observation, than Mr.D. to make it; for

for *Virgil* says no such thing ; for tho they were *Ambo animis ambo insignes præstantibus armis*. That expression makes them not *equal* by any means, two Men may be very Brave, very Valiant, and yet one more so than the other ; and that very Addition of *Hic pietate Prior* ; was but to bring the balance even, that *Aeneas's piety*, might make up the defects of his *Fortitude*, when compar'd with *Hector*. And it could not at all become *Virgil* to contradict *Homer*, who tho he made *Aeneas the second Champion of the Trojans*, yet shews him every where inferior to *Achilles, Ajax, and Diomede* ; and even *Hector himself* was thought too weak for any of them. *Diomede* therefore only complements *Aeneas*, not as an over match for himself, but as a really great Man, whom they'd find it very hard to *equal*, tho he were *inferior to one* who was too hard not only for *Venus*, but for *Mars* himself.

Mr. D. next gives us ten Lines of *Diomedes Speech*, but prudently tells his Lord the Reason why he omitted the Translation. Because *he had no Reason to desire he should see that, and the Original together*. And this was a Favour he ought to have beg'd of *every Man*, for never, certainly was *such an Original* so barbarously abus'd before. Yet Mr. D. thinks, *He has not succeeded ill in the version of those Lines* : this is his old Distemper, admiring and glassing himself in the *Mirror of his own Rhymes* ;

Rhymes; but let us consider a little how he really has succeeded.

We met in Fight; I know him to my cost;
Virgil says not so, nor could Diomede, they
had met indeed in Battle, but Diomede got no ^{Iliad E.} burt, only Æneas was struck down with a
Massive Stone, and had dy'd under Diomedes
Hand, had not his Mother luckily sav'd him,
this then was an absurd Addition without
Sense or Reason.

With what a whirling force his Lance he tost.
Did ever any one talk so before? Tossing intimates no extraordinary Violence in a thing
which is aim'd at a Mark, as a Lance is in
Battel; Tossing in a Blanket, which the Trans-
lator deserves, indeed is somewhat a violent
Motion upward, but downward it's very na-
tural, as honest Sanco would have inform'd
him; Tossing and Hurling, are very different,
one infers Force and Rapidity, the other only
a looser and more careleſs Impulse.

Heavens what a Spring was in his Arm to
thow! Is too Philosophical for an old Gre-
cian General, and no way fit for a grave, old
Prince, to say the Ambassadors of another, nor
is it in Virgil.

And rose at every blow: Wonderfully He-
roical, and somewhat like honest Tyrrheus
the Block-River.

Two more his match in might. Is false
Grammar.

They would have chang'd the Fortune of the
Fight. As if there had been but one Battle
during

during the Siege of Troy; or as if that were a good Expression for the Fortune of the War.

The War protracted, and the Siege delay'd. Is very mean, and a little mistaken, the taking of Troy was delay'd indeed by Hector and Æneas, but not the Siege.

Both brave alike, and equal in Command: Is intolerable, Æneas was but a kind of Lieutenant General under Hector, not equal in Command with him, tho I find Homer calling Æneas, "Αρεξ ἀνδρῶν", and that before the Death of Priam.

In pious Reverence to the Gods excell'd. Mr. D. here forgets what he had rightly observ'd in his Dedication, That Piety in Æneas was of a more extensive Importance, than only to have relation to the Gods, for it contains the whole Duty of Man towards his Country, and his Relations. Again, Æneas was inferior in the Field to Hector, witness Hector's own Visionary Words to him. *Si Troja dextra Defendi possent etiam hæc defensa fuissent,* meaning his own, which if not true, had been indecent for the Ghost of so modest a Man as Hector was.

This now is Mr. D's Great Success, Mr. Ogilby's must appear much better to an Impartial Reader, and what if that passage were thus Translated;

*We too have try'd his Javelins distant force,
And Hand to Hand have stopt his dreadful course,
We've seen how high he'd lift his mighty Sbield,
And how his Spear like Whirl-winds rak'd the
(Field,* And

*And had the Trojan spacious Bounds supply'd
Two more like him for daring Valour try'd.
War then had chang'd his Scene, and Greece
had mourn'd*

*In ruins, by the Trojan Arms o'erturn'd,
The War was long, the tenth sad Year at last,
On our Victorious Brows the Garland plac'd.
Great Hector, Great Æneas stop'd the Tyde,
They two so long our utmost Force defy'd;
Both brave, and both for Martial Deeds Re-
noun'd,*

*The latter more with God-like goodness
Crown'd.*

But an immediate Revelation dispenses with all duties of Morality : This is one of those excellent Doctrines Mr. D. would have propagated in the Church, had he once crept into Orders, his Divinity, and his Law is much alike, and were it fit to mingle Sacred Matters with his wretched Stuff, the case of the Israelites would by no means fit his turn.¹

Or the honesty of his Hero would be ill defended : It's wondrous Honesty indeed to be true to Whoring. Æneas had trespassed against Morality, and because at Heavens warning, he would not persist in it, he was scarce Honest ; now methinks, he represents a Penitent, who's not so far master of himself, but that he'll still hanker after folly, and with much ado, and Heavens warning and assistance, Subdues his Sensual Inclinations ; but what's this to Mr. D.

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But possession having cool'd his Love as it increas'd hers. Virgil hints at no such thing; He represents his Hero pleas'd with his too amorous Queen, busy both as a Husband, and a Lover, as well as a Statesman, or Magistrate: Not to be chang'd, but by a Divine Command, and even then *Animum multo labefactus amore*; so no natural mutability could have diverted his Affections, only pitying Heaven put a full stop to them.

I think I may be Judge of this, because I Translated both, i. e. Ovid's Epistle of Dido to *Aeneas*, and Virgil's Episode; Very great indeed! and it may be they are Translated a like, and that must evidence the wonderful Acumen of this assuming Judge. But it would be well if Mr. D. could ascertain the time or date of Ovid's Epistle, and demonstrate that the *Aeneis* was written before the *Epistola Heroidum*; for if he fails here, Ovid was not so much out in his Measures as our Translator imagines.

Mercury calls *Aeneas*, not only a Husband, but a fond Husband. Here Mr. D's Memory fail'd him again.

Virgil makes the Intrigue between Dido, and *Aeneas* a Marriage, to make way for the divorce. This is one of Mr. D's Mysteries Reveald; Toland himself could not have clear'd 'em better. But where, in the name of Folly, is the Divorce? If this be to be call'd one, there are many of our Modern Heroes of Mr. D's Cut,

Cut, who have forsaken their Wives, but can get no Livia's, tho they may Julia's.

Ac veluti magno in Populo, &c. This is the first Similitude which Virgil makes in this Poem, True; but his Translator whose Wit is the very Quintessence of decency, has help'd him to another. *Then as an Eagle gripes his trembling Game, &c.* and this where, according to his own Rules, it was by no means proper.

If I desir'd to appear more Learned than I am, it had been as easie for me to have taken their Objections, and Solutions, as it is for a Country Parson to take the Expositions of the Fathers out of Junius, and Tremellius. Very smart on my word! Mr Bay has a spite to a Country Parson, because refus'd to be one, and it's plain he has met somewhere with the names of Junius and Tremellius.

How came the Cuisses to be worse temper'd than the rest of his Armour? It may be they were not, but they had joyns, which an Arrow's pile might find, or the wound might be more inward, this then needed no defence; nor is the Story of Virgil's designing his Aeneis to the Fire any more credible, than Maximus Planudes's account of Aesops deformity.

That *ixue* which they shed. This plainly shews how fit Mr. D---n may be to Translate Homer, a mistake in a single Letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but this word for *ixue* must be the Error of the Au-

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thor; nor had he art enough to Correct it at the Press; *This of the Gods, was so like our Common Blood, that it was not to be distinguish'd from it, but by Name and Colour.* The Name indeed, is no great matter, but the Colour methinks is very considerable; and *Alexander* thought so, when a wound having convinc'd him of the folly of his Flatterers, who had almost rais'd him into a conceit, that he was a God, he bad them view his Blood, and see if it were like that *λόγος* which Homer attributes to his Deities.

Non me tua turbida virtus terrent ait, for Turbida terrent dicta ferox. This I should not have taken notice of, but that it's repeated again soon after. It may be Mr. D. had another Copy, or thought to mend his Author, and how foolish must his Solemn Subintelligit appear to any one who reads the Text, Turnus had not valued the haughty words of Æneas at all; he had too much of the Hero in him, but the Gods, and Jupiter himself against him, were enough to daunt the boldest.

Jupiter ipse duas, &c. Mr. D's Critical Translation of *Quem damnet labor,* is as silly here, as in the Place he refers to, not but that others have made the same wise Interpretation, as well as he, but why may not those Lines bear this Metaphrase.

*Now Jove on high the Sacred Balance hung,
I'th' Scales the Lots of both the Champions flung.
That Heaven might read the last decrees of Fate,
And whom rough War would sink with Deaths
eternal weight,*

I say, Turnus not only suffer'd her to carry him out of danger, but consented to it. For this, Mr. D. appeals to Turnus's words, which import no such thing, nor is the *Supposition* agreeable to his *Character*. Turnus was almost distracted with the affront of that *Phantome of Aeneas*, with which Juno had carry'd him away before. And when Juturna turn'd Charioteer, shethrew *Metiscus* out of the Box, and assum'd his shape, which had been needless, but that she had no mind to be known to her Brother; and this was no extraordinary matter for a Goddess to do, if Turnus did but once turn his Head; but now at last by her inglorious Management, he finds her, and declares his suspicion of the tricks she had plaid before, for the *Agnovi* means no more, but I had some apprehension, or jealousy of such a thing; for had he been certain of it, he could as easily have dismounted before, and doubtless would have done it for his own Honour, his Mistresses security, and to avoid the Reproaches of Drances.

I am the first Englishman perhaps, who made it his design to Copy him in his Numbers, his choice of Words, and his placing them for the sweetnes of the Sound. Is boldly spoken, and doubtless e're long Dr. B—s will tell us, that his Address is as exactly design'd to copy the purity, the simplicity, and elegance of Tully; and I think, the Poet and Orator have succeeded much alike; of which as to Mr. D. we shall have often occasion hereafter to take no-

tice. But why should Mr. D. boast himself of having avoided the Cæfura so much in translating, nay, in copying an Author, who added Gravity and Majesty to his own Works by a frequent, but judicious use of them. But thus Mr. D. boasts too in his Preface to his Translation of the First Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses; and his Boast is just like that of School-boys, who think they have done a mighty Feat, if they have made a few Golden Verses. It's true, soft and easie Lines might become Ovid's Epistles, or his Art of Love; they might be so in the Metamorphoses to a Fault, for that Book is generally more noble and lofty. But Virgil, who is all Great and Majestic, who never descends to little things, nor goes big with Focleries, requires Strength of Lines, Weight of Words, and Closeness of Expression; not an ambling Muse, running on a Carpet Ground, and shod as lightly as a New-market Runner. And tho' we have a great many Consonants in our Language, yet withall we have such a Variety of Words Native and Adopted, or Tralatitious, that we may suit our Language to the Style and Matter of any Author whatsoever, and may make Cæsura's, if not affected, beautiful and delightsom, and that Roughness they give may advance and not diminish Majesty.

The Italians are forc'd upon the Cæsura once or twice in every Line. This is like the rest of Mr. D.'s Critical Observations; Cæsura's are not unfrequent in that Language; but I dare engage

engage to point to many whole Stanza's in *Tasso*, and some Hundreds of Lines which have none.

A Thousand Secrets of Versification he may learn from Virgil. True; but not from his *Translator*, Virgil is indeed the most absolute of Prophane Poets; but if He had not a better Picture drawn of Him than this done by Mr. D.'s Pencil, he'd soon lose his Reputation.

Whether the *Aeneis* took up Eleven Years of Virgil's time, or whether He thought it imperfect, is a moot Point; but, whether Mr. D. wants Four Years or not to correct his, is none; for I cannot think his Wit so much more fluent than his Masters; however we see here the *Canis Festinans* made good; and if the Subscribers any of them were too pressing, He has fitted them as they deserved, with a Translation as absurd as their Importunity.

There is not, to the best of my remembrance, one Vowel gaping on another for want of a Cærura through the whole Poem. This made me open the Book at adventure, and Pages the 408, 9. I met with these two, Tell me, ye Trojans, for that Name you own— And what we seek of you, of us desired : And perhaps, A Heroic Poem, which Words begin this tedious Epistle, is not extremely Euphonical, tho' in Prose. But why may not such a thing be allow'd. Methinks Virgil's Et succus pecori & lac subducitur agnis. Victor apud rapidum Si-moenta sub Ilio alto. And Ovid's, O & de La-

tio, O & de gente Sabina, and many more found very well: And nothing's more common in the *Greek*; nor does that in *Tasso's* first *Stanza* found harshly, *Molto egli opro col senno, & con la mano Molto soffri nel glorioso acquisto*; nor is any thing commoner in *French* or *Spanish*: And whatever Mr. D. may think of it, some of as nice an *Ear* as himself can pass over such an *Hiatus* without complaining of the *Discord*.

Tho deep, yet clear, &c. And why may not others have observ'd both the *Sweetness* and the *Reason of the Sweetness* of that *Couplet*? Is Mr. D. the only Man of Ear? Or can't others observe the *Elegance of the Antitheses*, the easie sliding of one *Syllable* into another, and the *Quantities of English Syllables*: I must believe, that no Man living can teach him to make *smooth well-running Verses*, who has not a *Musical Ear*; unless Mr. D. or some like him, would give us a *new English Parnassus*, where he might have *smooth Fragments*, and nothing requir'd but Skill to tack 'em together. Certainly Mr. D. himself is not the *smoothest of Poets*, whatever he may value himself upon: I think my *Lord Rochester* was of that *Opinion* long since; and but that I have observed somewhat of his ungraceful Roughness elsewhere, I should think those,

And seven long Years th' unhappy wandring Train

Were ross'd by Storms, and scatter'd thro' the Main.

Which

Which last Phrase is but *Nonsense*. And again,
O E'lus, for to thee the King of Heaven
The Power of Tempest, and of Winds has given,
were far from smooth or well-scounding Rhimes.
But I'm perswaded my *Lord Normanby* was
very kind to Mr. D. and the *English World*, if
he over-rul'd the Poet's *Itch* of thrusting his
Prosody out in Print; for he has so far sav'd
his Credit and our Trouble.

The Alexandrine Line, which we call, tho'
improperly, the Pindaric; tho' sillily, he means
sure; for none who understood any thing of
Pindaric Poetry, could call that the *Pindaric Line* in contradistinction to Lines of other
Measures: And since Mr. *Spencer* uses it to
close his *Stanza*, without any Thought of
Pindarizing in it, why should Mr. *Cowley's*
using it give it that Name now. Nor indeed
does the Nature of a *Pindaric Poem* shew it self
in the *Irregularity of Measures*, any more than
a *Chorus in Euripides*, from the same Inequa-
lity, should be called a *Pindaric*.

'Twas given to those who understand no better.
Very civil! i. e. Mr. D. translated Virgil very
foolishly for the sake of his foolish Readers. Thus
he talks; yet I have heard some say, *He did his best.* I was loth to believe it. But how-
ever, some Readers may understand the Im-
pertinency of his Translations.

The Triumvir and Proscriptor had descended to
us in a more hideous Form, if the Emperor had
not taken care to make Friends of Virgil and
Horace. Well, I can't but tremble at our
present

present King's Fate: Boast not, Great Prince, of all thy *Martial Acquisitions*; boast not of having given Check to the *Grand Louis*; talk not of *Namure*, nor *Ireland* reduced, nor pretend to *Thanksgivings* for a *Glorious Peace*, for the terrible Mr. *Bays* is *disobliged*! What an unlucky thing was it to give his *Lawrel* to a *Shadwell* or a *Tate*, whose drawn Pen is more fatal than that of *Hipponax*, and more terrible than a *Luxemburg* or *Boufflers* in the Head of a French veteran Army. Well, how his Majesty'll come off I know not, but

Occursum capro, cornu ferit ille, caveto.

Spencer wanted only to have read the *Rules* of *Boffu*. It's well if *Virgil* and *Homer* did not want 'em too; for it seems, if our *French Criticks* may be believ'd, neither of 'em had the luck to write a *true Heroic Poem*. Mr. D. us'd to talk in *Days of Yore*, of an *Heroic Poem* to the *Honour of Charles II*. Had it ever been finished, doubtless Mr. *Boffu's Rules* would have appeared in every Line. It may be Sir R. B. had read 'em too, which gave so much Perfection to his late *Heroic Undertakings*: But what will come of us, the poor *Chiurma* of the *Empire of Parnassus*, who have neither *Knowledge* nor a *Genius*?

Mr. Le Clerc has made it out, that David's *Psalms* were in as errant Rhime as they are translated. Mr. Le Clerc's a Man of mickle Authority with some; but his *Discovery* in that Point's far from new: The *Psalms* are some of 'em in Rhyme, some are not so; but where they

they are with, or without Rhyme, they are so far from that Meanness which Mr. D. would throw into their Character, that the meanest thing in the whole *Sacred Book* has more of true Poetic Fire in it, than ever He had from the Days of Oliver's *Apotheosis*, to those of *Virgil in Macaronique*.

He who can write well in Rhyme, may write better in Blank Verse. We shall know that, when we see how much better Dryden's *Homeric* will be than his *Virgil*.

Perhaps I have as little Reason to complain of the difficulty of Rhyming as any Man except Quarles or Withers. They then, with our Incomparable Translator, make a Triumvirate of Rhymers, and great Ones too, (if that Phrase may pass with us, which was condemned in Ben Johnson formerly.) But this extraordinary Facility is not so very apparent in Mr. D.'s Works, and I never heard he was a great *Extempore* Man.

I'm afraid I have mistaken Virgil's Sense more often and more grossly. Ne'er did Elvira make a truer Confession to her Spanish Friar. But how could one Poet mistake another so much. I'm afraid there was not so near a Relation between Virgil and Mr. D.'s Souls, as there was between Mr. D.'s and Mr. Oldham's. The Confession, whoever understands Virgil's Latin and Scheme, must acknowledge to be the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth. And so much must be said for the Honour of Mr. D.'s *Viracity*.

Sorti

Sorbi Pater æquus utrique. Ruæus thinks the word *Pater* is to be referr'd to Evander. And Ruæus is right in his Judgment; for how could any Man in his right Senses, think *Pallas* should tell *Turnus* of *Jove's* *impartiality*, a whim quite contrary to the notions *Antiquity bad of Fate*. Fate might be *impartial*, tho it were not *unconcern'd*, for its not *Partiality* to determine a *dubious Matter* where *Fate* it self requires a *determination* in the case; and, according to Mr. D's precedent *Declaration*, *Jove can't controul Fate*; whence it's plain, that if *Pater* refers to *Jupiter*, it's very *impertinent*. *Turnus* had said nothing to *Pallas* of *Jove*, but wish'd his *Father* *Evander* had been present; and what more *Noble Character* could *Pallas* have given of his *Father*, than that the *Honourable Victory*, or the *glorious death* of his *Son* would be equally welcome *News* to him? And what could confirm *Pallas's* words more strongly than those of *Evander*, when he was brought home Dead?

Quod si immatura manebat

Fors natum, cæcis Volscorum millibus ante

Ducentem in Latium Teneros cecidisse juvabit,

As for Mr. D's *Criticism* on the other Verse, it's *La Cerdas* Notion before, and it's of no great consequence whether *he* or *Servius* be in the right.

I say nothing of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley, 'tis the utmost of my ambition to be thought their Equal. Thus the poor Frog would swell himself into an Ox, had any of

of them, especially Mr. Cowley, undertaken this work, we had had *Virgils fence and air* running thro' the whole, and the Work would have been known by every Reader, without the *Advertisement of the Running Title*, where now we have *false Criticism, mistaken Sense, intolerable Omissions, absurd Accretions*; and indeed *any thing rather than Virgil*. I own it's harder to *Translate Virgil through*, than to *Translate a single Book*; yet because Mr. D. throws down his *Glove* to challenge any one in the 4th, 6th, and 8th *Pastoral*, and the 1st and 4th *Georgic*, besides several Books of the *Aeneis*; I have taken it up, and have *Translated* the 4th *Pastoral*, and 1st *Georgic*, and the 1st *Pastoral* into the bargain, and leave it to *Segrais 3d sort of Judges*, to determine who has *Translated* Virgil so far best.

Spencer, and Milton are nearest in English to Virgil, and Horace in the Latine. But which of them resembles Horace? Spencer aim'd at an *Heroic Poem*, and so did Milton, (tho' neither of 'em with that *success* which might have been wish'd) but Horace never attempted such a thing as Mr. D. well observes before; unless either of them be remarkable for that *Curiosa Felicitas*, formerly admir'd in Horace; but Mr. D. knows his own meaning well enough, tho' I don't.

My chief Ambition is to please those Readers, who have discernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other Poet in the Latin Tongue. The Ambition was good, but never did any Man

Man fail worse than our Translator, for no Man can admire Virgil who can't understand him, nor can any Man who understands him be pleased with Mr. D's Translation.

The Mob Readers are but a sort of French Huguenots, or Dutch Boors. But how come these to be match'd together? Huguenots are so called with some regard to their Religion. A Gate would not have given them a Title more than Others who went often in and out at it, had not they in particular made it their way to their Publick Worship. But pray, what respect to that have Boors? If they have any, I must needs say, Mr. Dryden's a very fine Gentleman.

As we hold there is a middle State of Souls. We, that is, we of the Church of Rome; for our Translator pretends to suck the Teats of that Milk-white Hind, if any. Mr. D. then believes a Purgatory, and, as in duty bound, should have taken most pains with the 6th Book of the *Aeneis*, since there's the original Chart of that wonderful Place, and a better account of it, than those of all the Roman Champions together amount to; yet this Book is none of those he pretends to have succeeded best in: Heaven send him a good deliverance.

Many Pædagogues, at School, Tutors at the Universities, and Gentlemen's Governors in their Travels are the most positive Block-heads in the World. Well, it's time then, to pull down Schools to leave young Gentlemen to live at Random in our

our Universities, and abroad ; or make Mr. D. School-Master, Tutor, and Governor General to both Universities : What a glorious Manager would he prove ? Obscure Authors , and old worn out Monuments would be as Intelligible to him as *Virgil* or *Homer*, and one Page of his English Prosodia, would teach 'em more than our *Vossius's* or *Busby's*, our *Preston's*, or *Ellye's*, or our *Lassels's*, tho jumbled altogether ; and a little moating upon the *Magna Charta* of Parnassus, under his Direction, would ruin all our Inns of Court for ever ; but none's so bold as *blind Bayard*.

But not being of God, as a Wit said formerly, they could not stand. By this it's plain Mr. D. is no Wit ; for one of true Wit would be ashame'd to Ridicule Scripture ; and I'm pretty confident, this present Work of Mr. D's is not of God ; and for his Translation, the more a judicious Reader studies it, the worse he'll like it, and every time he takes it up, he'll discover some new Follies in it ; nor indeed can any Applaud it now, or hereafter, but such as are born *Kervecum in Patria crassoque sub aere*. Whence I can only call it *Impudence*, not *Innocence*, or *Conscience of merit* which could make him Appeal to my Lord Marquis of Normanby.

Virgil has given me the Example of Entellus. Mr. Waller had not lost his Poetic Fire at Mr. D's age, nor had the famous Cornaro, nor Sappholes, or Æschylus. But wo to some little Skip-jack who dares stand in the heated old Cham-

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Champions way. Methinks, he looks like Colbrond swinging his heavy Club about his own Head, and threatening to sink poor Sir Guy at every stroke; well, I heartily pity the poor wretch; but if all his Teeth be dashed out for challenging such a demi Gorgon, who can help it! But if the air of the Country which produces Gold is never wholesome, there's some hope the old Spark may drop off, Poison'd by the Mercury of his own Brain, before the young Scoundrel be quite ruin'd.

It rarely happens that a Verse of Monosyllables sounds Harmoniously. Yet in one very Modern Poem, I find no fewer than 4 as smooth as those he instances in, viz.

Scorn all the Thoughts of such, and spurn the Ground,

They saw them Storm vast Works which reach'd the Skies,

He saw you thro those Gates could force your way

In Wars rough Storms, and in the Calms of Love.

And I doubt not, but many hundreds of Lines made up of Monosyllables might be much more soft, and easie than those.

Some things I have omitted, and some too I have added of my own. But by what Authority? A Man may Paraphrase, or avoid a Literal Translation, and yet retain all the Authors Thoughts, and for Virgil, who has no false Thought in his whole Work, it's almost Sacrilege to Abridge him; and for the Additions

Additions. Heaven knows they are such as discover their Author too well, so mean, so trifling, so unbecoming the Majesty of Virgil, that they must be very Flegmatic Readers, who can forgive him. He has given *Virgil's pure Gold* so base an Alloy, that *Cromwell's Broad Pieces*, with which he cheated the Dutch, were much more tolerable.

The Additions will seem (at least I have the Vanity to think so; and Mr. D.'s Vanity is not to be questioned) not stuck into him, but growing out of him. For an Instance of this we need go no farther than that in the first *Æneid*, where Juno says of Minerva

— *Ipsa*

Ver. 48.

Illum expirantem transfixo pectore flamas

Turbine corripuit, scopulog; infixit acuto.

Which Mr. D. thus Englishes:

*Then as an Eagle gripes the trembling Game,
The Wretch yet Hissing with her Father's
Flame,*

*She strongly seiz'd, and with a burning Wound
Transfix'd, and naked on a Rock she bound.*

Meaning *Ajax* the Son of Oileus; which Non-senical Fustian I'm perswaded none will say grew out of *Virgil*; whose Sense was more honestly express'd before the Days of D.'s *Virgil* in that Couplet.

*On pointed Rocks expiring Ajax dash'd,
His guilty flying Soul revenging Flames em-
brac'd.*

*The Greeks, we know, were labouring many
Hundreds of Years upon their Language before
they*

D

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they brought it to Perfection. It may be so ; but how does Mr. D. know it ? How many Hundred Years was that Language cultivated before Homer's time, or that of *Orpheus*, or *Linus*, or *Musæus*, of whom, if we have any Fragment, it's pure Greek ; and we meet with nothing after Homer more polite than himself ; tho' all the great *Sophs* and *Orators* were much his Juniors. But a Man may be permitted to blunder in such things, who had never heard of *Organs* before St. Cæcilia's time.

The Word Pater, for Example, signifies not only a Father, but your Father, my Father, his or her Father, all in a word. From whence I'm convinc'd that some great Poets are as positive Blockheads as any little *Pædagogue* in the World : *Pater* signifies *Father* in general indeed, but is appropriated to none but by *meus*, *tuus*, *suns* ; and so *Father* in English by *mine*, *thine*, *hers*, &c. and where those Pronouns are not express'd, they are to be understood, and are not included in *Pater*.

The Thought concerning *Ambergrease* is very fine, and Mr. D. may pass for a *Civet Cat*, if he please, or a *Catamountain*, for me.

I thought fit to keep as near my Author as I could, without losing all his Graces. To endeavour a Literal Translation might do so ; but otherwise there's, to my Apprehension, more Danger of losing them by leaving him, than by keeping close to him.

I shall not be wholly without Praise, if in some sort I may be allowed, &c. Yes certainly, if you have copy'd Virgil's Clearness, Purity, Easiness, and Magnificence after a very ill sort; for sure he can't be so much a Self-Flatterer, as to pretend to have shadow'd any of those things. Nor can we imagine any more that Virgil with his own Original Faculties, had he liv'd now, or written in English, would have written as Mr. D. has done, than that he would have Father'd Mapbaeus's Supplement, or Persius's Satyrs; and the very difference between that Esteem the Translation of Virgil and the Original have had, the Poets still living, proves their intrinsic Value, since none but a Bavus, a Maevis, or Bathyllus carp'd at Virgil, and none but such unthinking or unlearned Vermin admire his Translater.

I am too much an Englishman to lose what my Ancestors have gained for me; i. e. Since acquaintance with such, whom he can never praise enough. Things are mightily alter'd with him since the Days of the Hind and Panther, and the Defence of the Strong Box Papers. Thus Tempora mutantur.

Without being injurious to the Memory of our English Pindar. Quæ supra nos nihil ad nos. Mr. Cowley's Genius was far above the Comprehension of so little a thing as Mr. D. for Figures to be bold, and Metaphors violent in Pindaric; prov'd that Ours knew what it was to write like him of Thebes, of which his Reprover has no Idea: His Language, perhaps,

haps, was not so fine as he could have made it ; but *He* had no Royal Salary, no Encouragement to make him so nice about *Words*, tho' *He* has fewer *Improprieties*, and abundantly more *Sense* and *Wit* than those who find fault with him ; and had he met with an *Augustus* or *Mecænas*, the *English Virgil* had scarce been inferior to the yet unparallell'd *Roman*.

I am confident our Poet never meant to leave him, or any other such a Precedent, i. e. of *Hemistics*, or *Half Verses*. Now I am confident of the contrary ; and there is so much *Beauty* in every one of them, (that only excepted which Mr. D. has instanced in) the Sense goes on with so full and strong a Spirit, and that very Abruptness gives it such an *Emphasis* as is admirable and surprizing. Whether *Homer* ever left any such is more than Mr. D. knows ; He had an *Aristarchus* to perfect and correct what *He* thought needed it, and who was fit for the *Work* he undertook. None durst pretend to the same for *Virgil* ; he wanted no Sense, and he had no Equal. The Story of his *designing his Æneis for the Fire* is idle, a *Fiction* of the *Pseudo-Donatus*, another *Planudes*, more a *Fabler* than his pretended *Æsop* ; nor do any of his *Contemporaries* mention any thing of it. *Ovid*, *Propertius*, *Silius*, *Martial*, *Statius*, *Perseus*, mention it ; the four last, tho' later, give it the Character of *Divine* and *Excellent*, but none wishes *He* had lived to perfect it ; and the Story of his completing those two *Hemistics* in the 6th *Æneid*, is as ridiculous ;

ious; but all those *Sbams* are of the same Original; nay, what if we should stumble at, *Quem tibi jam Troja?* What if it was, *Peperit florente Creusa?* What if it was left so to express *Andromache's Passion?* When she came to mention her dear native City, Tears forbade her, and a true Sense of Decency forbade the Poet to finish that Sentence; and tho' she recovers herself to enquire of *Iulus* soon again; yet, again too, at the low'd Name of *Hector* she bursts into Tears, and can go no farther. This, to me, I must confess, signifies more than *Dona-tus's Legend*; and if *Virgil's Half Verses* are the *Frogs and Serpents half kindled into Life* (always allowing *Equivocal Generation*, which Mr. D. knows to a Tittle) Mr. D.'s full-lin'd Translation is the *Lump of unform'd unanimated Mud*.

The Leaders may be Heroes, but the Multitude must consist of common Men. Mr. D. would be very kind to point out to us his *leading Verses*. I make no doubt but they are *Captains over Hundreds, and Captains over Fifties*, and very few *Companies double Officer'd*.

His Talk about the *Difficulty of finding Words* is Stuff, not worth regarding. Our English is now little, if at all inferiour to the Latin. But Mr. D. wanted an Opportunity to let his Patron know he had some notice of the *Public Difficulties about Money*.

For I think it is not so Sacred, as that not one Iota must be added nor diminished on pain of an Anathema. Mr. D. then confesses that *Virgil's Text*

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*Text is not Scripture ; but if it were, his Church has such Guides as have more than once adventured upon that *Anathema*, and be a true Republican, Son of a Monarchical Church, has imitated them, having given his Author, *Frocrustes's Law*, and *crop'd* and *stretch'd* him every where as he thought fit.*

*There is a Beauty of Sound in some Latin words, which is wholly lost in the French ; I own it, but not so much in the English, our Language now can express Matters both with *Majesty* and *softness* ; and I make no doubt, after all Mr. D's boast of his gift that way, a Man with much less noise, may Translate *Virgil* much more agreeably for *Style* and *Sence*, than he has done. But I must own, it's a more delicate Thought than ordinary, that *Virgil's mellis amaracus*, in a *Grove on a Mountain top*, should make us think of *Roses* and *Lilies* ; but Thoughts are free.*

Aude, Hospes, contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum,

Finge Deo. —

What if thus Translated ?

*Dare, noble Guest, to scorn all Wealth below,
And as a God, a God-like Virtue show !*

*Lay by Virgil I beseech your Lordship, and all my better sort of Judges, when you take up my Version. Is very reasonable Advice, for nothing can provoke any tolerable Judges Patience more, than to compare them together. But why must this great Book be call'd *Virgil* then, only to catch *Gulls*, and make them believe*

lieve they hug a Juno, when really they have no more than a Cloud or Shadow?

False Critics may think I Latinize too much. And so may true Critics, but Mr. D. takes care to fix an ill Character before hand on all who condemn him, so that every one ventures on him at his Peril, and I among the rest.

I carry not out the Treasure of the Nation which is never to Return. A design'd Reflection on some of whom he would have it believed that they do so. But what I bring from Italy, I spend in England. Now we English are somewhat Jealous of Italian ware, we had so much of it a few Years since, that we cannot yet be very fond of it, especially when cook'd by ill Hands.

Every Man can't distinguish between Pedantry and Poetry; every Man therefore is not fit to Innovate. Mr. D. I hope is unexceptionable in the case, he understands the Fundamentals of Parnassus, and might with as good Right, as his Holyness does in Religious Matters, set up for Poetical Infallibility; he abases and distorts Common Words, and calls that Innovating; and who may say to him, What dost thou? What I have observ'd of him, is only endeavouring to taint our English with some Latin Idioms, which I'm afraid will die upon his Hands, or sink like Irish Money, and come to nothing.

The Poet must first be certain that the word he would introduce, is beautiful in Latin. Well, it may be so, yet very Foolish in English; for instance,

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instance, one of the Reasons of Juno's hate to the *Trojans*, was, *Spretæ injuria Formæ*; where the Expression is pure and Intelligible. Mr. D. Latinizes in his *Versio*, thus, *And her Form disdain'd*. Which is absurd, improper, and obscure; but this it is for one who can't distinguish between *Pedantry*, and *Poetry*, to pretend to *Innovate*.

Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to Review the Æneis, and to Compare my Version with the Original. This is to fix a *Scandal* upon Mr. Congreve, that the World might think him as Dull, and Inapprehensive as our *Translator*; doubtless if he Read it, he found *many Faults* in it, but it seems, he's none of the dangerous *Judges*, if he might be permitted to make Comparisons; and had he Read it as a *Judge*, he'd scarce have found *five Lines* together in the whole; which might have been call'd *Virgil's*.

I only say, *Virgil has avoided those Proprieties*. Some think quite otherwise, and that he was extraordinary careful in that matter, and tho' such *Words* are not *usual*, yet, even *Ladies* may be sooner brought to understand things by *them*, which require them, than by other suppos'd *plainer Words*; and if *Virgil* wrote for all in General, Men of *Art* would have been apt to Censure him for *Improprieties*; but I confess I believe *Gassendus* or *Mercator* in *Astronomy*, *Manesson* or *Vauban* in *Military Architecture*, *Monsieur* —, or *Mr. Evelyn*, in *Gardening*, and *Worlidge*,

Worlidge, or *Markham* in *Husbandry*, may have some *Cant Words*, as Mr. D. calls them, which *Virgil* was unacquainted with, but what he uses, ought as far as may be, to be so Translated.

I have omitted the four Preliminary Lines, &c. Here Mr. D. sets up again for a very great Critic; And *Ille ego*, &c. must be flung away to the Dogs. But why so angry good Mr. Translator? If your old Friend *Donatus* be a credible Person, they are *Virgil's*, and pray, how long have you known better what became *Virgil* to Write, than he knew himself? And much better Judges have concluded them to be *bis*, and methinks, the very *Air* of 'em is inimitable and extreamly suitable to the place they are in; beginning as low as his *Tityre tu patulæ*, and rising by degrees in Style as the *Works* he refers to do, till at last he mounts high enough to joyn with his *Arma virumque cano*. His *Vicina* and *arva* are at no unusual distance, his *quamvis avido*, nothing like *Affectation*; and why should *Horrentia* be a *Flatter Epithet* here than in other places, as his *Horrentia terga*, and *Horrentia lustra*? Some Men, we see, will be wading out of their Depth: But he thinks *Tucca* and *Varius* rather *Added*, than *Retren-
cb'd* them, it's Ridiculous to imagine either; *Virgil* made them, and *none else* could have made 'em; he left 'em there himself, and none ever dar'd to remove 'em; and *Virgil's* own Judgment of 'em is more valuable than that

that of a Thousand *Rat Critics* put together.

My Master needed not the Assistance of that Preliminary Poet. What Poet does he mean, *Tucca* or *Varius*? Then his *English* is very good; If any Body else, why is he not nam'd? But, could not *Virgil* write well in the *mean* as well as in the *sublime Style*? Is it not Lawful for a Man to go up by steps to a noble Palace? And is not every Line of the decry'd four such a Step? Any Man, who had a true *tast* of Poetry, would find it presently; but a *Paleate* long vitiated with *Fustian Language* can't relish Purity and Agreeableness. They'd be better Connected to what follows thus,

*I who but Pip'd on humble Reeds before,
And then thro' Woods, and Groves, the Muses
bore,*

*Taught greedy Swains with Art to till the Field,
And made lean Soils a weighty Burden yield;
Now rise, and, soaring on a stronger Wing,
Of Martial Deeds in lofty Numbers sing.*

I have done him less injury than any of his former Libellers. That may be question'd. Mr. Ogilby has given us *more of Virgil*, tho he attempted it with the greatest disadvantages in the World. And Mr. Sandys on the first *Aeneid* has shown, that, would he have undertaken the *whole*, Mr. D's pains might have been supereded, and I hope the D. of Lauderdale's Friends will Publish his Works now as a *Vindication of Virgil*, from that Scandal Mr. D. has fixt on him.

Since

Since this long Piece of Impertinence is *ad Clerum*, I hope I shall meet with Mr. D's Pardon, if I have gone thro it with that *Rigor* and *Ill Nature* which I use, when I hear such things; and Mr. D. may if he please, believe, that I'm *not his Enemy*, but cannot with Patience see either *Priests* or *Poets* Abus'd or Vilify'd.

The *Postscript* has nothing worth observing at present, so I pass now to the *Poem* it self, where, if you find any thing Repeated which has been said already, you must Impute it to Mr. D. and his Friends, who by their Repetitions have given the occasion.

It may seem strange for so great *second-hand Critics* as Mr. *Dryden*, or his Friends, to dream of *Virgil's Bastardy*, or his *Mother's Relation* to *Quinctilius Varus*, or to swallow the *Fable* of the occasion of *Virgil's advancement*, which the *spurious Donatus* gives us, but *his own Ruenus* justly explodes; nor have his *Predecessors in Criticism* apply'd *Virgil's 4th Eclogue to Augustus*, but to *Satloninus the Son of Pollio*, if their Judgments are of any value. *Arius* who posseſt *Virgil's House and Farm near Mantua*, is said to be fierce of the Services he had render'd to *Octavius*, a very odd Phrase in English, and not to be Endenizen'd on the Recommendation of Mr. *Dryden*. The account

I have wrong'd my Author less, considering my Circumstances, than those who have attempted him before, either in our own, or any Modern Language. And tho this Version is not void of Envy, yet it comforts me, that the Faults of others are not worth finding, mine are neither gross nor frequent &c. To Lord Clifford.

count given of *Virgil's* changing what he had Written in praise of *Gallus* into the Story of *Aristæus*, is as unintellegible to me as an old Hieroglyphic, and not a little silly. I hope he'll on a Review, give it another Air, and at least make it Sence, if not Probable? The Reduction of the old Roman Story, to *Virgil's Persons* and *Characters*, is intolerably Ridiculous; nor is *Servius's* Authority sufficient to make *Polydorus's* Wood allusive to *Romulus's Lance*. *Turnus's* recess, Book 9th, is no more like that of *Cocles*, than *Virgil's* own over the *Mincius*; Nor *Simon's* *biding himself*, or rather his *pretence to it* (for it is only a sham Story) to that of *Marius in the Marshes of Minturnæ*: Nor is *Latinus's* Character agreeable to that of *Lepidus*. The resemblance imagin'd between *Tully*, and *Drances*, is absurd, and the *Biographers* Censure of *Agrippa* Scandalous, and against the truth of History, *Agrippa* being one of the greatest Persons of his Age; and Monsieur de Scudery does him less wrong in the Character he bestows on him in *Cleopatra*, tho' *Romantic*, and *French enough*, than our Author in that senseless *Idea* he gives us of him. It's not to be wonder'd Critics took no notice of what *Livy* tells us of *Martius*, 'twas an idle Story, and *Valerius Antias*, or *Fabius Pictor* were not fit to lie in the Balance against *Polybius*, who generally represents them as *Fabulous*, *Legendary Writers*, and whose own Writings would give better Satisfaction to a Man of *Virgil's exact Judgment*; and besides

besides Homer had represented his *Achilles* with such a Flame on his Head. I wonder how the Gentleman came to know so exactly the former Bulk and great Reduction of the *Æneis*; however it had been well if Mr. Dryden himself had taken a little more time to correct his *Version*. Some wise Men have thought Virgil correct enough, and that he design'd very little, if any Alteration; and his very *Hemistichs* are so graceful, that Mr. Cowley could scarce believe he ever design'd to fill 'em up: Whoever compares the present *Version* with the Original, will conclude it infinitely below Virgil's Perfection, and would chuse sooner to be the Author of the most dilute Episode in Virgil than of Mr. Dryden's whole Translation.

In the Account of Virgil's Person, Manners, and Fortune, was ever any thing so Childish, as that Remark about the Word *Mulier*, being but once in the whole *Æneis*, and that by way of Contempt? This the Index at the end of the Dauphin's *Virgil* told him; if he had but look'd the Word *Fæmina*, he'd have found that often us'd; and the *Dux Fæmina facti* was not design'd for a Slur upon Pygmalion's Sister, or the Widow of Sichæus. Such another's that about the Death of Dido. Again, his own Dauphin's *Virgil* would have shewn him how *Nascimbænus* reconciles *Æneas* and *Deiphobus* together, as well as Scaliger, Taubmannus, and others in Emmeneffius's Edition. I'm afraid Pollio's Curious Pencil has drawn a False Line

Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

Line over that of *Virgil*; and, as for *Lavinia her Submission to her Mother*, seems to have influenc'd her more, than any *Fancy to Turnus*; tho' *Youth, Beauty, Valour, and Acquaintance* were as pressing Motives, as the precarious Interpretation of an ambiguous Oracle. *Virgil* and Mr. *Waller* deserve an Honourable Character for the Chastity of their *Muses*: If other Men's Poetry were to be reduced to the same Modesty, a great part of them would fall under the Sponge.

And had Mr. *Dryden*, and the rest of our wretched *Play-wrights* of late Years, fill'd their Poems with genuine sober *Wit* instead of Obscenity and Immorality, our *Youth*, nay, our *Elder Gentry and Nobility*, nay, the whole Nation, had made a more considerable Figure in the World; not to mention our Religion, in which, God be thanked, they pretend to no Interest; Religion is a *Micaiah* to our *Hectoring Debauchees*, and they hate it because it never prophecies Good concerning them: But they're a kind of *Vermin* beneath the Dignity of a *Satyr*, in that respect; it's too severe to lash 'em for what they know nothing of. Let's try 'em in their own *Profession* with good Mr. *Dryden*, their *vir gregis ipse caper*, in the Head of 'em, and see if their Poetry be any more brilliant than their *Morals*.

It's an effect of an Ill Memory to think *Virgil* left his *Aeneis* so imperfect, and yet never said too little nor too much, the very Observation has clear'd the Writer of any such Impputation

tation; but if his *unfinish'd Works* be so admirable, what would they have been, had they *bad his last Hand*?

Hic illius arma, Hic currus fuit. The rest is none of *Virgil's*: How knows the Gentleman that? Or what does he mean by *the rest*? Is it the latter *Hemifick*, then he'd make *Virgil* sick of his *Translator's Disease*, and now and then write a *little Nonsense*; if he'd exclude the *next verse* too, by what *Authority* pray? The *Sence* is *apposite*, the *Verse Majestic*, the *Style true Virgil*, and the *Critic indefensible* for an *ipse dixit* signifies little now a days. But he adds a pretty Fable of one whom he calls *Abienus*, if it be not the Printer's Fault. He has been sometimes called *Anianus*, *Anienus*, and *Abidnus*, but never *Abienus*. His Name was really *Avienus*, a considerable Poet, contemporary with the *Great Theodosius*. This Writer He says, *turn'd Virgil into Lambicks*. But had he been of so nice a taste as he pretends, he'd have found both the *Name of Avienus* false written in *Rueus* and in *Emmenessius*, and the *Name of the Author* by him *travestee'd in Iambics* mistaken. *Servius*, according to *Emmenessius's Edition*, says, *He turn'd all Virgil into Lambicks*; but our Author says, *He turn'd all Livy so too*, which was a tedious Work, but not so impertinent as to have *metamorphos'd Virgil* in that manner. *Vossius*, a better Critic owns his Pains with *Livy*, so does *Hoff-*

A Man ought to be well assur'd of his own Abilities, before he attacks a Line of an establish'd Reputation.

*Eneid. lib.
10. v. 388.*

*Vossius de
Poetis La-
tinis, p. 56.*

*De Historicis Latinis, l. i. c. 19. Hoffman in Avieno.
man*

man too, both appeal to this very place of Virgil, refer'd to in the Margin ; our Author takes his Notion about *Livy* from the same Writers ; and yet *Servius*, in the place referred to, names not *Livy* but *Virgil*. This might have perswaded him, that either the Copyist or the Corrector had given us in that, or it may be some other modern Editions, *Virgil* for *Livy*, which the better Editions of *Servius* knew nothing of.

*Cui regia
parent Ar-
menta &
late custo-
dia credi-
ta campo,
Æt. I. 7.
not the 9.
v. 485.*

The same Learned Gentleman has found old *Tyrrbus* King *Latinus* his *Herdsman* and *Fo-
rester* or *Ranger* a very *Noble Employment*, and has dubb'd him *Master of the Horse*, an Honour the *poor Block-river* little dreamt of, nor can it easily be gues'd who construed *Virgil's Account* of him for our Author ; unless a *little Pique* against the *Unwarlike Dutch*, made him wish *every Master of the Horse* might be reduced to *cleave Blocks* for his Livelyhood.

As for the *Magnæ spes altera Romæ*, the Gentleman would have done well to have referr'd us to his *other ancient Author* ; for *Ruæus* and others explode the *Fancy*, and if it lie under the just Imputation of an *Achronism*, a wise Man would not be too fond of it : If his Author be *Servius*, he might borrow from *Donatus*, whom Mr. D. supposes Anno 360. the *real Author of Virgil's Life*, *Servius* flou- Anno 410. rising in the 5th, *Donatus* in the 4th Cen-
tury.

Whether Latin be only a corrupt Dialect of Greek, with the Criticks leave, may bear a Question.

After the great *Encomiums* of his *clawing Friends*, enter Mr. Dryden himself in his, suppos'd, *Immortal Strain*; whose Performance, whether it answers their *Hyperboles* or not, is the Subject of our next Enquiry.

Before we proceed to a *Critical Examination* of the *Translation*, it may be fit to lay down some *Axioms*, as we suppose they will be acknowledged, with respect to the *necessary Qualifications* of him who undertakes to *naturalize a good Poet*, and to make him *pleasant and useful* to the *unlearned Reader*.

1. It's necessary the *Translator* should understand the *Author* he undertakes, and be acquainted, in some measure, with the *Customs* and *Usages* of that *Country*, which the *Original* more particularly respects.

2. It's necessary he should have a *right taste* of the *Poets Genius and Character*, so as to endeavour to write as *chastly* and *purely*, in as *clear* and *noble a Stile* as the *Author*; where he's *lax* and *profuse*, to indulge himself in a *greater Liberty*; where he's *concise* and *short*, to keep within the *same Bounds*; where he's *grave* and *Majestick*, not to be *soft* and *trifling*; or where he's *low* and *easie*, not to *stalk in Buskins*.

3. The *Translator* should be able to distinguish exactly between the *Low*, the *Mean*, and the *Sublime Stile*, and adapt the *Language*

be translates into, to all the varieties observable in the Original.

4. It's necessary he should give us the true Sence and meaning of his Author, if he knows it, that he who understands not the Original, may be sure yet that he knows the Author's Mind, has his true genuine Thoughts, and not the Interpolations of another. That especially where the Author says neither too little, nor too much, the Interpreter should neither clip his Sterling, nor give it worthless Bulk and Weight with the Additional Alloy of his own base Metal. And,

5. He should make his Author speak so in a Modern Language, as he could reasonably conclude he would have spoken if now living, and writing on the same Subjects, and maintaining the same Characters he had taken up before.

These seem to be undeniably necessary Qualifications in a good Translator; how our Author has observ'd 'em may be doubted; but passing by the smaller, which are innumerable, we shall only animadvert on his more notorious and indefensible Errors.

E C L O G U E, I.

FOR never can I deem him less than God. *Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus*, relates not to Tityrus's Opinion of *Augustus*, that he'd really believe him to be a God, whom he knew to be none; but that he'd respect him as

as if he were so, and pay, those Honours belonging to real a Deity, to him.

He gave my Kine. An obscure Latinism, Ver. 11. for, *He permits my Kine to wander about the Pastures in safety, and me to play what I please on my Rural Pipe*; which the Translation scarce expresses.

*I admire, That while the raging Sword, and Ver. 13.
wastful Fire Destroy the wretched Neighbourhood
arcund, No Hostile Arms approach your happy See our Au-
Ground. A Senceless Paraphrase of — Undique self.*
totis usque adeo turbatur agris. The Soul'diers The time is
neither Murder'd the Shepherds of Cremona, or come ---
Mantua, by whom are meant the Inhabi- When the
tants of those places in general; nor were grim Capt.
they so silly as to burn the Houses they were to Tone,
Live in themselves, they turn'd 'em indeed Crys out,
out of Doors, seiz'd their Lands and kept Pack up ye
'em, and that was disturbance enough, and be gone.
which Tiriyus was by the favour of Augustus Ecl. 9.
deliver'd from.

*Heic inter densas corylos modo namque Gemel- Ver. 20.
los.*

Spem gregis, ab filice in nuda connixa reliquit.

Who Teaning on the Rocks has left her Young.
The Emphasis quite lost, with the Circumstan-
ces most moving among the Shepherds, and
the Sence mistaken.

And the Hoarse Raven on the blasted Bough. Ver. 25.
A Raven is *Corvus*, not *Cornix*, and Tully
might have taught him to distinguish be-
tween the *Cough* or *Daw*, and the *Raven*,
and shown the import of Virgil's *Sinistra Cor-*

*De Divinat. nix. Quid Augur? cur à dextrâ Corvus, à sinistrâ
1. i. c. 39. Cornix faciat Ratum?* And the *Cornix* is what
the *Raven* is not *Avis inauspicatae garrulitatis*:
and *Cava Ilex*, is not the *blasted Bough*.

- 41. *Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely Swain.*
Impertinent all! But for good Sence sake,
why *homely Swain*? Was *Virgil* turn'd Beau,
all *Periwig*, and *Steenkirk* when he had once
got to *Rome*? or what Methods of *Artificial
Handsomness* had *honest Tityrus*, still knowable
by his old Friend, taken up? It would be too
hard to find the Poets sence in the next four
Lines.

Ver. 48. To see your Mistress mourn. Was it *Galatea*,
or *Amaryllis*?

Ver. 63. And graciously decreed, &c. *Augustus's Oracle* is quite lost, which in the *Original* carries
an extraordinary *Majesty* and *Emphasis* along
with it.

Ver. 68. A Stony Harvest. Not *Virgil*, and too bold a
figure for a *Shepherd*, and the present *Poem*.

Fortunatus Senex, hic inter flumina nota, Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum, were not
worth our Translators notice.

Ver. 87. And some to far Oaxis shall be sold. *Et rapidum Cretæ veniemus Oaxem.* And does any
History talk of the Souldiers Selling the
old Possessors for Slaves; And how far from
the Text are the following Lines?

Ver. 100. Now let me graft my Pears, and prune my Vine.
The Fruit is theirs, the Labour only mine.
Virgil's meaning is only Go, poor Melibus,
graft thy Pears, &c. if thou canst, but alasse!
thou

thou hast none to exercise thy pains upon. The following Lines are meer Confusion, and as far as possible from the beauty of Virgil's connected Thoughts. Could never grow out of Virgil's Ground.

Ver. 110.
&c.

And Bougs shall Weave a Covering for your Head. A very pretty Complement, and which Virgil had not Address enough to think of.

Ver. 116.

E C L O G U E II.

YOUNG Corydon, &c. Virgil calls *Alexis Delicias Domini*. Why not his *Translator*? The next two Lines are far short of Virgil's Sence, and the following are of the same strain.

And Thestylis, wild Thyme, and Garlick beats. But could the *Translator* imagine Virgil meant Ver. 9. no more? *Garlick* and *Thyme* would have given the poor Harvest Men a mighty Refreshment; even an ordinary *Commentator* would have let him know that *Garlick* and *Thyme*, were only some of the *Ingredients* of the *Morretum*, a *savory Pudding*, nourishing and healthful to the *Labourers*.

The creaking Locusts. Why Man! the *Grashoppers* are the *Musicians of the Harvest*, not the *Locusts*; and are meant by the *Cicadae*. *Locusts* I doubt make but an odd kind of *Musick*. The following verse, sure should have been Ovid's not Virgil's.

White Lillyes lie neglected on the Plain, Ver. 21, 22
Whilst dusky Hyacinths for use remain. Be-

sides the poorness of the *Traduction*, who taught Mr. D. that *Lilies* were so *useless*, or that *Ligustra* signified *Lilies*? *Martial* would have told him of the *Maid* who was whiter ¹¹⁶ *Argento, nive, lilio, ligistro?* And he Complementis another *Lilia tu vincis nec ad hoc delapsa Ligustra*. The *Ligustra* were doubtless, the *Blossoms* of some Tree. *Pliny* tells us, the *Cyprus* in *Egypt*, is by some thought to be the *Plin. Hist. Ligustrum* of *Italy*, whose Flowers may be *Nat. 1. 12.* sweet in their *Native Soil*, but degenerate in ^{c. 24.} another.

Ver. 29. 30. Amphion sung not sweeter to his Herd When summon'd Stones the Theban Turret rear'd. Were the Stones then his Herd? Or did not Mr. D. talk of the *Theban Walls*, because he knew not what *Aetæus Aracynthus* meant: This to make use of his own *Witicism*, is to traduce *Virgil* indeed.

Ver. 40. Or perhaps contend with Pan. *Virgil* had more Judgment than to make his *Shepherds* contend for *Mastery* with their *God*; but when Mr. D. represented *Alexis* and *Corydon*, his Thoughts were big with his own *Maximin*: The next Lines are as wide of *Virgil*, as of good Sence.

Ver. 43. Nor scorns the Pipe. For *Nec te pœnit eat, &c.* Mr. D. fencelessly applies that to *Pan*, which *Virgil* makes *Corydon* say to *Alexis*; and so to Talk coherently.

Ver. 45. Corydon's Pipe was not made with seven smooth Joyns, but with seven Reeds of an unequal length joyn'd together, somewhat like the lesser Pipe of a small Organ. Two

Two Kids that, for, which, but false Grammar is so common with him, it's not worth notice.

I found by chance, and to my Fold convey'd. Ver. 51.
i.e. I stole 'em, Virgil meant, he found them in a dangerous Place, near the Den of some Beast of Prey; so as he ventur'd his Life for 'em, which would render the present more Ver. 52. valuable. Virgil's Capreoli would have been little Goats, whose Age yet was more distinguishable by their Marks, than by their Size. Sparsis etiam nunc pellibus albo.

Alexis is represented as a young Shepherd, Ver. 53. and the Goats would serve for somewhat better than to play with.

To make amends for his former neglect; Mr. D. now tells us, They were both fleckt with White, the true Arcadian strain; what Virgil gave then as a mark of their Age, our Poet makes a mark of their Breed; a very considerable discovery! It's a wonder he did not derive 'em from the Goats, in whose Watering-Troughs Jacob laid the peel'd Rods. But *nemo Mortalium, &c.* Ver. 55.

The next ten Lines are so wild a Translation of Virgil as is intolerable; the sweet smelling Daffodil, the Pansy, the Purple Spring, because it brings on pale Violets, and Marsh Marigolds are such a medly of Flowers, as would fright Virgil, if he were to see 'em put down for bis; nor would he own that Ovidian Conclusion where, at least, there's too much.

Ver. 90.

Towers are for Gods. A very grave Sentence; but pray, for what kind of Gods?

Ver. 92.

The wanton Kid the Browse, Excellent for *Florentem Cytisum, &c.*

Ver. 93.

Alexis thou art chas'd by Corydon. A very noble Expression.

Ver. 95.99.

See from a far the Fields no longer smoke,
Cool Breezes now the raging Heats remove. The Scene is now to be removed to *Jamaica* or *Barbadoes*, which *Virgil's* honest Shepherds ne'er thought of. The following three Lines are wonderfully agreeable to *Homespun Corydon*. Doubtless Mr. D. when he wrote 'em, thought himself courting, a *Town Miss*, and had a mind to show all his *Improvements* by *Court Conversation*.

In this whole *Eclogue* our *Translator* has kept himself at such a distance from his *Author*, that it's plain, he did not or would not understand him, nor can he be so much a *Suffænus to himself*, as to imagine, *Virgil*, had he been now living, would have represented a *Shepherd*, tho' of the true *Arcadian strain* so injudiciously. He has made *Virgil* think otherwise than he did, whether better or no, I leave to their Judgments who understand the *Original*.

E C L O G U E III.

Ver. 8.

HO *Groom!* a very *Elegant Title* for a *Shepherd!* but I confess, Mr. D. is not without Authority, for so *H. C.* in his *Popish Cou-*

Courant Jan. 24th 7^o. Translates *Non ego Romulea
miror quod pastor in Urbe Sceptra gerat ; Pa-
stor conditor Urbis erat. It's nothing strange
a Sheperd Reigns in Rome ; For he that
built it, was a Sheperd's Groom. While
be Neæra Courts, and Courts in vain.* A Ver. 4. 5.
mistake, for she was their common Friend, and
Ægon was only afraid Menalcas should have
more of her Company than himself.

Of Grass and Fodder thou defrau'dst the Dams. Ver. 6.
for *Et succus pecori. Ruæus* teaches him better
than to construe it so absurdly.

Yet when I crept the Hedges of the Leys. Pure Ver. 15.
Nonsense ! and stole the Stays. Better and
better.

Beneath yon antient Oak. *Ad veteres fagos.* Ver. 17.
well guest however. When the fair Boy receiv'd
the gift of Right. *Et cum vidisti pueru dona-
ta dolebas.* If this ben't Translation, pray
what is ?

*What Nonsense would the Fool thy Master Ver. 21.
prate. Quid domini facient ? We use to say,
Saying and Doing, are two things.*

When thou bis Knave. Mr. D. has heard Ver. 21.
of Paul the Knave of Jesus Christ ; and if I
mistake not, I have read some Plays said to be
written by John Dryden, Servant to His Ma-
jesty ; however it's a most profound Quibble.

*Ask, Damon, ask if be the Debt denies ; I Ver. 22.
tbind be dares not ; if he does, he lies. Here's
Dametas grown a meer Almanzor. The
Lye no Man can bear. But is not this an
admirable Construction of — *Et mihi Damon Io-
se**

se fatebatur, sed reddere posse negabat? i. e. He durst not deliver it, because of his *Masters Interest*, or without his leave.

Ver. 34.

Thou Booby. Stoo him Bays! Now I fancy, *Virgil* intended to expose some dull Poet for a meer *Ballad Singer*, Toning out, & *Hone Hone!* with *sad Lines*, and a *dismal voice*, and that indeed, his *Compositions*, tho' very mean, were like the present *Translation, Licensed and Entered according to Order*. Mr. D. is of another Mind, and says, *He tickled the Croud with a Straw.*

Ver. 40

My brindled Heifer. Now since Mr. D. was at liberty to make it of *any Colour*, why was it not *my Milk-white Heifer*, that we might have known it was of the true *Roman strain*? But why, *her Beefnings never fail*? the *Dairy Maid at Denham Court*, would have told him, they are *Beefnings* but for three or four Days after *Calving*; afterwards they are *Strokings*; but it was a most *miraculous Heifer*, which had her *brimming Pails full of either*, especially when she had *fuckled two Calves* before; but if her *Strokings* were so plentiful, what would her *full Bag* have given?

Ver. 48, 49.

A cursed she, who rules my Hen-peckt Sire, Menalcas says no such thing, who does the *Translator* mean? *Alter and Hædor.* And once *she takes the Tale of all the Lambs*, Well Construed again!

Ver. 55.

Two Bowls I have. Now here I durst lay my *Brindled Heifer*, that our *Translator* made 'em *two*, because *Virgil* calls 'em *Pocula* in the *Plural*

ral Number, and carrys it quite thro Menalcas's Speech, but by Neuters Plural to signifie a single thing is not unusual, and Dametas, to run him down, tells him, he indeed has duo Pocula, i. e. *He was resolv'd to overmatch bim in every thing*, for he treats him altogether in Scorn, tho it comes to a Wager at last.

*Latinus
que venit
litora.*

The Lids are Ivy — Bowls don't use to have Lids, unless Alcimedon had the way of making Tunbridge Ware, and I dare say, Menalcas's had not so much as a loose Cover; the word *Super-addita*, I'm afraid made Mr. D. think of a Lid. *Grapes in clusters lurk beneath*, is like the Fellow looking out of the Window who was to draw in his Head, if any body look'd at him; I'm desperately afraid Mr. D. read it *Celatum*. For the whole description of the Bowl, *Ruæus*, if consulted, would have set him somewhat righter.

The Kimbo Handles seem with Bearsfoot Car- Ver. 69.
ved. Nonsense again,

Where Orpheus on his Lyre laments his Love; Ver. 69, 70.
With Beasts encompass'd, and a dancing Grove.
Meer trifling, and unsuitable to Virgil, and his Shepherd's Character.

Menalcas rather than be thought a Coward, Ver. 74, 75.
comes to Dametas's terms in Virgil. *Veniam quocunque vocaris*; but does not brag like a Child, this, *Ruæus* would have shown our Translator, but he forgets all that.

And Nature has accomplish'd all the Spring. Ver. 84.
Admirable!

Mc

Ver. 39, &c. *Me Phœbus loves, for Him my blushing Hyacinths and my Bays I keep.* The rest is the Translators, and impertinently stuck to Virgil.

Ver. 97. *With pelted Fruit, &c.* I thought Galatea had pelted him with Apples. Mr. Dryden thought the Apples were pelted, not the Man.

Then tripping to the Woods—for Et fugit ad salices.

Ver. 105. *I saw two Stock-doves billing, and e're long will take the Nest.* But does their Billing shew where their Nest is? Virgil's *Damætas* observ'd where their Nest was, Mr. D. only their Gesture.

Ver. 107. *Ten ruddy Wildings, i. e. Crabs; a Noble Present!* And doubtless the *Aurea Mala* of the *Hesperides* were no better. *And stood on Tip-toes reaching from the Ground, i. e. to get at the Wildlings:* But where says Virgil or Ruæus so?

Ver. 111. *The lovely Maid lay panting in my Arms, &c.* where's nothing of Virgil's Spirit or Pastoral Style, but pure Ovid, or somewhat looser than he.

Ver. 120. *At Sheering time. Cum faciam vitula pro frugibus.*

Ver. 135. *A Bull be bred With spurning Heels and with a butting Head.* This, I'm sure, is no Commentary on the Poet's Meaning, nor is it Intelligible to a meer English Reader, nor, as translated, is it any just Repartee to *Damætas*.

Ver. 138. *Let Myrrh instead of Thorn his Fences fill.* *Amomum* is by some thought to be the Herb
Night-

Night-shade, by some the *Rose of Jerusalem*, by some of *Jericho*, by some 'tis thought to be *Cinnamon*, only Mr. D. has found it out to be *Myrrb*. But why *Myrrb* to make a *Fence*? *Damætas* would have *Pollio* his Friend so happy, as that his *very Bushes* should bear the *sweetest Flowers*, or the *richest Spices*; but neither *Plants like Hemlock*, nor *Oderiferous Flowers*, nor *sweet Gums*, were ever fit to make *Hedges* with; our *Translator* was certainly here in a *Dream*, or worse.

Who hates not living Bavius, i. e. N. T. *let Ver. 140:*
him be Dead, Mævius, i.e. T. S. *damn'd to love*
tby Works and thee. And why are not either
 of 'em as commendable as a *Bathyllus* or a
Chærilus, or one past the *fumbling Age of Po-*
etry?

Join Dog-Foxes in the Yoke. How come Mr. *Ver. 143.*
 D. to know that *Virgil* meant *Dog-Foxes*? Or
 why must *Mulgeat Hircos* be render'd, *Sheer*
the Swine. Methinks it had been better, *let*
him, like Waltham's Calf, go nine Mile to suck
a Bull, as they do who read this dear *Transla-*
tion for *Virgil*.

Is a Jew'd ridiculous Translation: So what *Ver. 144, 5.*
Menalcas says afterwards, and what *Damætas*
 returns is *so far from the Text*, as the *filliest*
Priest in England would have been *asham'd* of.

Destroys the Groom. I'm afraid Mr. D. will *Ver. 155.*
 hardly shew us the Country in *England* where
 the *Shepherd's Boy* is stil'd *the Groom*; but he's
 in love with the Word, and I have given him
 an Authority for it before.

What

Ver. 158.

What Magick has bewitch'd the woolly Dams?
 Why none at all, Man! They were the *Lambs*,
 which look'd as if they had suck'd *sheir Dams*
through a Hurdle; i. e. they were overlooked
 by some *Witch*.

Ver. 160.

'Is more a *Riddle* than *Virgil's*.

The whole Eclogue is *vitiously* translated, that a Man could scarcely pass one *Line* without *Censure*; and Mr. D. seems in general to have no Notion of *Virgil's Air or Sence*, but fixes any thing on him which himself thinks fit, lops off his *best Thoughts*; and though his *Lines are smoother*, his *Sense* is not *better*, or more plain than *Ogylby's* so much decry'd.

E C L O G U E IV.

THIS Eclogue is of a piece with the rest of Mr. D.'s; and as to the *Subject* of it, it would puzzle a *good Critick* to reconcile Mr. D.'s *Prefatory Talk*, *Ruæus* his *Preface*, and the *Argument His Friends* gave him for it together. But let who will compose that *Quarrel*, let's see what the *Version* is.

To find no Fault with the *Absurd Translation* of the Four first Lines.

Ver. 5.

The last Great Age foretold by Sacred Rhimes,
Renews it's finish'd Course. What can Mr. Translator mean by that? Why this *great Age* was now but *coming*, not *past*, and *beginning again*? *Virgil* knew better than to think that the *great Platonick Year* was *past* when he wrote; but here was now beginning a *new*, a *better*,

better, and a happier Season than had been formerly known since the *Golden Age*. He calls it the *last Age*; if the *last* be finish'd it can't be renew'd again, if it be renew'd it was not the *last*; nor can a Quibble excuse the Nonsense, nor prove what follows, *And mighty Tears begun, From the first Orb in radiant Circles run*, any thing but glittering Nonsense.

The Father, &c. A poor Version of Te Du-
ce squa manent sceleris vestigia nostri Irrita, &c.
The whole Design of this Eclogue has been much controverted. After what has been said by Blondel, Boxborne, Galæus, and many great Men of our own, it seems to me, that *Virgil*, acquainted with ancient Prophecies, reflected on and repeated oft in his Time, concerning an Universal King to be born in the East, or in *Judæa*, (for that Talk was sometimes more particular, sometimes more general) was willing to divert the Course of those Prophecies, and make the Romans look at *Home* for what they expected from *Abroad*. Whether they were the *Sibylline Prophecies*, (many of which may be Authentick, whatsoever yet has been said against them) or the more *Authentick Jewish Prophecies*, then read in many places; I doubt not but *Virgil* design'd all to the Honour of his Patrons, in which, I believe, he was not inspir'd; but though not inspir'd, he might be so far directed by an unknown Influence, and limited by a Superintending Providence as to mass such things together in this particular Poem, as would be ridiculous when apply'd to any

any, but *Iesus the Son of God, the Saviour of the World.* To Him these very Verses belong, and were penn'd by Virgil in an ambiguous manner, equally applicable to *Pollio's Son* or *Nephew*, or *Augustus*; and were construed, at that time, by that Notion they had of the Writer, whose Person and Inclinations is often-times the best Comment upon his Work.

Ver. 18. *The Son shall lead the Life of Gods,* is very short of, *He shall be Partaker of the Divine Life,* which is the true Sense of the Poet's Words.

Ver. 23, 45. All neer trifling to the Original, where the very Verses seem to smile, as well as the promis'd, *Garlands on the New-born Infant.*

Ver. 30. *Each common Bush shall Syrian Roses wear.* No sure, *Myrrh not Roses;* Mr. D. ought not to change the Signification of Words at his own Pleasure.

Ver. 35. *The knotted Oke shall Showers of Honey ween*
And thro' the melted Graſſ the Liquid Gold shall
ereep. Thus one's for Sense, the other for Convenience, as our Friend Hudibras has it.

Ver. 42. Another Argos, I'm afraid is something more than a Typographical Error.

Ver. 51. *Nor Wool shall in dissembled Colours shew*
Why, Man, the Divers Colours are real no dissembled; no, not so much as meer various modifications of Light; but Virgil means, the most beauteous Colours Wool could wear should be Natural, not Artificial, as the following Verses shew.

Beneath his Pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat, Ver. 55, 6.
And under Tyrian Robes the Lambs shall bleat,
 i.e. They shall all be Kings, or Noblemen at least, and appear always in their Parliament Robes. But is this to Translate Virgil, whose Thoughts are always just, and Expressions proper?

Mature in Years, for Aderit jam tempus; as Ver. 59. if the Expression referr'd not to the World, but to the Child; which the very next Passage corrects.

See to their Base restor'd Earth, Seas, and Air, Ver. 63.
And joyful Ages from behind in crowding Ranks appear. Nothing at all to the purpose, but to put one in mind of — *Was not he a Rascal? &c.*

The frowning Infant's Doom is read. Cui Ver. 77:
non risere Parentes. Thro' the whole of this Eclogue a Man may look for Virgil in Virgil, and not be able to find him.

E C L O G U E V.

IT's always accounted unlucky to stumble in the beginning of a Work; yet here our Translator begins to the Tune of Fauste, *precor gelida, &c.* Since on the Downs our Flocks together feed; which is a very fine Thought. And why was not the Design of their Sitting down in the Shade mentioned? They who read the Original understand it; they who pretend to interpret the Poet should express it.

F

What

Ver. 5.

What Mr. D. gave our Poet before, he takes away quite in these four Lines, and that for false English too. It seems, tho' a very good Catholick, as doubtless he is, he never read the Catholick Father's Book *De Majoritate & Obedientia*.

Ver. 7.

Or will you to the cooler Cave succeed? This is one of the Latinisms Mr. D. pretends to boast of, and a silly one it is. Succeed is confin'd in our Language to another Sense or two, and won't be naturaliz'd to this, tho' Mr. D. should bring the Bill into the Parliament of Poets.

Ver. 20.

— Now bring the Swain, Whose Voice you boast, and let him try the Strain. This shews the Translator's Folly, who talk'd of Amyntas's before, which Menalcas meant not; but that no other Shepherd among 'em had so fine a Vein of Poetry, or made such fine Songs as Amyntas; and the Canendo afterwards is to be interpreted the same way; and here Mopsus promises to sing his Elegy on Daphnis, and challenges Menalcas to bring in Amyntas to perform any thing like it; and, in return, Menalcas complements Mopsus not for his Voice, for his Talent was Calamos inflare lutes, but for his Poetry.

Ver. 25.

No more, but sit and hear the promis'd Lay, The gloomy Grotto makes a doubtful day. An admirable Paraphrase on *Sed tu define plura, puer: successimus antro.*

The Lifeless Parent, his wretched Limbs embrac'd Accusing all the Gods, and every Star. The rest is all an Ovidian impertinence of Mr. D's, who indeed, makes Virgil's Poem look like

like Damætas's Armour, patch'd with any thing he could gather from the lower Form of Poets. And if Rome was the Parent, the description's nothing but absurdity ; besides, how could the Lifeless Parent embrace the dead Corps, or accuse the Gods ? The Proverb seems true generally, that *Mortui non mordent*.

The Lybian Lyons bear, and hearing roar. Ver. 42.
Let Ogylby shew a Nobler Line, if he can.

And Holy Revels for his Reeling Train. A Ver. 46.
very pretty Circumstance in commendation of a deceas'd Hero, and from a sober Poet ; but the Translator puts in a little Burlesque now and then, for a Ragout for his cheated Subscribers.

And so to the 55th is an impertinent and un- Ver. 50.
seasonable Illustration of Virgil's neat Eulogy on Daphnis.

And softly let the running Waters glide. A Ver. 62.
nother of Mr. D's sweet smelling Daffodils, who for Virgil's short, yet Noble Epitaph, has given us a loose, unmerciful one of his own ; it can be no Capital Crime, after so Celebrated a Triplet, to render it thus ;

*Daphnis the Shepherd I to Heaven renoun'd,
Fair was my Flock, myself with fairer Beauties
cround.*

O Heavenly Poet ! Here Mr. D. shows his own carelessness before, and confirms my Observation, that it was not the voice, but the Poetry, for which *Mopsus* was so much admir'd. Ver. 69.

It's not the Character of Shepherds to be op-
prest with Cares, and Virgil never thought of Ver. 71, 72.
the Sylvan Shade, but the green Grass, which

it's better sleeping in on a *Sunny Bank*, than under a *Shade*, the *Grafs* being *sweeter* there, and the *Steam* of the *Earth* more *wholsome*.

Ver. 77.78. Your Lays are next to his, and claim the second Praise. Alter ab illo signifies, not one inferior, or of the second Rank, but another such as one, or equal to him, nor is Servius's Authority good to the contrary.

Ver. 81. For Daphnis was so good to love what e're was mine. Menalcas's complement to Mopsus is spoil'd before, and here he does not say, *Daphnis lou'd what e're was mine*, but he lou'd me, which a Man may do, without loving all the failures of his Friend: And if Mr. D. had any thoughts of King Charles II. tho he had all the *sweetness* of Nature a *meer Man* was capable of, he had too much *Wit* to like every thing that was his.

Ver. 86,87, Should we allow *Candidus* to signify, the Guest of Heaven, which it does not, but has a nobler Emphasis, what means the Translator by his viewing the Starry Skies in the Milky way; sure it's an odd kind of Hypallage. Now whether Daphnis look'd upward or downward for this fine Vision, Virgil makes him see the Stars below him, Mr. D. the rolling Year, for so he construes *Sidera*, to the best of my apprehension; and doubtless, that's a very fine Sight, and a mighty surprize to his wondering Eyes.

Ver. 91. The Purple Spring adorns the various Ground. Virgil could never have reach'd so fine, and so very agreeable a Thought.

Nor

Nor Birds the Springes fear. This Mr. D. Ver. 94.
added, to let us know he understood how to
catch Woodcocks.

For Daphnis Reigns above, and deals from Ver. 95, 6.
thence His Mother's milder Beams and peaceful
Influence. Who does the Translator mean by
Caesar's Mother, if Daphnis was Caesar? Was
it Aurelia, the Daughter of Caius Cotta, who
makes a very small Figure in History? Or
was it Venus? If so, she should have been his
Grandmother at least? Or was not his Head
full of *Aeneas*, whose Mother *Venus* indeed
was, as he thinks *Virgil's Head* was when he
wrote this Eclogue? And is not the whole
a pretty Paraprase of *Amat Bonus otia Dap-
nus*.

The Shrubs partake of Humane Voice. But Ver. 98.
why *Humane*? Can any thing be more absurd?
The Poet never thought of it. And nor only
Prophane Writers, but Scripture it self, calls up-
on all the parts of the Universe to praise God;
but they never dreamt of their doing it in a
Humane Voice.

Assenting Nature with a gracious Nod Pro- Ver. 99.
claims him. That's a very new way of Pro-
claiming a God; the gracious Nod belongs to
Jove, as the supreme among the Poetical Gods;
to ascribe what belongs to him to *Nature*, is
to make *Nature* superior to a God, and therefore
to condescend very far, when she allows her
gracious Nod to the new dub'd Divinity.

On each is offer'd Annual Sacrifice, Where Ver. 121.
does Mr. Translator find that? The follow-

ing Lines are senseless and idle: Virgil talks nothing of what the Priests should offer, but what he'd offer himself; Two Bowls of New Milk, and two of fresh Oil.

Ver. 113. *Damætas shall perform the Rites Divine.* Was *Damætas* then a Priest? If not, what had he to do with Divine Rights? If he was, why should *Menalcas* only mention his Singing in the Text? What *Aegon* was to do, the same was the Task of *Damætas*, but *Agen* was to Sing Hymns to *Daphnis*, not to play the Priest, therefore *Damætas* was only to sing. Mr. D. quite forgot the following Vow, *Hec tibi semper erunt* —

Ver. 121. *And Locusts feed on Dew.* Where did Mr. D. ever hear of *Locusts* feeding on *Dew*? Scripture, if he troubl'd that much, would have taught him better, *Germany* sometimes, and several parts of *Africa* very frequently find it otherwise; but Mr. D. is fond of Translating *Cicadae* Locusts, which in our Poet, always signify *Grashoppers*, of whom, for ought we know, the observation of their feeding on *Dew*, may be true.

Ver. 126. *Tho' Damnabis tu quoque votis,* may pass well in *Latin*, yet a pretence to Translate it literally in *English*, is ridiculous, when the plain meaning is, thou too shalt oblige Men, or hold them fast to the performance of their Vows by the awe of thy Divine Power.

Ver. 136. *And had the Judge been just, had won the Prize.* An Addition directly contrary to Virgil's notion of *Palæmon*, and that Opinion Rhemnius

nus Palamon had of himself upon account of Virgil's naming him as a Judge between the contending Shepherds, therefore this did not grow out of him. The Paraphrase on the last three Verses is more loose, and trifling than Ovid would have offer'd at in the greatest Luxuriancy of his Fancy.

E C L O G U E VI.

NOR blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell in Man-^{Ver. 2.}
tuan Plains. But why must *Sylvae*
signifie the *Mantuan* Plains? Or why the
Doric Muse? Did Virgil ever write in the
Doric Dialect, as Theocritus had done? Who
would imagine the Translator had ever read his
Author? The first is every whit as wide too
from the Author's Sence.

— Nor dare beyond the Reed. A very clear ^{Ver. 6.}
Expression, and extreamly agreeable to *de-
dictum dicere carmen,*

— And reading not disdain. *Si quis tamen Ver. 11.
bac quoque, si quis Captus amore leget.* The
Translation's admirable English, and very much
to the purpose.

The Name of Varus oft inscrib'd shall see In ^{Ver. 13.}
every Grove, and every vocal Tree. Virgil says no-
thing of inscribing, nor would Mr. D. had
he but consider'd his own Epithet? for why
should the Tree be vocal upon which the
Name would be inscrib'd? It ought to be vo-
cal to sing a Name, as Virgil says, but the dumb-

Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

if Tree in all the wood, might serve well enough to carry an Inscription.

Ver. 15.

And all the Sylyan Reign. I have heard Mr. D. was once a Westminster Scholar. Dr. Busby I doubt, would have whip'd a Boy for Paraphrasing *omne nemus so Cbildisly.* The three next verses are worthy of Mr. D. but unworthy of his admirable Author.

Ver. 19.

Mr. D. was *Nominum asperitate deterritus.* And therefore lets *Chromis* and *Mnasylus* pass, but where did he find that *Silenus* was their *Sire*; if he were, his drunkenness would not excuse their Rudeness to bind their *Sire* for an old Song.

Ver. 35.

Born by the Tide of Wine, and floating on the Floor. Was ever so senseless, or Thoughtless? How escap'd the old Toper from drowning in his own Spue? And what a dull Soul was poor *Virgil?* This is to make him talk better than he ever thought before; but see the Luxuriancy of Wit! The very next Couplet gives us as fine a touch with relation to his empty Can, his *Gravis Centharium*, (for he's now for his *Statimius*, i. e. *abrogamus*) with the annual Ornament of two Ears; 'Twas hung on high to boast the Triumph of the Day. I suppose it was made out of some *Vatal* Tree, and had an *Epinicion* inscribed on it.

Ver. 33.

The fairest Nais, for Nympb, that it might be the more intelligible; and soon after, He finds the Fraud, injudiciously for He finds the Trick; for there was no Fraud in their binding him, and painting his Face.

'Twas

Tuus Impudence to find A sleeping God, tis Sa- Ver. 38, 39.
 crilege to bind. Silenus was no God, but a Demigod, which is more than can be said of our unparallel'd Translator. But where did he find that pretty Notion of *Impudence and Sarcilage*? Virgil says only, *It was favour enough to them that they had seen him, intimating there was no need of more; if he was willing to be seen, they need not question his Willingness to satisfie them in other Particulars:*

But what's the pretended Version to all this?

Not by Hæmonian Hills, &c. Unquestionably true, the Hills were very silent all of them; yet if they had any Nodding Forests upon them, there be somewhat of a Noise among them, a leading up the Brawls, or so; but where's Virgil?

He sung how Seas, &c. Fell thro' the mighty Void, and in their Fall Were blindly gather'd in this goodly Ball. Ræus and others, to whom Mr. D. is blindly gather'd, suppose Silenus an Epicurean Philosopher, his full Gut, his empty Can, his Tipse brain, and his abominable Spew-ing, I suppose; were their Evidences: But how shall we reconcile Mr. D. and his Friends, the Prefacers to these Pastorals, who, with a great deal of Judgment deny the matter, and argue better from Silenus's Words, than from his Posture. Mr. D. is Epicure entire in his Sence of Virgil; but where says Virgil himself, that the Seeds of all things fell thro' the mighty Void? If they fell through it, they fell from some place or Ubi without it, which was their Terminus a quo,

quo, and into some place without or beneath it again, which was the *Terminus ad quem*: And pray what Philosophy is this? But, *In their Fall they were blindly gather'd*, i. e. by Fortune, commonly call'd *Blind*. The *Seeds* of things then were *passive*, Fortune was *active*; and what's capable of *acting*, must have an *Existence*; therefore Fortune had a *Being* before the *Seeds* of all things, which is a great Honour to Her Divinity. But Virgil says the *Semina* were, *per inane coacta*, *Gathered together*, but not by *chance*, or *blindly*, but by some really *powerful Agent*; they did not *fall thro' the void*, but were *amass'd in it*. Now if they were *gather'd together*, they did not *gather themselves together*, their *concourse* was not *Fortuitous*; if they were *manag'd by some superior Power*, that Power could not be a *Name*, a *Title*, a *Chimera*, but must be a *Real All-wise, and All-Powerful Being*, that is, *God*, who if he were the *Agent*, in *gathering the Seeds of things together*, Epicurus's *Hypothesis* falls: And if Virgil instructs us thus, Virgil was not, in this Eclogue, a Promoter of the Epicurean Philosophy; and for Mr. D. tho his Sentiments may be very *suspicious*, if he has any, it's plain he's no *Master of his Notion*, nor so much of *Expression*, as he pretends to; for what means he by *being blindly gather'd?* to *jumble together* by chance, or *fall together Blindly*, may be allow'd, but to be *gather'd blindly together* is pure *Nonsense*.

Prometheus theft, and Jove's avenging Rage. *Ver. 74.*
An obscure innuendo for Virgil's plain Declaration
of the punishment of Prometheus.

Two tender and untry'd, the Took they fear'd;
Meaning the Bull, as in the following Verses,
but Virgil apply'd those to the Prætides, who
in a Melancholic Madness, fancy'd them-
selves Heifers; who tho' they were afraid of
the Took, and felt often for their Horns, yet were
not so much Brutes, as to look out for a *Bull*: *Ver. 79.*
And must we say, Mr. D. understood Virgil?

He tbro the Forest Roves, And roars with
Anguish for his absent Loves. Just contrary to
Virgil, who aggravates the misery of Pasiphae,
from this very consideration, that the *Bull*
was wholly insensible of her Amours, Liv'd care-
less as Brutes commonly do, and took up with any
she among the Herd, without thinking of his
Lady Mistris; and Mr. Dryden takes a civil
care to confuse himself, in the very next Lines.

Mr. D. to shew his Complaisance for the fair
Sex, says, what Virgil, whom, yet his Trans-
lator represents as a Woman-hater, scorn'd to
do, and what's really False. Mr. D. must not
measure all by his own. Virtue, for ought I
know, may survive among some of that Sex,
when Men have quite lost it.

How each arising Alder now appears, And
o'er the Ro distills ber Gummy Tears. *Ver. 91.*
But do Alders distil Gum? What Arborist told him so, Virgil uses *Alnus* for *Populus*; but ^{Some} indeed says his Translator has no such Liberty, except ^{they were} chang'd in to Alders, but they say nothing of the Gum.
when

when he has a mind to add a fine Line only to expose himself.

Ver. 96.

And Linus thus their Gratitude express'd. For what? Wherein had Gallus been such a Benefactor to them? And what has the Good Man done with *Divino Carmine Pastor Floribus, que Apio crines ornatus amaro?* Was Virgil's Muse so dull, that Mr. D. could make nothing of it? But, to make amends for what's wanting here, he mistakes Hesiod soon after for Orpheus, *Who with his Pipe of old bad Charm'd the Savage Train,* for we hear of no such thing by Hesiod.

Ver. 101. What Mr. D. meant here I know not,
2, 3, 4 I'm sure he Translates not Virgil, unless among his several Editions, he has some Copy very wide of Ours.

Ver. 105. *Why should I sing the double Scylla's Fate?* There were two Scylla's indeed, One the Daughter of Phorcus, the other of Nissus. But Ruess thinks Virgil speaks of but one, and his Text agrees with his Comment, but which of the two means Mr. D. by *The beauteous Maid deform'd?* What English Reader will know whose Fleet was devour'd by her? Virgil leaves neither of these things really Ambiguous, but his Interpreter leaves both so, that the whole may be the plainer.

Ver. 113. *And how in Fields the Lapwing Tereus reigns.* Lapwings are no royal Birds, nor can they pretend to the same command which Tereus had in his Country. And Virgil takes no notice of Philomela's Musick, but of her Cookery;

Cokery, in which she joyn'd with Progne,
v. Ovid Metam. l. 6.

Had caught the Laurels and the Spartan Ver. 118.
Flood. Virgil says no such thing, but the River *Eurotas* had heard *Phœbus* sing such things, and the Banks being cover'd with *Laurels*, the River taught those *Laurels* the same *Songs* which she had heard. The other 7 Lines are such Stuff, so full a mistake of Virgil's Sence, and debauch his Fancy so scandalously, as Ogylby would have been ashamed of.

ECLOGUE VII.

Beneath a Holm Sub ilice, under an Oak Ver. 1.
B of a particular kind indeed, and such as is common in Italy.

The Father of my Flock. Mr. Dryden seems Ver. 8.
very fond of this Catachresis in several places, as in the former Eclogue, *The Husband of the Herd*, but such Figures, tho' graceful in the Original are absurd in the Version, and not to be understood.

Here ev'ry Mincius winds along the Meads— Ver. 15.
against And see from yon old Oak that, for which mates the Skies; both meet Drydenism, or ungraceful Impertinencies; belides the Swarms did not rise from the Tree, but un'm'd in it, as in the Hive in a still, warm Evening.

To a house and feed by Hand my weanning Ver. 21.
Lambs. Another as bad. Virgil's saying is, they

they were not at hand to take 'em from their Dams, and shut 'em up when they had suck'd enough; nor has he any thing about their *dreining the Dams*, which after good *lugging* by the Lambs, could not *Strut much*.

Ver. 25.

Alter nos Musæ meminisse volebant, is quite sunk.

Ver. 27. 9.

Your Muses ever fair and ever young—With all, my Coetus, O inspire my Breast, the first *Silly*, the last *Nonsense*.

Ver. 38.

—*Fence my Brows with Amulets of Bays, Baccare frontem Cingite.* There may be some dispute about what kind of Plant *Baccar* is, but Mr. D.'s the first I believe who makes it *Bays*, which, tho' they might be good against *Thunder*, supposing *Laurel* and *Bay*, *Synonymous*, are no *Specifick* against *Witchcraft*, or *Fascination*.

Ver. 42.

(*The first Essay of Arms untry'd before,*) Mr. D. will be adding without Sence or Reason; *Virgil* intimates nothing of all this. I observe, he's mighty fond of his *Parian Stone* or *Marble*, which yet the Poet mentions only once as I remember, in his *Aeneids*; but the *Translator* would have it look as if *Virgil* or *Theocritus* had never heard of any other *Marble* but that. *Thy Legs in Buskins with a purple Band*, is an *Original*.

Ver. 52.

Here the *Translator's* mad, every Line betrays his *Stupidity*; first *Galatea* comes in with her *Silver Feet*, a very fine *Epithet*, and the right meaning of *Nerine*. *Tall as a Poplar, taper as the Bale*; because they say, *Man's a Tree inverted*.

ed, I suppose by this, *Galatea* was one of Mrs. Behn's *She-Giants*, and the fitter *Mistress* for that handsome Gentleman *Polyphemus*; but what's all this to the Poets *Hæderā formosior alba*? The next is a most exquisite Paraphrase of *Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito*. But then follows a Flower, *Come when my lated Sheep at Night return*. I suppose *Corydon's Oxen* had undergone the Noble Experiment of *transfusion*, and so were become *Sheep*. Now such a wonderful Operation might *Crown the silent Hours, and stop the rising Morn*; if that pretty verse has any meaning in it.

Here Mr. D. resolves to out-do his *Author*, Ver. 51: and *Thyrsis*, to aggravate his Uglyness, must be black as *Night*, and what's much stranger, *Deform'd like him, who chaws Sardinian Herbage to contract his Jaws*. *Sardinian Herbage*, is a very general Word; and sure all the *Herbs* in *Sardinia* were not of a malignant Nature; or did ever any Man eat 'em only that his *Jaws* might be contracted? Naturalists talk of a *Plant* in *Sardinia*, of which, whosoever pretended to eat, was presently taken with a Fit of *Laughter*, in which he Dy'd: *Thyrsis* wishes that he might be as *nauseous*, or bitter to his *Mistress*, and consequently as *odious* as that *Plant* to those who knew of it, if he did not think that *Day longer than a Year*, in which she was absent; how close Mr. D. comes to this Sense! In the next Lines in the Poet, *Thyrsis* rates his *Bullocks home*, that his *Mistress* might come to him. Mr. D. will

will have the *Bullocks Sheep* still, and will talk absurdly, while his *Auctor* gives him good Sence.

Ver. 66. 7. *Ye Mossy Springs inviting easy Sleep, Ye Trees whose leafy shade those Mossy Fountains keep;* How much nearer is Mr. Ogylby to Virgil. *Ye Mossy Springs and Graft more soft than Sleep,* and verdant Bougs which you with Shadows keep, but they're both out in—
Iam Ieto turgent in palmite gemme, for the Gemme are neither Grapes nor Blossoms. But those Budds which put out from the Stock at every joyn, and shoor out into those annual Branches which bear the Grapes.

Ver. 70. *With beapy Fires.* A Senceless Expression.

Ver. 80. *Nor withering Vines their jucy Vintage yield,*

which is far from Virgil's meaning in *Liber pampineas invidis collibus umbrae,* i. e. Bacchus envies the Hillocks, those shady Vines which us'd to cover them, and what's that to the *Vintage?* Mr. Ogylby much better. And Bacchus viny Shades dentes the Hills. The words are not so well placed, but his meaning is the same with Virgil's, which the others is not.

Ver. 84.

Those Seven Lines are the best I have yet met with in Seven Eclogues, and they come nearest to Virgil's, but they are run out to a luxurious length, quite beneath Virgil's closeness and majesty. They'd have look'd pretty well in Ovid, but they are too light here.

Abies in Montibus alsis. Is blown quite away, which Ogylby found room for in four Lines, but Mr. D. could not crowd into six. Ver. 94.

I've heard, for *Hec Memini*. And *Tbyrsis* Ver. 96. you contend in vain. The *Apostrophe* is extremely ungraceful, and the following Verses unjustifiable from any thing which *Virgil* says.

E C L O G U E . VIII.

M R. D. somewhere tells us, that the *Preface to the Pastorals*, the *Essay before the Georgics*, and the *Arguments*, were done by some *Friends* of his. I don't find his Friends infallible, tho' somewhat less mistaken than himself: But since they were so kind, it had been civil in Mr. D. to have read what they had written; it might have made his own sense better, and have clear'd his Understanding, in some Particulars. Among others, in the beginning of this Pastoral, where he talks of,

The Mournful Muse of two despairing Swains, Ver. 1. i. e. *Damon*, and a certain *Old Witch*, as he represents her. *Damon*, indeed complains of the falsehood of his *Love* in preferring his *Rival* to himself, but *Alphesibæus* only represents the *Conjurations* of an *Old Woman*, to reconcile a *Young giddy-headed Fellow* to her own *decrepid Passions*, and what was there in all this to cast honest *Alphesibæus* into despair? Nay, and himself in his Epistle to

my Lord Clifford, says, *The former part is the complaint and despair of a forsaken Lover, the latter a Charms of an Enchantress, to renew a lost Affection;* but nothing can be more pleasant than

Ver. 2.

The Love rejected, and the Lovers Pains, which aggravates his former mistake. And

Ver. 4.

The Rivers stood on Heaps, and stopp'd the running Flood, which is so exquisite a piece of Nonsense, as his famous Hind and Panther can scarce furnish us with. By the Rivers he can't mean the Gods of the Rivers: They could no more stand on Heaps, than Gods meet with Gods, and justle in the Dark; if not them, then he must by Rivers mean the running Floods, which is a kind of a Bull too; but allowing that all the favour imaginable, the noble Verse will amount to this, the Rivers stood on heaps and stopp'd the Rivers, this it is, to have a great Genius. Not to observe the false English, for if the Rivers in the Plural Number stopp'd any thing, they must stop the Floods in the same Number, unless there were some Rivers which had no Streams, and this Mr. D. in days of Yore might have learnt at Westminster. The Sixth Verse is only a dull Repetition of the former Nonsense, which perhaps he mistook for a Beauty, not having the Conduct of the Infallible Hind.

Ver. 7, 8.

Thou for whom thy Rome prepares, the ready Triumph of thy finish'd Wars. If the Triumph were ready, why were they now to prepare it? The

The Complaint as design'd by Mr. D. had been fitter for *Augustus*, than *Pollio*, for whom, had it been a suitable Speech, *Virgil* would scarce have left it for him to make.

*In Numbers like to thine could I Rebearse Thy Ver. 13, 14,
Lofty Tragic Scenes, thy labour'd verse, The 15, 16.
World another Sophocles in thee, Another Homer should behold in me.* All this is Heavenly wide from *Virgil's* sense; it may be, Mr. D. who has always some unfathomable thought in his Head, design'd these Lines as a Court to some of his old Patrons; but it was a big kick to pretend to be a Homer to any body, (tho I don't remember Homer ever wrote any thing in praise of Sophocles,) since Mr. D. by his Flatterers, nay, by the best Critic in England, can be thought to resemble him in nothing but his blindness, which is no fiction here.

*Thine was my earliest Muse, my latest shall be Ver. 11.
thine: Virgil's is, A te Princplium, tibi definet —
meaning the present Eclogue should begin with
him, and end to his Honour. His Traducer
makes him a Liar, for the Aeneids, Virgil's
last Work, say nothing of Pollio as I remem-
ber.*

*And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd Ver. 23.
Against the conscious Gods, and curst the cruel
Maid. What a Maximin of a Shepherd have
we here? This it is to have a Brain full of
Blasphemous Ideas; the Chastest of Poets must
be Polluted, rather than a little Atheistic flight
smother'd. Why, Mr. Translator distinguish-*

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ed not the Dialogists by their Names, is beyond my dull Apprehension.

Ver. 30. Begin my Flute — I'm afraid there were no Flutes in use, among either the Sicilian or Italian Shepherds; if they are mention'd at the Dedication of Nebuchadnezzar's Image, that won't help the matter.

Ver. 33. They bear the Hinds, &c. Hinds are Husbandmen, such as follow the Plow, or labour in the Harvest, not Shepherds, and therefore Pan, not their God.

Ver. 39. Shall see the Hound and Hind their thirst asswage, Promiscuous at the Spring — Why not as well as the Hind and Panther lodge together in one Cell?

Ver. 40. For him thou hast refus'd my browsing Herd. For Goats, a very pretty Figure! as if none browse but Goats; or as if their browsing were a great Circumstance to their Commendation, especially in a hard Winter; but why was the *Fistula* left out, unless, because *Fistula* and *Tibia* would not both signify the Flute? And I conclude, the *Tibiæ pares dextre & sinistræ* in the Inscriptions of Terence's Comedies, were not Flutes. But the Music in those Days of *Pastorals*, was generally more valu'd than the Flock, and it may be Damon's Complaint is ground'd on this, that *Mopsus* was Richer indeed, had greater Flocks, but was a Fool of a Poet, in comparison with himself. Nay, Mr. Dryden almost acknowledges this himself, in that pretty Supplement of his *Unhappy Damon* —

sighs, and sings in vain.

The

The callow Down began to cloth my Chin. Ver. 57.

On my word 'twas very early to have a bud-
ing Beard at Twelve : Love begins sometimes
among Children, and by their Mutual Famili-
arity advances with their Years. But perhaps a
precoce Beard may be a Symptom of an early
Wit. Here's not a word of Nisa's gathering
Apples with her Mother, but only gathering
Crabs with Damon, a scurvy Omen of what
follow'd : but for a Diamond of Virgil's, Mr.
D. thrusts into our Hands a Pebble of his own,
as any who compares this Period with the
Original, will observe. Then scarce the bend-
ing Branches I could win, Is an Incomparable
Porase, for I could but just reach 'em. This is
to honour our Mother-tongue.

Poor Virgil's so curtail'd by his Interpreter, Ver. 60.
that in this Period he could never know him-
self, mean as my Poetry is, I'm tempted to
give that Divine Poet this Translation, at least
more agreeable to his way of speaking than
Mr. D's D'Oly.

*Now, now I know thee Love ! Thy Birth must be
On horrid Tmaros, or cold Rhodope,
Or in the immost Libya's dismal wild,
Hideous with threatening Rocks, and Sand untill'd,
No Humane Blood e'er fill'd thy Barbarous Veins.
Begin, my Pipe, with me, begin Mænalian strains.*

Nay, the despis'd Mr. Ogylby's more par-
donable here, than our Quondam Latreat.
Now the Spirit of Translation's on me, I'd
venture one step farther.

*Dire Love the Mothers tender Heart subdu'd,
And in her Childrens Blood, her Hands embru'd;*

Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

Ab cruel! ab unnatural Mother ske!

Was she more cruel, or more wicked he?

His wicked, hers a cruel part remains.

Begin, my Pipe, with me begin Mænalian strains.

Ver. 68. Alien of Birth, Usurper of the Plains. There Convenience went first, the Sence follows.

Ver. 70. Old Doting Nature, change thy Course anew. As if Nature had chang'd her Course formerly, and now was civilly desir'd to do so again for a poor despairing Swain. But why should Mr. D. rail at Nature, just as an Unitarian would at the Church, when Virgil's Damon had nothing to say to her.

Ver. 75. And booting Owls contend with Swans in Skill. For Skill they're much alike, nay, the Owl has the advantage, as Practising most; indeed, those who have heard 'em both, think the Swan may have somewhat the sweeter voice.

Ver. 78. Or, ob ! Let Nature cease, and Chaos Reign. And there's Convenience before Sence again, and a little Nonsense too, unless Mr. D. reflects on an old Harmonious Gentleman, whose Government, Milton describes Book II. But I'm perswaded Virgil, who had never read Paradise lost, knew nothing of him. The Old Poet's Chaos was quite another thing.

Ver. 82. Farewell, ye secret Woods and shady Groves,
Haunts of my Youth, and Conscions of my Loves,
A pretty Paraphrase on Vivite Sylvæ, but such
as wherein Virgil's Character is entirely
lost.

Re-

*Rehearse his Friends Complaint, and mighty Ver. 88.
Magic verse.* Complaint was to carry on his initial Mistake, that the whole might be of a piece, according to honest Horace's directions. But what's meant by Alpheibæus's mighty Magic verse? Is that the English of *non omnia possumus omnes*? I can't think the Shepherd was a Conjurer, but only Personated a Witch for a while, without designing to bring any Mistress of his own, over *Hause tops*, and Woods, and Seas, to his own Arms on a Broom-staff.

'Tis done, we want but verse. Why *Carmi-na* signifies not *verses* here, but a set Form of Words to be made use of, by which all the Magic Operation, might become effectual. Mr. D. I know, is acquainted with good Authors, and perhaps, may have met with *Fulgurita sesquiamocca terincta leponta infernonida Utribosca*, &c. (some Copies read it otherwise.) but this will do with a due Preparation, if us'd in a cold Morning, with one Stocking on, the other off, and wholly Fasting, But whether those words make a verse or no, I leave to Mr. D. to find out. He seems more sensible in the very next words, where he makes *Carmina*, Charms, tho' the following Lines be but a very lame Version of *Ducite ab urbe domum*, &c.

Pale Phœbe drawn by verse, from Heaven descends. I don't believe all the verses which Mr. Dryden ever made, and he has in his time, made a world of Thundering Lines, could ever show us this Miracle:Nay, I don't be-

lieve that *verse, qua verse* will do the Feat.
The very same *Charms* which chang'd *Ulysses's Companions*, may do great things: But *Charms* are not necessary in *verse*, as Mr. D. may find in *Cornelius Agrippa's Occult Philosophy*.

Ver. 97, 99. *Verse breaks the Ground, and penetrates the Brake, Verse fires the frozen Veins*— Now could I almost Recant my precedent Talk; this is certainly *Conjuring*— *Latet Anguis*— That penetrating the Brake, is to me unintelligible, and may be like *Abracadabra* for ought I know. I can't tell what *verse* may fire the Frozen veins, whether Mr. D's Translation of a Period in *Lucretius*, which I remember I once saw; such are a Hellish kind of *Charms* indeed, and it's pity but the Conjurors should meet with his Lot, who Congregating all the *Serpents* in a Country into one *Ditch*, was by one of 'em drawn into the *Ditch* and devour'd among them.

Ver. 103. *Thrice bind about his thrice devoted Head*.— Hence it's plain that the *Translator's* a more through-pac'd Conjuror than his *Master*.

Ver. 115. *Crumble the Sacred Mole*.— Is this Interpreting his *Author*, or making him less Intelligible? How much will an *Ingenious Lady*, but not much acquainted with the old Methods of *Witch-craft and Sacrificing*, Edifie by that Appellative, the *Sacred Mole*? The plain meaning *Ogylby* calls it a *Cake*, and such it was, tho of a particular Composition.

— Thus

— *Thus Daphnis burn away, This Laurel is Ver. 118.*
his Fate—But if Daphnis melted away as that
burnt, he'd be quickly wasted to nothing, and
could only come to her as Almabide pro-
mis'd to come to her Spark Almanzor, and
Embrace her only with empty Arms, as a great
Author has it.

While I so scorn his Love—How's that? As Ver. 127.
the Bull scorns the Heifer. Virgil intimates no
such thing, but her seeking for one in vain.
And so the Enchanters would have Daphnis
in Love, so as she, by playing at Bo-Peep
with him, may enflame him with the greater
violence of Love; which down right scorn
would not be so likely to effect.

And from the Roots to tear the standing Corn, v.r. 143, 4.
Which whirl'd a loft to distant Fields is born.
Not to observe the word Negromancer for Ne-
cromancer, as one fit to Translate Homer,
would have call'd him, if Mr. D. meant the
same here as Virgil did, it's a very odd way
of Expressing it. The Romans who believ'd
Magic could Transplant one Man's standing Corn
into another's Ground, where the Corn should be
still Standing and growing, had a very ancient
Law against such Practices; *Neve alienam Se-*
getem pelleteris. But that Law speaks as if
the Magician had some wheedling Trick to
perswade the Corn to remove to another Quar-
ter; as the Romans when they had a design on
some Enemy-Cities Tutelar God; but this
whirling it aloft, seems no very proper way
to make it grow, but lie on heaps in the design-
ed Field. Break

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*Break out ye smother'd Fires, and kindle
smother'd Love!* What can Mr. D. mean by this? Was throwing *Ashes* into the *Brook* the way to make 'em break out into a *Flame*? It was the way to *smother Fire* indeed, but hardly to *kindle it*; It's meer *Riddle*, nor can the precedent or consequent Words explain it. Mr. D. is here again at his God-like *Verse*, but there being so much of *Ceremony* in *Magical Operations*, the *Gods* were suppos'd concurrent willingly, or by force with the *Magicians* design. Now *Daphnis* is complain'd of as neither regarding the *Gods* themselves, nor those *Charms*, nor those *Verses*, in which their particular and extraordinary *Influences* are concern'd; the Witch I conclude, was no great Poet, what e'er Mr. D. is.

The waking Ashes rise, and round our Altars play: No, but the *Ashes* of themselves burst out into a trembling *Flame*, which blaz'd round the Altar, but these were not the *Ashes* thrown into the *Brook*, but what continu'd about the Altar unremov'd.

Run to the Threshold, Amaryllis, bark! Our *Hylax* opens and begins to bark. Now *Virgil's* Witch sent *Amaryllis* on no such silly Errand, but listn'd her self. *Hylax open'd*, i. e. *be Bark'd*, and began to Bark, which is very *Emphatical*.

— May Lovers what they Wish believe; Or *Dream their Wishes, and those Dreams deceive* Is a very perplext Illustration of a plain Question. — *An qui amant ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?*

He comes, he runs, he leaps to my designing Ver. 160.
Arms. Doubtless, he was wondrous fond of his old *Lady*, but they say, *Those who are brought any whither by Magical Powers, look more like Dogs who have burnt their Tails, than such a brisk Fellow*, as Mr. D. here represents. But he, who (to indulge a Lewd Thought) Translates *Parcite, ab urbe venit, jam parcite carmina, Daphnis*; in this manner, may make any thing of any thing, and be fit to Translate *Pindar* Twenty Years hence.

E C L O G U E IX.

THE time is come I never thought to see, &c. Ver. 1.
 Here's *Nonsense*, and a gross mistake of the Poets meaning, but Mr. D. must be pardoned for it, since it's the blunder of *Servius*, and the rest of the *Commentators*, who follow him, among the rest *Ruæus*; yet the very Argument of the Eclogue might have taught him, and Mr. D. better. *Virgil* comes by Authority from *Augustus* to re-enter upon his *Lands*, and escapes very narrowly with his *Life*: He flies to *Rome* again for protection, but leaves his *Servant*, whom *Mæris* here represents, to *Cicurate* and *Mollifie* the Temper of the present *Usurper*, lest those left behing should incur the same *danger*; *Mæris* goes trembling, but in hast, with his two *Kids* to atone him, whom *Lycidas* meets with, and asks him *whether*, not *whether so fast*; to whom with respect to *Dangers past*, *Mæris* answers, O *Lycidas*

das thus far we have scap'd alive; O that (what we never fear'd) a Stranger, in poffef-
ſion of our Farm, ſhould ſay, these Lands are
mine, away you who till'd them before, where
should follow an Exclamation! And thus
both the Grammar and Reason ſtand good,
which, according to the common Interpretation
of it, are both in Jeopardy.

Ver. 7.

—Pack up ye Rascals—*Veteres migrate coloni.*
Now whether *Veteres coloni* ſignifie Rascals,
I leave to our honest Yeomen and Farmers to
determine.

Ver. 8.

Kick'd out, we ſet the best Face on't we
could, Mr. D. could not leave Virgil here for
the fake of a soft, ſweet ſounding Verse, but,
tho' we ſhould allow *Victi* ſignifie kick'd
out, no Dictionary in the World would teach
him to Conſtrue, *Contritari*, to ſet a good
Face on the Matter.

Ver. 11.

That from the ſloping Mountain to the Vale,
And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along,
This is Mr. D's. Terrar of Virgil's Lands, by
which abuttals, were Virgil alive again, he'd
never be able to find 'em out. Virgil, who
had better Skill in these Matters, makes the
foot of the Mountain its boundary on one part,
and an old doted Beech, which Mr. D. calls a dod-
der'd Oak, on the other, and the River to
wash the ſide of it, and these might be known
again, ſo long as in being, and would be
very intelligible Land-marks.

Ver. 19-20.

And had not Phœbus warn'd me by the
Croak Of an old Raven from a Hollow Oak —
To

To pass by his *Plump of trembling Fowl,*
 which can't be apply'd to *Chaonian Doves,*
 and his *Souling Eagle,* which I believe he
 never met with in *Latham*, why is *Phæbus*
 brought in here? It was the *Sinistra Cornix*,
 which he will have again to be *a Croaking*
Raven, (for he hates to commit a single Fault)
 not *Phæbus*, which warn'd him; however
 the *cava Ilex* is not the *blasted Bough*, but
 the *hollow Oak*, for which I hope we are ob-
 lig'd to his *second Thoughts*; The next two
 Lines both in *Virgil* and his *Translator*, con-
 firm my *Observation* on the—*Vixi perve-*
nimus.

Can never pass for a just Translation of Ver. 23, 4.
Virgil's 17 and 18. What *Lycidas* speaks
 here, through the whole Period, is such an
 abuse of the Text, as is unpardonable; there's
 not a Line of *Virgil's* in it—Who rebearse *The*
Waters gliding in a smoother Verse? Is down-
 right Nonsense, And—Tend my Herd—Goats
 are not a *Herd*, but a *Flock*—But for Heav-
 ens sake who taught Mr. D. to Translate
Caper, the *Libyan Ridgil*? I have read some-
 where of *Goats* in *Libya*, as big as *Oxen*, but
 were *Arius*, or *Milienus Toro*, or *Claudius* of
 that Country? Or does Mr. D. know what
 a *Ridgil* or *Ridgling* is? This Verse was only
 a warning Jargon, to have a care of him who
 had got possession of his *Lands*, because of the
 danger his Life would be in from his *Fury*;
 but a *Ridgling*, or *Goat*, or *Ram*, which has
 but one *Testicle*, perhaps mayn't be so *furious*
 a Crea-

Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

a Creature as *Virgil* represents him, nor is such an imperfect Animal fit to be the Husband of the Herd. Ogylby's Translation gives these Verses much better, Thus,

*Could any barbarous Monster use such spight?
With thee Menalcas farewell all delight.
Who'll sing to Nymphs? Who'll strew the Earth with
Flowers?
Or shalter silver Springs with shady Bowers?
Or write such Verse as late I snatch'd from thee,
When thou our Amaryllis went'ſt to see.
Till I return, my Goats, dear Tityrus, feed
(The way is ſhort) and Water if they need.
But as you drive' em take especial care,
Of the He-Goat (for he will strike) beware.*

Here at least we have something like *Virgil*, but nothing of that kind in Mr. D.

v. 36. 7, 8. To show what he means by Rhymes stronger pinion'd than Swans, Mr. D. gives us that impertinent Fustian, they—shall soaring bear above Th' immortal gift of Gratitude to Jove, which does not grow out of his Author.

Ver. 42. And Trees to Goats their willing Branches bend, this is one of Mr. D's. fine Thoughts, without any ground from his Author; for Gabble afterwards I suppose he meant Gaggle. Another Impertinence we have, *v. 54*— Where Nightingales their Love-sick Dittys sing, where the Epithet's very improper, Nightingales Sing Mournful, not Love-sick Dittys, Philomel had no occasion for them.

Ver. 68. 4: Why, Daphnis, doſt thou ſearch in old Records, To know the Seasons when the Stars arife? What Records does he mean, Lily's or Gadsbury's?

bury's? Virgil mentions indeed the old *rising Stars, or Constellations*, as not worth observing when the *Julium Sidus* appear'd so bright above the rest, tho' perhaps it was no more than a *Comet* after all.

Mr. D. describes his own Case appositely e- *Ver. 70-*
nough, and would he but, for the sake of —*75.*
that *acknowledg'd Truth*, have forborn this
unhappy Translation, he had sav'd, in some
measure, *his Friends Purses*, and his own Re-
putation.

*Hush'd Winds, the topmost Branches scarcely Ver. 80.
bend, As if thy tuneful Song they did attend,*
this is running division upon a Word far-
ther than 'twill bear, but this *Caprificus* must
burst out, or Mr. D. were undone.

Or if e're Night the gathering Clouds we *Ver. 88.*
fear, A Song will help the beating Storm to
bear—A Song then it seems is better than
a *Dipt Hat and Cloak*, it's pity but Mr. D.
had a *Pattent* for making these *Weather-
fencing Songs*; it would make him some Com-
pensation for the loss of his *Laurel*. But,
for all this gay flourish, Virgil meant no
more than this, that if they were afraid of
a Shower yet before Night, a merry Song
would make 'em go nimbly enough to scape it,
in order to which he makes *Lycidas* offer
Mavis very civilly to carry his Burthen for
him.

The Conclusion of this Eclogue, fares like
the rest, and the whole looks like rich *Tissue*,
cover'd

cover'd so thick with Copper-lace, that the Ground can't be seen for't.

E C L O G U E X.

THIS Eclogue is Translated in a Strein too luscious and effeminate for Virgil, who might bemoan his Friend, but does it in a noble and a manly Stile, which Mr. O-gylby answers better than Mr. D. whose Paraphrase looks like one of Mrs. Behns, when some body had turn'd the Original into English Prose before.

Ver. 19.&c. Where Virgil says, *Lauri & myricæ flerent*, the Figures beautiful where Mr. D. says, the Laurel stands in Tears, And hung with humid Pearls the lowly Shrub appears, the Figure is lost, and a foolish and impertinent Representation comes in its place; an ordinary Dewy Morning might fill the Laurels and Shrubs with Mr. D's. Tears, tho' Gallus had not been concern'd in it.

Ver. 27. And yet the Queen of Beauty blest his Bed— Here Mr. D. comes with his ugly patch upon a beautiful Face : What had the Queen of Beauty to do here, *Lycoris* did not despise her Lover for his meanness, but because she had a mind to be a Catbolick Whore. *Gallus* was of Quality, but her Spark a poor inferior Fellow. And yet the Queen of Beauty, &c. would have followed there very well, but not where wanton Mr. D. has fixt her.

*Flush'd were his Cheeks, and glowing were Ver. 32.
his Eyes.* This Character is fitter for one that's Drunk, than one in an Amazement, and is a Thought unbecoming Virgil.

*And for thy Rival, tempts the raging Sea, Ver. 35.
The forms of horrid War, and Heavens Inclu-
mency.* Lycoris doubtless, was a *jilting Ba-
gage*, but why should Mr. D. belye her? Virgil talks nothing of her *going to Sea*, and perhaps she had a mind to be only a *Camp Laundress*, which Office she might be advanc'd to without *going to Sea*: *The forms of horrid War*, for *horrida castra*, is incomparable.

— *His Brows, a Country Crown Of Fennel, Ver. 37,38.
and of nodding Lilies drown.* Is a very odd Fi-
gure: *Sylvanus* had *swinging Brows* to drown such a *Crown* as that, i. e. to make it *Invisible*, to swallow it up; if it be a *Country Crown drown his Brows*, it's *false English*.

*The Meads are sooner drunk with Morning Ver. 43,44
Dews.* Rivi signifies no such thing; but then, that Bees shou'd be drunk with Flowry Shrubs, or Goats be drunk with Brouze, for Drunk's the Verb, is a very quaint Thought.

So sad a Song is only worthy you. Is a most Ver. 50.
exact Translation of *soli cantare periti Arcades*— which no body can deny.

Tbo Phyllis's brown — &c. Is all so *filly*, Ver. 57,61.
and beside the *Cushion*, and the last so *lewd*,
and *unbecoming* Virgil's *Chastity* and *Modesty*,
as is unpardonable.

As you are Beauteous, were you half so true, Ver. 65.
Here could I Live, and Love, and only Dye with

you. Virgil makes not Gallus talk so dubiously ; he's fond of *Lycoris*, and is for *Dying with her*, without reserve ; if she were but with him, he'd be satisfied without so nice an *inquisition* into her *Loyalty* : The latter Line I'm afraid was borrow'd from an *Ode* in the Gentleman's *Journal*.

Ver. 68. And strive in Winter Camps — Gallus talks of no such things.

Ver. 73. Those are not Limbs for Icicles to tear. How delicate or course soever the Limbs of *Lycoris* might be, Icicles seldom tear 'em ; I have heard indeed of one, whose Throat was cut with an Icicle ; but never of any rent or torn with them.

Ver. 79. And as the Rind extends — No it should be as the Letters extend, and grow larger on the Rind, so let our Loves increase.

Ver. 88, 89, Is turning Virgil into Ovid, and running
90, 91. looser than Ovid himself would do.

Ver. 94. Or Italy's indulgent Heaven forego — What had Italy to do here ? Or where would Mr. D. fix his Scene ?

Ver. 98. In Hell, and Earth, and Seas, and Heaven above. Is all Tautology, when that best Translated Line in all the Eclogues follows, *Love Conquers all, and we must yield to Love* ; the precedent Line was only for convenience of Rhyme.

Ver. 104, 5. The Song because inspir'd by you shall shine, And Gallus will approve, because 'tis mine. Which is a Conclusion not agreeable to Virgil's modesty ; and far from — *Vos haec facietis maxima Gallo.*

As

*As Alders in the Spring their Boles extend, Ver. 108, 9.
And heave so fiercely, that the Bark they rend.
Is meer Fustian, and false in Thought, and Re-
semblance, and false in Fact, and absurd in
Expression.*

That Mr. Dryden might be satisfied that I'd offer no *false Play*, nor *find Faults* in him, without giving him an opportunity of *Retaliation*, I have subjoin'd another *Metaphrase* or *Translation* of the I. and IV. *Pastoral*, which I desire may be read with his by the Original.

Tityrus, E C L O G U E I.

Melib. **B**eneath a spreading Beech, you *Tityrus* lie,
And Country Songs to humble Reeds apply ;
We our sweet Fields, our Native Country fly,
We leave our Country ; you in Shades may lie,
And *Amaryllis* Fair and Blithe Proclaim,
And make the Woods repeat her buxom Name.

Ti. O *Mclibæus* ! 'twas a bounteous God
These *Peaceful Play*-days on our *Muse* bestow'd ;
At least, he'll alway be a God to me ;
My Lambs shall oft his grateful Offerings be.
Thou feest, he lets my Herds securely stray,
And me at *Pleasure* on my *Pipe* to play.

Me. Your *Peace* I don't with Looks of Envy
view,
But I admire your *happy state*, and *you*.
In all *our Farms* severe Distraction reigns,
No ancient *Owner*, there in *peace* remains.
Sick I, with much ado, my *Goats* can drive,
This, *Tityrus*, I scarce can lead alive ;

Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

On the bare Stones, among yon *Hazles* past
 Just now, alas! her *hopeful Twins* she cast.
 Yet, had not *all on's* dull and senseless been,
 We'd long agon this coming Stroke forseen.
 Oft did the *blasted Oakes* our Fate unfold,
 And *boding Coughs* from hollow Trees foretold.
 But lay, good *Tityrus*! tell me who's the *God*,
 Who *Peace*, so lost to us, on you bestow'd?

Ti. Troth *Melibæus*, I, a Homespun Clown,
 Thought that call'd *Rome*, just like our Neighbour-
ing Town,

Where Thou and I were wont to drive our Sheep,
 And *Mercats* with our Suckling Lambs to keep.
 So little *Whelps* like bigger *Dogs* I'd known,
Kids like their *Dams*, but not so largely grown;
 Thus *little Things*, I'd oft with *Great* compare:
 But *Rome* o'er-tops all *other Towns* as far
 As *Cypress* Groves the Fields of bending *Brome*,

Me. But what *great cause* could make you
 visit *Rome*?

Ti. Sweet *Liberty*, which, as I lazing lay,
 Look'd on my *Dullness* with a Gracious Ray,
 Smil'd on a Head just white with Aged Snow,
 And came at last, tho' all her Steps were slow.
 Nor have I sigh'd for *Galatea* more
 Since *Amaryllis* in my Heart I wore.
 It's true, while fast in *Galatea's* Chain,
 My *Liberty*, I little hop'd to gain.
 Unwash'd my *Flocks*, my *Herd* at random stray'd,
 And tho' I all my Offerings duly paid
 With Cheese of purest Cream; I still might come
 Empty from her ingrateful *Mercats* home.

Me. Oft had I wond'r'd, *Galatea*, why
 Thou Pray'd'st to Heaven with such a doleful cry.
 I wonder'd oft the meaning, why so long
 Thy Apples on the Trees ungather'd hung;
 'Twas all for *Tityrus*; their absent Lord
 The Groves, the Springs, the very Shrubs deplor'd.

Ti.

Ti. What should I do? I could not break my
Chain,

Nor *Gods so good* in all our Country Gain.
But here, my *Friend*, I saw that *Youth Divine*,
To whom each Month my grateful Altars shine;
His *Oracle* that God-like Language spoke,
Feed on your Bullocks, Lads, your Oxen Yoke.

Me. Happy old Man! you then your *Farm*
may keep,

Lands large enough, tho' craggy part and steep,
And slimy Marrome all the Marshes spread;
Your *Flocks* may be in *usual Pastures* fed.
No scabby *Neighbours* shall disturb them there,
Nor they a taint from their *Infection* fear.
Happy old Man! Cool gentle *Breezes* you
Here, by *known Streams*, and *Sacred Springs* pursue.
You *Sallow Hedge* which parts the Neighbouring
Field,

Will to your *Bees* abundant *Pastures* yield.
Drawn by whose pretty murmurs, silent Sleep
Oft o'er your weary Eyes will calmly creep.
From Bushy Rocks the *Linct* sweetly sing,
Whose Notes to you, the Tuneful Air shall bring,
While your lov'd Cooing *Stock-Doves* round you
groan;

And from the losty Elm, the sighing *Turtles* moan.

Ti. First, then shall *Stags* along the *Welkin* feed,
Or flying Seas, desert their *scaly Breed*.

The wandring *Parthian* first shall drink the *Scam*,
And *Germany* on *Tigris* Banks be shown;
Each Nation thro' the others Bounds shall fly,
E'er his lov'd *Image* in my *Breast* shall die.

Me. But we, alas! the *World* must wander o'er,
Some to the farthest *Africk's* thirsty Shore;
Or toward Inhosptitable *Scythia's* Cold,
Or where *Oaxis* rapid Streams are roll'd.
Nay, some quite thrust from all our *civil World*,
Must on the *savage British Coasts* be hurl'd.

Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

Ah! Could I hope, when tedious years are past,
To see my lov'd, my Native Soil at last!
Once more my poor Thatch'd Cottage Roofs ad-
mire,

And ne'er to greater Royalties aspire?
Must barbarous Troops our labour'd Tilth employ?
Curst Soldiers all our hopeful Crops enjoy?
See what sad Fruits our Civil Discord yields,
For whose blest use, we Till'd our fruitful Fields.
Go, Wretch! Ah could it be! in artful Lines,
Go Graft thy Pears, and Prune thy stragling Vines.
Be gone my once dear happy Flock, be gone!
No more shall I in mossy Grotts alone,
Streak out at ease, and see you clambring go,
Hang o'er the Rocks, and crop the Shrubs below.
No more, alas! you'll hear my Country Strains,
No more be fed by me along the Plains;
Nor shall I lead where Milkie Trefoil grows,
Nor where you'd on the bitter Sallows browze.

Ti. Yet, here however, Lodge with me to Night,
I can but to a Leavy Couch invite.
I've mellow Fruit, and downy Chesnuts here,
Green Cheeze, and such, make up our Country
Cheer.

And see yon Village Chimnies smoaking all,
And longer Shadows now from lofty Mountains
fall.

PASTORAL IV. Or Pollio.

A Poem rising somewhat above the Shepherd's strain, and somewhat imitated in the Translation.

Take now my Rustic Muse a Nobler flight!
All won't in Trees, and lowly Shrubs deligh't.
If

If Woods, we'll sing, those very Woods must be
Advanc'd to suit a Consul's Dignity.

Now the Cumean Prophecy's fulfill'd,
And rolling Tears more happy Ages yield.
Now comes the Virgin, whose soft Smiles presage
Another Saturn's Reign, a Golden Age.
Now from kind Heaven descends a God-like Race,
May thy chaste Hands the coming Infant grace,
In whose blest Times Hell's stubborn Brood shall
cease,

And Heavenly Virtue fill the World with Peace!
His Birth, *Lucina's greatest Work* remains,
Be kind! in him, thy own Apollo Reigns;
Since, *Pollio!* thy auspicious Year came in,
The glorious Age, the mighty Months begin.

If any taint of former Guilt remains,
Thy happy Hand shall Purge the Crimson Stains.
The World no more their black Effects shall fear,
When thou thy Standard in their Front shalt rear.
He'll live a God, and Saints, and Angels see,
And be again their dearest Object be;
And with his Father's Might immensely Crown'd,
The World he'll manage in a Peace profound.

To thee, sweet Boy, the Soil untill'd shall bring,
And at thy Feet, her little Beauties fling;
Fox-Gloves, and creeping *Ivy* every where,
And *Niles* gay *Bean*, with smiling *Jasmines* bear.
Flocks scarce shall drag their weighty *Udders* home,
And *Herds* unscar'd by *Lions*, freely roam.
Thy *Cradle* shall with fragrant *Blossoms* spring,
The *Poisonous Serpent* loose her fatal *Sting*.
No *Venome* more, shall *Juicy Plants* disclose,
And every *Hedge* shall bear the *Syrian Rose*.
But as the Youth his mighty Fathers Deeds,
The *Heroes* praise, and *Virtues* Nature reads.
The *Self-sown Crop* shall load the ripening Field,
And roughest *Thorns* their purple *Clusters* yield.

The

The hardest Oaks shall sweat with tastful Dew,
And Honey still the Golden Drops renew.
Yet shall some steps of ancient Frauds remain,
And some shall try the rolling Seas again;
Some shall their Towns with lofty Walls surround,
And some with Furrows break the harmless Ground.
Tiphys shall live, and Argo float again,
And waft selected Heroes o'er the Main.
New Wars shall rise, and great Achilles rage
Once more against the Trojan Walls ingage.

But when firm Age, thy Manly strength shall
show,
The daring Sailor shall the Seas forego;
Merchants shall send abroad their Ships no more,
But every thing shall every Country store.
Untill'd the Corn, unprun'd the Vines shall grow,
Rough Hinds discharge their Bullocks from the
Plough.

No artful Colours shall the Wool disguise,
But on the Rams a lovely Purple rile.
A deep laid Crimson all their Fleece's line,
And sucking Lambs with Native Scarlet shine.
May such blest Ages from our Distaff flow !
The Fates, with one Consent, determine so,
And cry'd, So ever happy, ever go !
Off-spring of Heaven ! great Jove's immortal Son !
It's time to put thy destin'd Honours on.
Seethe vast World beneath its Pressures reel,
Seas, Earth, and Heaven, the strong Convulsions
feel !

Look yet again on Natures smiling Face.
How All with Joys the rising Age embrace !
O might I live but long enough to raise
Notes fit to sing thy Acts unbounded praise !
Then Thracian Orpheus, Linus then shall yield,
And to my nobler Muse resign the Field.

Tho here the Mother, there the lovely Sire,
Calliope, and *Phebus* raise the Fire,
And *Orpheus* she, and he his *Linus* breast inspire,
Should *Pan* himself attempt my soaring Muse,
And for his Judge his dear *Arcadia* chuse ;
Pan in his lov'd *Arcadia*'s sense should be,
And in his own, inferior far to me.

Begin, sweet Babe ! thy Sacred Birth to show,
And with soft smiles, thy lovely Mother know !
For thee, her Womb ten tedious Months before,
Ten tedious Months the Qualms of Breeding bore :
But where no Joy the cloudy Parent shews,
That Child, his Guest, no favouring God will
chuse,
And every Goddess will his luckless Bed refuse.

Notes on the Georgics.

Virgil's Georgics, are call'd by Mr. Dryden, *The best Poem of the best Poet*. Of his own performance, he says in this what's true of all the rest, *I have too much injur'd my great Author, I would have Translated him, but fear, Epist. to according to the literal French and Italian Earl of Phrases I have traduced him : and this Acknowledgment is true, for never was Poet so abus'd, nor Mankind so impos'd on, by a Name before. Virgil I know, is not the easiest Author in the World to Interpret ; But Veteranes in Poetry, at least, should have sence enough to know — Quid valeant bumeri, quid ferre recusent : A Camel, they say, will take no more, when he finds his Burden sufficient for his Strength : But*

But there's another Beast which crouches under all, without Reluctance. Mr. D. may Plead *Want and Poverty*, and *many a sorry Meal*, to excuse his Attempt; but his *Belly* here, was neither *Magister Artis*, nor *Ingenij largitor*, however, it forc'd him, *negatas sequi voces*. And *Etsi dolosi spes refusa erit nummi*, the Man must be *too weak*, who, with respect to our present *Translator*, *Cantare credat Pegasium melos*. But methinks, Mr. D. is soon weary of his humble Talk, and for ought I know, may desire to be understood so, *That the Gleanings of his Epibrain*, in comparison with others, *will surpass the Vintage of Abiezer*. I hope, he means not that the *Produce of his more than fumbling Age* is *more valuable*, than the *vigorous Writings of others, in their undeclining Years*; that would grate too hard upon Mr. Cr. and Mr. Con. the former of which, has us'd the World better in his *Lucretius* and *Manilius*, than ever Mr. D. could in his best *Translations*; but he means, this *Performance of his old Age*, is to be preferr'd before the *voluminous trifles of his greener Years*. Now, I must confess, Mr. D. was never the *Favourite of my Judgment*, there appear'd always somewhat *forc'd and unnatural* to me in his *finest Pieces*, which his own extravagantly censorious, and injudicious *Humour render'd* the more notorious; but this *Virgil* is far the *worst of all*, a Poem neither *tolerable* when Read alone, nor when compar'd with what he calls, or few would believe, was the *Original*; but this will be

be more apparent afterwards. I'm some what concern'd to see Mr. D. still Railing at the Court, what, tho he lost the *Laurel*; Must it follow, that the *Court's* a place of *Forgetfulness*, at the best, for *well-deservers*? Have not his own *Morals* been a little infected with that *Air*, as he represents it? Or is *Good Life* now his task indeed? I'm afraid, however he might be first cheated himself, it's no extraordinary *Moral accomplishment*, to endeavour to recover his losses, by learning to cheat others. But can a good, unchang'd Catholick talk of losing a *Maiden-head in a Cloyster*? Is he relapsing to the *Spanish Fryar*? *Constancy* then, must never be the *Motto* of his Arms. It's an odd Complement to his *Patron*, That God had bestow'd good *Sense* on his *Lordship*, but he had bestow'd good *Learning* upon himself. I thought, *Learning* always came from the same *Almighty Hand*, who gives the *Sense* and *Apprehension*. *What has any Man* which he has not receiv'd? It's very hard, that Mr. D. should represent his *Patron* less Religious than himself; who thankfully acknowledges to the *Almighty Power*, the *Assistance* he had given him in the Beginning, the Prosecution, and Conclusion of his present *Studies*; which, therefore I conclude, he thinks, more happily perform'd, than he could have promis'd to himself. But this *Rapture*, perhaps, was soon after *Saul* had seen the *Visun*, and therefore ought to be past over.

ibid.

The

The *Essay on Georgics*, it seems, is not Mr. D's, yet, whoever was the *Autoror*, since by appearing before his *Work*, he lays himself open to the *Reader's censures*; he must not take it ill, if I among others, presume to observe what I think an Error in't, such is the definition of a *Georgic*. A *Georgic* is some part of the *Science of Husbandry*, put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the *Beauties and Embellishments of Poetry*. Now this is a good Account of the *Georgic*, as already Written by *Hesiod* or *Virgil*, because they have written *Georgics in Verse*, and set 'em off with admirable *Beauties*. But a true *Georgic*, that is, an exact *Art of Husbandry*, might be as well deliver'd in *Prose*, and without any *Ornament*, as the *Moral Rules* of *Pythagoras*, or *Epicurus*; and *Varro* wrote *Georgics* as truly, tho' not so pleasantly as *Virgil*.

G E O R G I C I.

Ver. 1.

What makes a plenteous Harvest, when to turn, The fruitful Soil, and when to sow the Corn — It's unlucky, they say, to stumble at the Threshold, but what has a plenteous Harvest to do here? *Virgil* would not pretend to prescribe Rules for that which depends not on the Husbandman's Care, but the disposition of Heaven altogether. Indeed, the plenteous Crop depends somewhat on the good Method of Tillage, and where the Land's ill Manur'd, the Corn, without a Miracle, can be

be but *indifferent*, but the *Harvest* may be *good*, which is its *properest* Epithet, tho the *Husbandman's Skill* were never so *indifferent*. The next Sentence is too *literal*, and *wben to Plough* had been *Virgil's* meaning, and Intellegible to every Body; and *wben to sow the Corn*, is a needless addition.

The care of Sheep, of Oxen, and of Kine. Ver. 3.
And wben to geld the Lambs, and sheer the Swine:
 would as well have fallen under the *Cura
boum, quis cultus habendo sit Pecori*; as Mr. D's deduction of particulars.

The Birth and Genius of the fruitful Bee, I Ver. 5.
Sing Mecænas, and I Sing to thee — But where did *Experientia* ever signific *Birth and Genius*? Or what ground was there for such a *Figure* in this place? How much more Manly is Mr. Ogylby's *Version*.

What makes rich Grounds, in what Celestial Signs,

'Tis good to Plough, and Marry Elms with Vines.

What best fits Cattle, what with Sheep agrees,

And several Arts improving frugal Bees,
I Sing *Mecænas*.

Which four Lines, tho faulty enough, are yet much more to the purpose than Mr. D's fix.

From Fields and Mountains to my Song repair. For *Patrium linquens Nemus, saltusque* Ver. 22.
Lycæi — Very well explain'd!

In-

Ver. 23, 24. Inventer Pallas, of the faining Oil, Thou Founder of the Plough, and Plough-man's Toil ! Written as if these had both been Pallas's invention. The Plough-man's Toil's impertinent.

Ver. 25. — The Sbroud-like Cypress — Why Sbroud-like ? Is a Cypress pull'd up by the Roots, which the Sculpture in the last Eclogue fills Sylvanus's Hand with so very like a Sbroud ? Or did not Mr. D. think of that kind of Cypress us'd often for Scarves and Hat-bands at Funerals formerly, or for Widow's Vails, &c. if so, 'twas a de.p good Thought.

Ver. 26. — That wear the Rural Honours, and increase the Year — What's meant by increasing the Year ? Did the Gods or Goddesses add more Months, or Days, or Hours to it ? Or how can Arva tueri — signify to wear Rural Honours ? Is this to Translate, or abuse an Author ? The next Couplet are borrow'd from Ogylby, I suppose, because less to the purpose than ordinary.

Ver. 33. The Patron of the World, and Rome's peculiar Guard — Idle, and none of Virgil's, no more than the Sence of the precedent Couplet ; so again, he Interpolates Virgil with that and the round Circle of the Year to guide Powerful of Blessing:, which thou strew'st around. A ridiculous Latinism, and an Impertinent Addition; indeed the whole Period is but one piece of Absurdity and Nonsense, as those who lay it with the Original must find.

Ver. 42, 43. And Neptune shall resign the Fasces of the Sea. Was he Consul or Dictator there ? And watry

watry Virgins for thy Bed shall strive. Both absurd Interpolations.

Where in the void of Heaven a place is free. Ver. 47, 48.
 Ah happy D—n. were that place for thee!
 But where is that void? Or what does our
 Translator mean by it? He knows what Ovid
 says, God did to prevent such a void in Heaven,
 perhaps, this was then forgotten: But Virgil
 talks more sensibly.

The Scorpion ready to receive thy Laws. No, Ver. 49.
 he would not then have gotten out of his way
 so fast.

The Proserpine affects her silent Seat — What Ver. 56.
 made her then so angry with Ascalaphus,
 for preventing her return? She was now
 mus'd to Patience under the determinations of
 Fate, rather than fond of her Residence.

Pity the Poets, and the Plough-mans cares, In-
 terest thy Greatness in our mean Affairs. And
Vir. 61, 2, 3.
 use thy self betimes to hear our Prayers. Which
 is such a wretched Perversion of Virgil's Noble
 Thought as Vicars would have blush'd at; but
 Mr. Ogylby makes us some amends, by his
 better Lines.

O wheresoe'er thou art, from thence in-
 cline,
 And grant Assistance to my bold Design!
 Pity with me, poor Husbandmens affairs,
 And now, as if Translated, hear our
 Prayers.

This is Sense, and to the purpose: the other,
 poor mistaken Stuff.

And

Ver. 67.

*And Streams yet new, from Precipices run
An Interpolation, but no Beauty.*

Ver. 70.

*And Goad him till he groans beneath his toil.
Ridiculous, and far from Virgil's meaning.*

Ver. 83.

*A fourth with Grass unbidden decks the
Ground. Virgil says nothing of such a fourth
kind of Soil; but tells us another, which, with
Mr. D. is the third kind Bears Fruit Trees well,
and good Grass, without particular Cultivation;
and indeed, Land which is good for Fruit-
Trees, is good for Grass too, tho' the spread-
ing of the Trees sour the Grass in time.*

Ver. 86.

*And soft Idume weeps her odorous Tears. Now,
in the Name of Poetry, what does Mr. D. mean
by that fine Verse? How come molles Sabæi to
signifie soft Idume, and sua thura, her Odorous
Tears? How much more Honestly, says Mr.
Ogylby with his Author. India sends Ivory,
Sabæa Gums.*

Ver. 91.

*This is the Original Contract — Pray, be-
tween what Parties?*

Ver. 93, 94.

*— When Ducaslon burl'd His Mother's En-
trails on the Desart World — But, why Entrails?
Themis's Oracle, was Ossaque post tergum mag-
næ jactate Parentis. And Men were — Inde
durum Genus — Stones being as Bones to the
Earth; but the Entrails never carry'd any
such Omen with them — The Entrails, or
Bowels, are sometimes nam'd for compassion,
and tenderness; and had the Oracle nam'd
Entrails, instead of Bones, it would have puz-
zel'd Deucalion, as much as his Wife. Had
K Artk. I. 8. Mr. D. read King Arthur, he might have met
with*

with a Story of one Pyrrhus, and his Wife, who, perhaps, might have *tost his Mothers Entrails*; but Deucalion and his Wife acted more sensibly.

— Only scar The surface, and but lightly print Ver. 100.
the share. What Stuff's this to Virgil's Manly
Sence, or Mr. Ogylby's? To break a shallow
Furrow will suffice?

Least wicked Weeds the Corn should over-run Ver. 103.
In watry Soils, or lest the barren Sand Should
suck the Moisture from the thirsty Land — Vir-
gil talks nothing of any watry Soil; and Weeds
will grow in the dry Soil as well as any; but
a light Plowing in a proper Season, helps, in
some measure, to kill the Weeds, as laying
it Fallow rots the common Surface. But
what Weed does he mean, which should suck
the Moisture from the Land. Virgil's rule is,
You should Plow but shallow, lest the water should
run off too much from the Sandy Ground which
needs it most therefore, in deep, moist Grounds
Good-Husbands, lay their Ridges high to drain
them, in light Sandy Ground they lay them
low, to keep them as moist as possible; but what
excellent Rules for Husbandry Mr. D. would
give?

Both these unhappy Soils, &c. These four Lines Ver. 106.
are so very absurd, and his mentioning a Sab-
bath in a Romane Prophane Author, so imper-
tinent, as a Wife Man would forswear Tran-
slating, who understood Sence, and his Author
no better,

Ver. 110.

The *Faults* and *Blunders* are so thick here, that they must be seen by every Body; he breaks all the *Sense* of any *Rules of Husbandry*, as indeed, wholly ignorant of the Matter. But for his *stalks of Lupines*, (*a stubborn Wood*,) I wonder whether that *Parenthesis* be the English for *Fragiles Calamos*, or *Sylvam sonantem*? I hope, the next *Edition* will inform us rightly.

Ver. 115.

And sleepy Poppies harmful Harvests yield. *Poppies* indeed, do no good in the *Corn*, but none make a *Harvest* of 'em but *Apothecaries*, or those who *distil compound Waters*; and they are gone every where, long before *Harvest*: *Virgil* talks quite otherwife.

Ver. 118.

— *Sordid asbes* — *Cinerem immundum*, I take, to signify *Soot*, a thing of excellent use in *Barren Grounds*, and where they are *over-run* with *Moss*.

Ver. 121.

And Earth Manur'd, not Idle, tho at Rest. For *Nec nulla interea est inaratae gratia terrae*, a *Riddle* for a plain *Axiome*.

Ver. 122.

Mr. D's Account of *Devonshiring Land*, is somewhat *darker* than his *Author*; but his pretty Fancy of *new Stringing the Veins*: for — *Astringit venas biantes*, is so fine a *Pun*, as makes amends for the *mistakes* all-a-round.

Ver. 138.

Who smooths with Harrows, or who pounds with Rakes The crumbling Clods — These are strange things, and what *Virgil* never meant. *Crates*, sometimes signifies an *Harrow* indeed, but *Vimineæ Crates*, methinks, looks more like what I've seen made use of in a *new Ground* to smooth it, viz. *A Heap of large Bushes*

Bushes, with a piece of *heavy Wood* on them, to keep them *close*, which has succeeded very well. *To pound with Rakes*, is certainly, a very odd Idea of the use of that Instrument, a Pestle is fitter for that Work; indeed, I have seen a kind of *Rake* with short, broad, flat Iron-teeth, and a *heavy Head*, call'd a *Clotting Rake*, with which, they scatter their *Mole-warps*, *Cow-dung*, and that of *Horses*, and break them to pieces, but that's commonly in *Mowing Grounds*. *Virgil* in all probability, meant those *Iron Forks*, like what they empty *Dung-Carts* with; with which, in several Countries, they *tear up the Strong Soil* which was laid *Fallow*, *Turf by Turf*, which they call, *Breaking of Fallow*, and tends much to the *mellowing* of the *toughest Grounds*. And this is most us'd, where the *Ridges* are laid so *high* as makes *cross Plowing*, in some measure, impracticable.

For a moist Summer, and a Winter dry — Ver. 145.
Here indeed, Mr. D. errs with the *Multitude*, who certainly mistake *Virgil*; for there are few *wet Summers* which are extraordinary desirable; and a *cold, pinching Winter* is generally best, for both *Trees* and *Corn*, provided, it be but *Snowy* too; and there's a *Solstice* in *Winter* as well as *Summer*; in which a great deal of *Rain* is expected by our *Husbandmen*, and much wish'd for, to fill the *Dikes*, which followed with *Frosts*, and *large Snows*, tends much to the security of the following Crop: Indeed a *dusty March*, if we'll count *March* a *Winter Month*, is very kindly, after which, if

April be but wet, the Husbandman can dispence with a dry time for most of the following Months, and few Lands are endamag'd by H. B. Nat. it. L. 17.c. 2. Pliny therefore rejects Virgil's Rule, tho in the same Country, if it be Interpreted, as Commonly it is. And, perhaps, none of Virgil's Commentators have been Husbandmen enough to give us his right meaning. For my part, I think, that mention'd before, the most Rational; and should be ready to Interpret *Hibernus Pulvis* — by *March Dust*, of which our Country Proverb says, *A Peck is worth a King's Ransom*. But I leave the Matter to the ultimate decision of better Judgments. Yet must think Mr. D's Paraphrase in the next Couplet, very strange, That *Winter Drought rewards the Peasant's pain, And broods indulgent on the bury'd Grain*.

Ver. 151. Mr. D. changes Virgil's way of Speaking for a much worse — *Cover it with speed, i. e. Harrow it*, which every body does. Before the surly Clod resists the Rake. Fields are not Rak'd, but Gardens, and breaking the pliant Furrows, is meer Cant, and signifies just nothing.

Ver. 159. — *On the Mountains brow, undams his Water stores* — But where was it ever heard of, that Farmers kept treasures of Water on the tops, or brows of Mountains? Springs sometimes rise at the Feet of Mountains, sometimes out of their sides: and Virgil means no more than, They gather it in Pools on the upper Grounds, from whence into the Plains are oftentimes seen considerable Cliffs or Falls. Capt. Knox in his

History

History of Ceylon, gives us a fine Idea of this Husbandry, in his *Account of the sowing and managing of Rice*, tho that needs more Water than any other Grain.

E'er yet the aspiring Off-spring of the Grain,
Ver. 167.
O'ertops the Ridges of the Furrow'd Plain. Are
Verses very brilliant, and meer sparkling Non-
sence.

Too large a Beverage to the Drunken Field— Ver. 170.
Carries the Figure too high, which in the Poet
is agreeable, and modest. The following six
Lines, are a Fustian Paraphrase of a Judicious
Representation.

Mr. D. Paraphrases Three excellent Lines of Ver. 183.
Virgil with no fewer than eight of his own,
wherein, he belyes old Father Jupiter, while
he makes him the Inventor of the Plow-share,
and of Handy-Crafts, and Arts; and gives us
a very impudent Idea of the Silver Age.

Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found. Ver. 192.
This Line, I'm sure, Virgil gave no hint of,
nor is it at all pertinent to the Matter in Hand,
besides, by Mr. D's leave, cutting Turf is as
much wounding the Earth as Plowing, if it
make the Body as sore to flea it, as to gash it
with a Knife or Sword.

And shook from Oaken Leaves the liquid
Gold — For Honey, but who'd imagine the
Translator meant so, but that the Original
guides him to it? Which must needs give
great satisfaction to the meer English Reader;
after all, what's Mr. D's Sence in this line?
Virgil means, Jupiter took away that Honey

Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

with which, the leaves of every Tree, not the Oak only, flow'd in the Golden Age.

Ver. 202. And from the Rivers made the Wine retire — Ovid says *jam Flumina Nectaris ibant* — Of the Golden Age, Wine ran down in mighty Rivers. But Mr. D. speaks, as if Wine and Water had run down the same Stream, and now the Wine was rack'd off, and the Water left in a thin condition.

Ver. 205. And force the Veins of clashing Flints to Expire The lurking Seeds of that Celestial Fire. Now, I think, the way of striking Fire was not by Flints against Flints, but against Steel, which way was certainly, very certain and Ancient, the other but casual. *Expire*, is a very Catacrestical word here too : But why Fire struck from Flints, should be call'd Celestial, I can't so much as guess.

Ver. 207. Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam. Here Mr. D. stumbles a second time at *Alnus*, Virgil uses it for any Tree us'd in Shipping, but Mr. D. will scarce find a real Alder ever made use offor Sea-service.

Ver. 213. Drags in the Deep — Yes, and in the Shallows too, as well as Casting-Nets, but as for the other Nets Virgil mentions, they are for the Sea, and Baits were hung on Hooks, which is not Virgil's, but Mr. D's own discovery.

Ver. 215 — And sounding Axes. But why that Epithet to Axes. *Argutæ ferræ*, might be Englished sounding Saws, but I question whether *Ferrī rigor*, signifies Axes at all — For wedges first did yielding Wood invade — A very silly Catacrefis.

chrefis. This, and the following Verse, are wonderfully beautifi'd by the *Dids*, and the next is so *Elegant a Version* of Virgil's noble Sense, that a Man would think Mr. D. when he undertook *Virgil*, was *very rich*, and *above need*, or *very Idle*?

First, Ceres taught the Ground with Grain to Ver. 219,
sow, And arm'd with Iron Shares the crooked 220.
Plough. It may be so; but Virgil says, only,
she taught Men to Plow.

And unblest Oats, and Darnel domineers. Ver. 229.
Pray, what are Oats *unbleft*? Is that the real
meaning of *Steriles avenæ*? Or is that Line
good English, not to mention the immediate-
ly precedent Rhymes?

— And with an Iron War Of Rakes and Har- Ver. 232.
rows, the proud Foes expell'd. Iron War, distant
War, &c. Are Expressions our Translator's
wonderfully fond of; and yet, as he uses 'em,
they are generally meer Nonsense: And if
poor Elkanah, or any of the Fifth Rate Scrib-
blers had us'd the word Foes, unless in a Jewish
Story, Mr. D. before his fumbling Age, would
have been very severe upon 'em.

— The Bougħs that shade. For, which is Ver. 235.
false Grammar; but what Mr. D. for all his
dormant Rules, is frequently guilty of.

And shake for Food the long abandon'd Oak. Ver. 238.
A dull, toothless Translation of an Emphati-
cal Sarcasm.

— What Arms they wield, who labour Tillage, Ver. 239,
and the furrow'd Field—Would puzzle a Dutch 240.
Commentator to make Sense of.

Ver. 243. — *The towering bight of Waggons.* What kind of Waggons are those so lofty? That which *Madam Star*, and her *Comic Brigade* rode in, was not so very lofty; nor have the Ancient Poets given that of *Ceres* any Gigantic Dimensions.

Ver. 245. — *And the Flail* — I'm afraid, they were not us'd in *Virgil's Days*, nor perhaps *Hurdles*. I'll not be too positive, but I'm sure, the *Protestant Flail's* of a more *Modern Invention*, and those who introduc'd 'em first, were for Exercising us with *an Iron War*.

Ver. 247, 8. These all must be prepar'd. When Mr. D. writ this *Couplet*, I suppose, *Virgil* was quite out of his Head.

Ver. 252, 3. On either side the Head produce an Ear, And sink a Socket for the shining share — A very pretty Rule, if Mr. D. would illustrate it with a short Note, and a particular *Five Guinea Sculpture* in the next Edition. The next *Couplet* are too short for the full Sence of *Virgil's three Latin Verses*.

Ver. 253. Delve of convenient depth your Threshing Floor. *Virgil's Area*, signifies the whole Barn-Floor: But, why *Delve* it deep? the Poet teaches how to *Consolidate the Floor*, so as other *Vermine* mayn't *delve* in it, but I can't find that he teaches the *Husbandman* any such Art.

Ver. 264. For sundry Foes the Rural Realm surround — i. e. The Barn-floor a true *Royaume d' Yvitot*; for *Virgil* is here, wholly contriving to secure that again *Chinks* and *Weeds*, and *Mice* or *Rats*, and *Moles*, and *Toads*; all which,

I've

I've seen troublesome in an ill wrought Floor ;
besides the Pest of Weevels, not Weesels and Pismires, and which, a due care will admirably prevent.

For gather'd Grain the blind labourous Mole Ver. 267.
In winding Mazes works her hidden Hole —
Moles generally work straight forward, and
their common Roads are in a line ; when they
work irregularly, it's in pursuit of Worms and
Vermine, on which they feed, and not on
Grain. But a Molewarp as it's mischievous in
the Field, it's more so in the Floor.

The Glebe will answer to the Sylvan Reign. Ver. 274.
Virgil bids his Farmer observe the Almonds
when in Blossom, if they set well, if they do,
the Years Crop is like to be good ; but Mr. Dry-
den drops Virgil's Rule, and gives us a piece
of Senseless Jargonry in the room of it.

But if a Wood — And Straw will be thy Ver. 276.
store. These four lines are as ridiculous a Para-
phrase of Virgil as could have been contriv'd ;
and the Hinds vexing the Threshing-Floor, is a
very fine Figure.

— And some their Seed in Caldrons boil. Was Ver. 280:
certainly, only for a Rhyme to Oil ; but is such
a piece of Husbandry as never took place any
where, but in the Translator's brain ; to soak
the Seed in warm Liquor may be admitted of,
but boiling would soon destroy the Radical
Virtue of the fairest Seed ; but above all, this
boiling, is a very odd way to drain the Exuber-
rant Juice. Why the Hulls which appear
larger than the lank Kernel within requires,
should

should be call'd flattering husks, may be a reasonable Quære.

Ver. 297, 8. But when Astrea's balance bung on high, Betwixt the Nights and Days divides the Sky. i.e. All the Year round; for Night and Day divides it always, but not equally; Virgil referr'd to the *Æquinox*, but Mr. D. gives no intimation of any such thing; and indeed, without looking into the Original, sometimes as a Comment, the Translator's text would be wholly unintelligible.

Ver. 301. Till cold December comes with driving Rain—Driving Rain's no great Impediment; but it's Frost and Snow which gives Mid-winter Virgil's Epithet of intractable.

Ver. 367. — In full career, The Bull beats down the Barriers of the Year. Now would I fain know what Court Lady, who could not read the Original, or what Plow-man could find out Mr. D's meaning here? What are the Barriers of the Year? Pindar never us'd so bold or senseless a Figure. The Sun's Horses, indeed, batter'd the Barriers of the Morning with their heels; but they are suppos'd in a Stable accommodated with Barriers to check the passage of the unruly Brutes, as Ovid tells us; but Virgil talks nothing to that purpose. Again, what does he mean by Argos, in the next Line? Argos was a famous Town in Greece; but the Ship fixt in Heaven, is call'd Argos, not Argos, as Mr. D's Dictionary may teach him, or his Friend Ruæus's Notes.

Let

Let Maja with her Sisters first descend. This is *Ver. 310* to explain *Ignōtum per Ignōtius*; and I make no doubt, but Court Ladies, and honest Boors would as soon find out what *Virgil* means by his *Eoæ Atlantides*, as what Mr. D. understands by *Maja and her Sisters*. Other Poets have made use of the former name for the *Pleiades*, but his *Periphrasis* is wholly New. Such another admirable elucidation, that is, upon *Ariadne's Crown*, is the following *Verse*. And here I cannot but observe by the way, That it's the great Fault of Mr. Sandys in his Translation of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, that his work needs a Comment as much as Ovid himself ever did, perhaps more. The design of a Translation, is to make the Author as intelligible to those who understand only that Language into which the Translation's made, as the Original was to those who us'd it as their Mother-Tongue. Now if Arcadian, or Sicilian, or Mantuan Shepherds, were Men of such excellent Accomplishments, as Mr. D. represents 'em; no doubt but they understood Theocritus's Greek, and Virgil's Latin in his *Bucolics* and *Georgics*, perfectly well; and Virgil took his technical words rather from them, than they from him. And it's as little to be doubted, but that all things mention'd in the *Aeneids* were perfectly understood at Court; and the Ladies only needed one to rehearse that Poem, to them with a just Accent, and a regular Cadence, and they'd comprehend the whole with all the delight and satisfaction imaginable. But Mr.

Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

Mr. D. writes for the use of our *English Yeomanry*, as well as our *Court Ladies*, to whom all his *Pastoral* and *Husbandry* will sound like *Heathen Greek*; and those, who, by the advantages of better Education, are capable of reading *Virgil's Original*, must comprehend his *Translator* worst of all. And tho I have so good an Opinion of the *Ladies of our English Court*, as to think their Understandings much finer than Mr. D. would wish them; yet I'm certain, they can never learn much by Mr. D's obscure *Version*, and incomprehensible *Nonsense*; I'm afraid, he *presum'd* a little too much upon the *weakness* of some, while he *complemented* the *sharpness* of others *Intellectuals*; and plac'd his greatest *security* in a confidence, that *well sounding Rhymes* might put off *disguis'd* and *miserably abus'd Matter*; and that few would either trouble themselves to examine his *Translation rigorously*, or compare it, at leisure, with the *Original*. To me it's the most *disagreeable diversion* I ever undertook; for, I hate to be *bilk'd* where I have laid out for a *good Crib*; or to get a *Translation* to clear my *understanding*, which leaves me more at a *loss* than I was before.

Ver. 313.

— *A listless lazy Crop* — What manner of Crop's that? So *Lentil's lean* afterwards, unless he design'd it for a *pun*; and *vile Vetches*; *vile* in *English*, is never taken in the same Sence as *Vilis* in *Latin*; and Mr. D. knows that, tho his *Virgil* can't pretend to be so, some things may be *very good*, and *very cheap* too.

The

The growth of Egypt, or the Kidney Bean. Ver. 317.
 That or spoils all, for if we may believe our Botanists, the Kidney Bean is what Virgil meant by his *Lens Peleusiana*. The slow Waggoner 884. &c. too, would almost puzzle an Almanack Maker.

See Rays
Herb. p.

Five Girdles bind the Skyes — What an Ver. 322.
odd Idea of the upper Region would common Farmers take from this fine Figure? And how do these Girdles bind the Skies? Would ever any Man, who pretended to take off the Cosmical and Heliacal rising or setting of the Stars, talk of five Heaven-binding Girdles?

And cross their limits cut a sloping way. i.e. Ver. 328.
 Cross the limits of the two temperate Zones. But what strange Astronomy is this? What Spbear ever represented the Zodiac as crossing the limits of the temperate Zone? It cuts or crosses the Equator twice, indeed, but only touches the Tropics. Or whoever call'd the Zodiac, a sloping way? But Poëtis quid libert audendi — shall be Mr. D's Motto, tho it should reach to picking of Pockets.

Two Poles turn round the Globe — For, The Ver. 330.
 Globe turns round two Poles. A very pretty Figure in English. And I question whether the Snake or Dragon glides round the Pole, tho Mr. D. makes Virgil say so, nolens volens.

The Bears are not by the Poets, said to ab- Ver. 335.
 hor the Sea, but to be forbidden it, at Juno's request; and Virgil makes 'em still afraid of her jealousy, and consequently of setting in it.
 And

Ver. 324.

And when on us she breaths the living Light.
 Can never be scrued out of Virgil's aut ubi
primus equis Oriens afflavit anbelis — *The Tapers*
of the Night — A Phrase borrow'd out of the
English Parnassus.

Ver. 346.

Or when to fell the Furzes — We sometimes
 talk of felling Timber, but never of Furzes be-
 fore ; they are obliged to Mr. D. for the Ho-
 nour he has done 'em. *And spread the flying*
Canvas for the Fleet. What is there in that of
Virgil, or of tolerable sence, or expression ? And
what Stars arise, how extreamly fine ! Had
 poor Elkanah talk'd so, he'd have heard of it
 on both sides his Head ; but *dat veniam cor-*
vis —

Ver. 352.

Let him forecast his work — *Maturare*, is
 not to forecast, but to act deliberatly, and do
 that throughly, which, when fair weather calls
 the Husbandman abroad, must have been
 buddled up in bast, and in a worse fashion ; and
 this Mr. D. could not but see, by the work
 mention'd in the next lines ; the shining share,
 he is very fond of.

Ver. 360.

— *Or aire the Corn, Or grinded Grain be-*
tween two Marbles turn. Besides that very
 modish word grinded, where does Virgil talk
 of airing the Corn ? *Ruæus* would have
 taught him better sence, and his own little,
 might have taught him that cold wet weather
 was not fit for that work. And where did
 Mr. D. ever read of *Marble Mill-stones*, for,
 thole I suppose he means ? And if the *Grain be*
grinded, what need it be turn'd between the *Mar-*
bles ?

bles? Could Mr. D. read *Virgil*, and Translate it thus?

The Meads to water. For Rivos deducere. Ver. 364.
Translated the clean contrary way.

—And steep In wholesome Water-falls the wool-
ly Sheep— But why in Water-falls? Are those
proper washing places? Does any Body ever
wash Sheep just below London-bridge? And
pray, how long must a woolly Sheep lie a-steep
in the Water-fall before he's drown'd? For I
never heard of any living thing steep'd for a cure.

—Pale Pluto — An Epithet no way be- Ver. 373.
longing to him, who is every where repre-
sented as black; indeed, Commentators very ri-
diculously make Orcus, here to signifie Plato.
And so a day unlucky, as 'twas the Birth-day of
a God, and one of the first rank too, which is
absurd; but Orcus, means the Hell of the Poets,
such as *Virgil* describes in his 6th *Eneid*:
and even Christians themselves, (could they
assign it,) might esteem that day accurs'd,
which first kindled the flames of eternal Hell.

And arm'd against the Skies the Sons of Earth. Ver. 374.
Virgil says no such thing; he says only the
Giants were born on that day; not that they
made their attempt on Heaven as soon as they
were born; or watcht for their Birth-days re-
turn, as a lucky time to begin a Rebellion in.

To scale the steepy battlements of Jove. Is a Ver. 376.
very odd way of speaking; the battlements of
Heaven some have, by too bold a figure, talkt
of, but none of Jove before our Poetical En-
celadus.

Then

Ver. 381.

Then Weavers stretch your stays upon the weft.
 If it were not meer Jargonry, would be *Nuts*
 to the Spittle-field-Weavers, and they'd buy
 Mr. D's *Virgil* rather than *Gadbury* or *Partridge*,
 if his *Rule* would hold good.

Ver. 385.

Virgil advises like one who understands busi-
ness, to mow stubble or Haulm in the Night, or
before Sun-rise, not because of coolness or rain,
which would make mowing very uncomfortable;
but because of the dew which following
the Scyth, makes it work the better, Mr. D.
has quit lost the Rule.

Ver. 390.

To work by Night, and rake the Winter fire.
 i. e. they rake up the fire in a Winter Night, and
 then set up to work til Cock-crowing; a very
 pretty way to keep themselves warm, but
 none of the best *Husbandry* or *Housewifry*; for
 those must go to bed sooner who work all
 day hard, and must rise early. But what a
 pleasant employment Mr. D. has found for
 the good *Man*, to sharpen *Torches*? If any such
Trees, as they say are found under ground in
Lancashire, and other places, were common in
Italy, the sharpening of *Torches* might mean
 something; but *Virgil* means no more than
 making of *Matches*, things of more use, and
 which good *Husbands* and *Housewives* gene-
 rally do at idle times.

Ver. 397.

Virgil's direction is lost again, who tells us,
that the heat of the day is best to Reap in, and
to tread the Corn out in, or to pass the Wheel over
it, because it then is dry, and leaves the husk
best; for which, Mr. D. only tells us of the

Day

Day light, as if that were enough, whether it were hot or cold, or wet or dry.

For lazie winter numbs the labouring Hand. Ver. 402,
Is a very odd reason why the *Swain* should *Plough and Sow naked*; but *Virgil* teaches him, not to be afraid of *stripping to work in Summer*, that his *work* may be the sooner over; for *winter or cold weather's no proper time for such work.*

The four lines are good, but not *Virgil's*, nor Ver. 403,
much better, as I take it. &c.

For Mast of Oak your Fathers homely Food. Ver. 410.
True, but why *that* here? They are advis'd to beat down *Mast* for their *Swine*, not for their own *eating*.

— *And so hunt the Hare.* What, when the Ver. 414.
fleecy Snow new cloaths the wood. (Which by the way, is as meer *Fustian* as any thing in *Silvester's Dubartas*.) *Huntsmen* will tell him, there's no *hunting* when the *Snow* lies upon the *Ground*; but it's *tracing Hares* which our *Poet* means, which *Farmers* are more us'd to, than *hunting*; as they are more us'd to *Slings* than *Bows*, which is Mr. D's own *filly Invention*.

Now sing we stormy Stars, when Autumn Ver. 419.
weighs the Year — Who could imagine that Mr. D. had consider'd his *Author*? Or where can *Virgil* afford so fine a *Thought* as that last? In the whole Account of the *storms* in *Spring* and *Harvest*, *Ogylby* out-does Mr. D. in representing *Virgil's* thoughts, as far as Mr. D. would pretend to out-do honest *Vicars*.

Ver. 427.

— The Farmer now secure of fear, Sends in
the Swains to spoil the finish'd Year. What fear
does Mr. D. mean which the Farmer should
be secure of, (Not to take notice of the sense-
less Latinism) he'd do well to tell us in the next
Edition; but for sense sake, who ever, before
our Rhymer, call'd Reaping spoiling of the
finish'd Year; the two next lines are his own,
and tend much to the 'eclaircissement' of the
Matter.

Ver. 434.
&c.

And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble born,
With such a force, the flying wrack is driven, And
such a Winter wears the face of Heaven. Have
neither Virgil's, nor any thing of common sense
in 'em; and the order of the words is ridicu-
lous.

Ver. 437.

— Whole sheets of sluicey Rain.—Is a Meta-
phor well carry'd on, and finely worded.

Ver. 444.
&c.

The Father of the Gods his Glory shrouds, In-
volv'd in Tempests, and a Night of Clouds. This
said of Phæbus, had been tolerable, tho' far
from his Author, but of Jove it's pure Non-
sense. By fits he deals his fiery Bolts about. By
what fits? Has Jove his freaks? Or is he
troubl'd with Cramps or Convulsions? He
must be more than half an Atheist, who talks
so childishly of him, whom he calls the Father
of the Gods. The 443 long Line is of the same
Batch.

Ver. 448.

Earth-falls, &c. Here doubtless, Mr. D.
was in a Rapture; and, whereas poor Virgil
was flat and lifeless, he's resolv'd to show
us how he would or should have written, if
he

he had liv'd now, and fallen under Mr. D.'s discipline. — *And flying Beasts in Forests seek abode.* Is a line of most charming sense, and sweetness.

— *When cheerful hours awake the Spring,* Ver. 463, 4. *and Spring awake the Flowers.* A delicate Ovidian Interpolation, and becomes Virgil as a patcht Coat would a Prince.

On the green Turf thy careless Limbs display. Ver. 465. A very mannerly way of Devotion, which Virgil was a stranger to.

— *The Silken Ground,* Is very pretty Ground Ver. 468. indeed, and could Mr. D. but show us where it is, it might, for ought I know, ruin the East-India Company more than all the Petitions of the Weavers. But Mr. D. has heard of Carpet Ground, and scorn'd that common word, Silk was for him. *With milder Beams the Sun securely shines.* It seems then, his Empire was in danger when his Beams were too sultry; the world might have abdicated him for his fierceness, but now he was mild, he might shine securely; he has been very safe in that respect, for 4 or 5 Years last past. — *And luscious are the Wines.* Is not the meaning of *mollissima vina*,

Thus in the Spring — I would not brow Ver. 477. beat Devotion in a Quire of Clowns, as Mr. D. very gently files 'em; but Virgil here, talks only of Devotion at the time of Harvest, before Men begin to Reap, which very few do in the Spring.

Ver. 480.

— *His hollow Temples.* Old Horses and Oxen are very hollow about the Temples, but Men don't ordinarily sink there so very much; I hope, Mr. D. won't alledge the *cava Tempora* — ascrib'd to Turnus, in the 9th *Eneid*, if he does, I'm ruin'd for a Critic, and there's no more to be said.

Ver. 490.

The working Seas advance to wash the Shore. So they do every rising Tide, and what shall the *Plow-Man* learn from Mr. D's Diagnosticks?

Ver. 492.

And mountains whistle to the murmuring floods. Is a Silken line, and doubtless, tickl'd the Author's fancy extremely; but it's very wide of — *Aridus altis montibus austri frigor;* or if frigor be whistling, it's like that of some of the Natives of Tenerif, who'll whistle so loud, as to be heard 5 or 6 Miles; beside, Virgil does not talk of murmuring, but roaring Floods, and murmuring Woods; and that's somewhat more natural than this of the Translator.

Ver. 496.

And stretching to the Covert. Virgil only says they make to shore.

Ver. 499.

And mounting upward with erected flight, Gains on the Skies, and soars above the sight. What manner of flight is that which is call'd an erected flight? I don't remember it in all Latham, or the Gentleman's Recreation; this description is meer Fustian, and a wretched Thought fob'd upon the World for Virgil, when he'd have scorn'd it.

Ver. 508,
9, 10, &c.

Are all a loose Paraphrase, liker Ovid again than Virgil. *The East and West meeting on their Frontiers,* and crashing the Clouds. All pretty stuff

stuff, but light and unfixt, as the floating Feathers.

— And fails above the Storm, Which is Ver. 516.
scarce true in fact, and if it were, is not said by
Virgil.

Qu. Whether Croaking be the Characteristic of a loquacious crew? Ver. 521.

Huge flocks of rising Rooks forsake their Food, Ver. 525.
And crying, seek the shelter of the Wood. This
is no more than they do every Night, there-
fore Virgil means something else.

And stem the Stream to meet the promis'd Rain Ver. 532.
As if they would not meet the Rain
as well Swimming down as up Stream; or as
if Virgil had, like his Translator, talk'd idly.

And in the sockets Oily Bubbles dance. Virgil Ver. 538.
means the wick gets a cap, as those who
look after your Sea lights call it, which some-
times covers the whole, sometimes multiplies
out of the sides, in a figure somewhat
like Mushrooms.

Here we have several Nonsense lines toge- Ver. 541
ther — The Moon adorns As with unborrow'd
Beams, her sharpen'd Horns. Now, how that
is, who can tell us? The filmy Gossamer now
flits no more; i. e. the things like Cobwebs
don't fly about in the Air; but their flying a-
bout is a sign of dry weather, and such Signs
Virgil is here speaking of; so that if Virgil had
meant his words of those flying Meteors his
Translator had contradicted him; which he
adventures to do more than once — Nor
Halcyons bask on the short Sunny shore. Why
K 3

the short Sunny shore? I can't divine, unless it be for the sweet sounding *ss*; the Original talks not of it's being *short*. Virgil mentions Scylla and Nisus, a Story well known to the Romans; but what English Swain would know that he meant the *Lark* and *Hobby*; if at least that be the meaning of it; but the Translator wants a *Servius* too; if any can make sence of the closing line — *And thus the Purple Hair is dearly paid, I shall be their very Humble Servant.*

Ver. 557. Then thrice the Ravens rend the liquid Air
Is a wild Construing of Ingeminant liquidas voices — Their callow Case too, is a choice Flower.

Ver. 564. — As Man who Destiny controuls — What has that to do here, where the Poet speaks of Ravens understanding the Determinations of Fate better than other Creatures? Besides, Mr. D. knows, *Foe himself can't controul Destiny*, much less can Men.

Ver. 569. Compos'd by Calms, and Discompos'd by Winds. But that's not to the purpose, how they are affected by the weather now in being, but how they are affected before, with a change of weather near at Hand. They feel a Storm, or fair weather coming, tho at a distance, which the Poet here debates on.

Ver. 570. From hence the Cows exult, and frisking Lambs rejoice. The Ravens are quite forgot then, and the Cows put in, pro Arbitrio, to mend Virgil.

Ver. 572. And the short Year of the revolving Moon. This is to let us know that Mr. D. has heard of

of Lunary Years, else Virgil gave him no temptation to mention 'em,

Here Mr. D. drops his Author, because he Ver. 586.
was full of hard Names. So again after Ver.
588. I hope, he won't plead Horace's Rule,
Et quæ desperes tractata nitescere posse relinquas.

Or if thro' Mists he shoots his sullen Beams, Ver. 591, 2.
Frugal of Light in loose and straggling Streams.
This is to come up to Virgil's Majesty, which
Mr. D. thinks he has done in this Book, or
nowhere; but whether it be a just Interpretation of — *Medioque refugerit orbe,* let the learned World judge. If he flies to those, *Aut ubi sub lucem densa inter nubila sese Diversi erumpent radii* — He perverts Virgil's Rule, who, ended his Sentence at the former line; and here begun a new Observation on the Prognostics from the Sun, of Hail.

When ridgy Roofs and Tiles can scarce avail, Ver. 599.
To bar the ruin of the ratling Hail. What ruin's are here meant? Or what greater mischief would a violent Hail do if the Roof were laid open, than when it's *Til'd*, or has a *Ridgy Roof*? But what's all this to his Author, who is not concern'd for the *Tiles*, but for the *Grapes*, which suffer by such *violent Storms*?

— *What Madman then would venture o'er Ver. 613.*
the Frith? — Was Virgil then acquainted with *Scotland*? Or had he heard of *Edenburg Frith*, or *Solway Frith*? If Mr. D. would have brought the whole Poem down to our present Age, and Modified his Author, as the Ingenious Sir R. L' Estrange has done by his *Don Quæver-*

do, this had been well enough; but to have it only here and there, is Aping Philips's fenceless *Don Quixot*.

Ver. 621. Quære, Whether *Vesper serus*, signifie both the late Even, for Evening, and the early Morn? Or whether *Opera Bella* be open Wars?

Ver. 629. And pitidRome, when Rome in Cæsar fell. Virgil says nothing like that, and Mr. D. once Condemn'd, as well he might, his own Verse concerning *Lausus*, and utter'd by his Father *Mezentius*, When Lausus dy'd I was already slain, As trifling, and beneath the Gravity and Majesty of Virgil; but he begins now, repuerascere, and must be pardon'd for fooling.

Ver. 630. In Iron Clouds — What Clouds are they? Mr. Cowley never us'd so forc'd a Figure in his most daring Pindariques; and obscura Ferrugo never was Constru'd an Iron Cloud before.

Ver. 632. Nor was the Fact foretold by him alone, Nature her self stood forth and seconded the Sun. This is one of Mr. D's Native Flights; for which, he owes nothing to Virgil. But how comes the Sun to be no part of Nature or not within the Verge? Or else what does he mean by Nature? but perhaps, we shall know more of his mind in the next Edition.

Ver. 638. — In German Skies afar. Is not English.

Ver. 641. And from their Summits shook the eternal Snow. Is another of Mr. D's fine Thoughts, tack'd to Virgil, like the Badge of a Parish Pensioner on his sleeve, not to honour, but expose him.

Ver. 644. In silent Groves dumb Sheep and Oxen spoke. i. e. They were dumb before they spoke, but not when

when or after they did so ; but where did Mr. D. read that they spoke in Groves ? Strange voices, indeed, of more than mortal Men were heard in the Groves ; but the Translator's Eyes fail'd him.

And Holy Sweat from Brazen Idols fell. This Ver. 648. is Burlesquing his Author ; for if the Statue, or figure be an Idol, the sweat can hardly be holy ; indeed his Milk white Hind has told us fine Stories of Idols which have been in such holy sweats ; if he alludes to them, we are satisfied.

The King of Floods — Without his proper Ver. 649. Name, may be an Utopian River for ought any body knows, or may be ascrib'd ad libitum ; but Virgil meant a particular River, and nam'd it, for a Prodigy without a place where it was, is a sham.

Red Meteors run along the æthereal space, Ver. 657. Stars disappear'd, and Comets took their place. Welfare an honest Roman Miracle Monger ! Mr. D. thought Virgil had not Prodigies enough, so he adds to the Tale, and adds one, which is a swinger — That the Stars disappear'd, and Comets took their places ; if such a sight would not fright the World, nothing would.

Amaz'd at antique Titles on the Stones. As if Ver. 666. there had been Tombs or Monuments, Stone-Henges set up in the Pharsalian and Philippic Fields, which is a very fine fancy. But why should an antique Title amaze any body ? Curious Men will go far to see 'em, and generally return from 'em sober enough, and not half

half so much as Men of sense would be, to see a flattering Inscription, equal Mr. D. to Denham, Waller, or Cowley.

Ver. 683. — *The Plain no Pasture to the Flock affords —*
This ridiculous line was put to make up the Rhyme for the next ; for there was Pasturage enough, if anythink was wanting, it was *Flocks* and *Herds* to graze on 'em. *Virgil* thought fit to omit this grave observation.

Ver. 685. — → *Eupbrates her soft Off-spring Arms.* The *Parthians* were not the Off-spring of *Eupbrates*, nor ever charg'd with Effeminacy before ; the *Romans* found 'em a Company of rough hardy Fellows, and not to be Conquer'd by their whole Power. But the Rhyne rebellowing is so fine an Expression, as ought not to be slipt, Mr. D. uses the word rebellowing several times, and it's a very full-mouth'd, nonsensical word, and will never be own'd by any who pretend to good English, but to apply his new fangled word to the Rhyne's, not a bold figure, but a Bull.

Ver. 690. If *Servius* be in the right, Mr. D. is out in making a Similitude of *Virgil*'s Three last lines. But Mr. D. has said enough to baffle his own Version in his Note on the first *Georgic*, wherein he pretends to the honour of a new discovery, tho unjustly, of a great Complement to *Augustus* in those lines ; the Observation's good, tho not his, but he has entirely spoil'd it, and made that which was well in his Note, impertinent in his Translation.

G E O R G I C II.

M R.D. in his second line Translates *Bacche* Ver. 2, 4. in the Poet, by *Generous Vines*, which is well done, the sense being made true and intelligible by that means, but, as if he had repented of a wise thing once done, The *Tar-de crescens Oliva*, is render'd *Minerva's Tree*; the Original every Body understands, the Version very few of those for whom *Virgil* wrote, as well as for the *Ladies at Court*.

— *And drink at every Pore* — Is an admirable flight; *Bacchus* then must have been laid asleep in the *Must*, as the *Sheep* before in the *Water-falls*, or the *Pores* would scarce imbibe the *Liquors*; at least, where *Virgil* would have been content the *jolly God* should have been but *over Shooes*, Mr. D. was resolv'd to dowse him *over Head and Ears*.

Principio arboribus varia est natura creandis.
Was a dull line, and not worthy to be taken notice of by Mr. D's exalted Genius.

Herculean Poplar — That Epithet was judiciously added, that every one might know what *Virgil* meant by *Populus*. I suppose, *Populus Alcidae gratissima* was in his Thoughts, and his Translation answers it very nicely.

Thus Elms, and thus the savage Cherry grows. — Ver. 24, 5, 6.
Is false Grammar: But why *savage Cherries*? As if only the wild grew so, (the *savage* is an uncouth Epithet for a Tree.) Yet we have often seen the *tame Cherry* shoot in the same manner.

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manner. Mr. D. as if he were in a *Paroxysm of false English*, adds, *Thusthe green Bays that binds the Poets brows, Shoots and is shelter'd by the Mother's Bougs.* Where, either it should be *Bay*, and not *Bays*, unless Mr. D. be in love with the *Title*, or it should be — *Which bind the Poets brows, shoot and are shelter'd.*

Ver. 28.

— *And all the Sylvan Reign.* This Phrase is one of the *Eleganciae Drydenianae*, frequently affected, and downright *Nonsense.*

Ver. 34.

And the dry Poles produce a living Race. If this be not *wondrous to behold*, (which was well *infarc'd* by Mr. D.) pray, tell us what is? I can't think that *Virgil* had any thoughts of *Aaron's Rod*, the only *instance* of the Kind. *Green Poles* may do something, but *dry Poles* are no more *prolifick* than *dry Brains.*

Ver. 35.

Some bow their Vines which bury'd in the Plain, Their tops in distant Arches rise again. This is a fine account of *Laying Vines*; but *Virgil* never mentions them in particular, because several Trees may be encreas'd so as the *Mulberry, Goosberry, Currant, &c.*

Ver. 37.

— *The Labourer cuts young slips.* — The *Gardener at Denham Court* would have taught him otherwise, and that *slips* and *cuttings* are very different things; *slips* being so call'd from being *slips* from a larger *stem*, and which are generally apter, if rightly order'd, to take *Root* than *Cuttings* are.

Ver. 39.40.

Even stumps of Olives bar'd of Leaves and dead, Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd Head — Here Mr. D. has me at a terrible advantage,

vantage, for here grows the *Mirabile dictu*, which he has inarch'd on another Stock ; and here Virgil talks of *lignum siccum*, or a dry stick shooting again; yet, on better Thoughts, the danger is not extream, and I may live another Year. Virgil's account is this, That pieces of Olive Suckers, or Young Shoots cut at uncertain lengths, as a Foot, more or less, tho' grown a little dry, and sapless on the outside ; yet open'd a little to the pitb, (that being still sound and green) if bury'd flatwise, or Horizontally in a moist warm Ground will shoot; but how it may redeem the wither'd Head, is another Quære.

With Insolence invade a foreign Tree. Is very Ver. 42. dexterously express'd, and gives a great Idea of Grafting ; but — *with Insolence*, is in Latin, *Impune*, by which Translation, Mr. D. gives us an excellent Moral, i. e. *That impunity in fooling, makes the Coxcomb insolent.*

Thus were the Hind and Panther Calv'd
of old,

Sbam Coin put off for true Imperial Gold ;
And Squab the Leaud appear'd with en-
vy'd Pulpits bold.

— *The ruddy Cornel bears the Plum.* — For Ver. 44.
Lepidosa rubescere Corna, is exact as possible ; for it's plain, the Cornel bears a ruddy Fruit before the Plum's grafted on it.

— *The learned Gardener.* This is by way Ver. 45.
of Complement to his *Agricolæ*, whom he had call'd by all the ugly Names he could think of before.

But

Ver. 50.

But Cultivate the Genius of the Ground —
Here are several Couplets very wildly Translated, and without any regard to the Genius of the Poet; but this is a choice Flower, and with a good Comment, perhaps, the learned Gardiner might make somewhat of it.

Ver. 53.

The virtues of the several Soils I sing — That's not Virgil's Subject there, it had been the Subject of the former Book, and he was now upon the nature of Trees; but this is Mr. D's own impertinence, which he's generally sick of, both in his additions and deductions; so afterwards, *Inspire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown,* a ridiculous Interpolation; but his Head's always running upon the Bays.

Ver. 58.

— *And breezes from the Shore.* Breezes are from the Sea, and of little use for Sailing; only the Prince of Oranges sailing Chariot, might make some use of 'em.

Ver. 65.

Nor will Itire thy Patience with a train of Preface — Virgil then, show'd a greater respect to his Mæcenas, than Mr. D to his Patron, my Lord Marquess of Normanby, whom, he has assaulted with such a fardel of impertinencies, as nothing, but Dotage could excuse.

Ver. 70, 72.

— *Makes a Manly Birth — Change their salvage mind —* Here, weak Eyes see Trees walking as Men; else, what absurd Catacbreses are these, to talk of a Manly Birth of Trees, and of their salvage minds? for, their mind is false English; And Mr. D. knows, One may change his Mind, tho' he does not change his Nature

ture; *Animus Sylvestrus*, signifies, only their wild Nature, which is an easie figure.

— Trees sprung from barren Roots, In open Ver. 75.
Fields transplanted, bear their Fruits. Pray,
what Fruits are those which a barren Tree bears?
Virgil's Sence is handsomly given us by Mr.
Ogylby —

So those which spring from Roots like profit
yield,

If you transplant them to the open Field.

For Virgil teaches his Farmers, that as wild
Fruit Trees, for those he speaks of, are corrected
by Grafting, so Suckers from the Roots of other
Trees which are barren, while growing there,
come to bear, when transplanted into the open
Air.

But now the branching Parent's leafy shade
Makes them not bear, or what they bear to
fade.

All which, Mr D. wonderfully illustrates, by
those profound lines; for where they grow, the
Native Energy (is not that some occult quality?)
turns all into the substance of the Tree, starves and
destroys the Fruit, is only made for brawny bulk;
a swinging figure that, and for a barren shade.

— A sullen Tree — A most Emphatic Epi- Ver. 81.
ther, if a Man knew why it was given.

The generous flavour lost, the Fruits decay,
And salvage Grapes are made the Birds ignoble
Prey — But Mr. D. knows, all Fruits have not
a generous flavour; and Virgil names only Apples
and Grapes; which, therefore Mr. Ogylby thus gives us more Correctly —

Apples

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*Apples in time grow wild, and lose their taste,
And Vines harsh clusters bear for Birds to waste.
For let Mr. D. say what he pleases, salvage
Grapes, is a very silly Expression.*

Ver. 86.

— And in ranks reclaim — For cogere in sulaum, or to set in good Ground, and, then Mr. D. adds a Rule of his own, Well must the Ground be dug and better drest, New soil to make and meliorate the rest. How much more Manly is Mr. Ogylby ?

Ver. 89.

*All labour ask, and covering in rich soil,
And must be conquer'd with much art and toil.
Old Stakes of Olive Trees in Plants revive.* Is Nonsense ; but of this before. By the same method Paphian Myrtles live — Is a mistake, and contrary to Virgil ; and here our two Translators Ogylby, and Dryden, are at vye who should Translatet heir Author the more absurdly — And Paphian Myrtle springs from solid Oak — Solido Paphia de robore Myrtus, Which is literal Nonsense ; but Virgil's fence is, that the Myrtles encrease, by large pieces stuck into a good Ground, as we propagate Willows in moist Ground.

Ver. 91.

And noble Vines by propagation live. So do all other Trees, for if they were not propagated, they'd soon be destroy'd ; but it seems, Mr. D. could not distinguish between Propagation, and Propago — gnis — which signifies a layer of a Vine, by which, it's generally Propagated.

Ver. 92, 3.

From Roots hard Hazles — No doubt of it, and all other Trees, for they seldom grow, but

but from their Roots; but Virgil's meaning is, Hazles are propagated from Seedlings, or young Plants, rais'd from the Nut, The Ash, from young Plants from the Kays, and the shady Poplar, of which Hercules made his Ghirland, and the Oak of Jupiter Dodonæus, and the lofty Palm, and the Pine or Firr, design'd to try it's Fortunes on the Sea; all these are encreas'd by such seedlings, and not from Cions, (which are for Graffing,) as Mr. D. ignorantly talks.

The thin leav'd Arbute Hazle. Here, Mr. Ver. 96.
D's misled by Ruæus, who misunderstanding the *Arbutus*, made *horrida* signifie *thin-leav'd*; but Virgil's sense is, *The true Nht* is grafted on the prickly Thorn; And this I remember, I've met with, in some Books of Gardening, tho deny'd to be successful in our Soil. And here I can't but observe how Mr. D. abounds with his *Thats*, *Dids* and *Does*, &c. the former, generally false Grammar, the latter in him, a polite Writer, one, who has regulated his Mother Tongue beyond the Denham's, and Waller's, and Cowley's, mere botching.

— *To bud, to graff, and to inoculate.* Mr. D. will be adding to his Author only to betray Ver. 103. his own ignorance. Virgil mentions *Graffing* and *Inoculating* only, and *Budding* and *Inoculating* are the same thing; *Inarching* is an Invention of a later date.

— *Where tender Rinds disclose their shooting* Ver. 105.
Gems, a swelling knot there grows—This again is quite beside his Author: what Mr. D. calls *Gems*, is not quite so intelligible in English as in the Latin;

tin; but those *Gems* are the swelling *knots*, under which knots *Virgil*, contrary to Modern Practice, would have the *incision* made, which is commonly *double*, one *downwards*, the other *cross*, for the better *raising the bark*, to admit the *shield* of the *Bud* to be inserted. *Ruacus* talks of an *Inoculation*, which is but another kind of *Grafting*, between the *Bark* and the *Trunk*, which is now pretty common; and his *Emplastratio* resembles our *Budding*, as I have seen a piece of the *Bark* taken quite off from the *Stock* sometimes square, sometimes triangular, to which the *Shield* of the *Bud* being exactly fitted, it has taken very well.

Ver. 109. In whose moist *Womb* the admitted *Infant* grows. Is a *luscious Ovidianism*, beneath the *Majesty* of our *Author*.

Ver. 111. We make a deep *Incision* in the *Tree*. For *Finditur in solidum cuneis via* — Is very well *Construed*, and very *Edifying* to the *learned Gardiner*, to show his *Judgment*, in whose *Art*, he talks in the next Lines of *Slips for Cions*.

Ver. 113. The batning *Bastard* shoots again, and grows — The *batning Bastard*, is a dirty Expression, disagreeable to *Virgil's modesty*, to the *Gardiner's Language*, and *Common Sence*; the next *Couplet*, are pitiful creeping lines, which a good Poet had been ashamed of.

Ver. 118, &c. We have as egregious a Specimen of the Translator's ignorance, as we could wish for; *Virgil* tells us, That *Elms*, and *Willows*, and *Lotus's*, and *Cretan Cypress's*, are every one, kinds of *Trees*, which contain several sorts, under them,

them, agreeing in the same name, or that there are severalkinds of *Elms*, several of *Willows, &c.* but where has Mr. D. any thing which can bear *this Sence*, or indeed, *any*? And what a *whim* is his *Funeral Cypress, rising like a Shroud?* A *foolery*, which he repeats *bere*, as if he were fond of it.

Fat Olive Trees, &c. This proves what was Ver. 122. *Virgil's sence before*; for *Olive Trees*, tho' all of the same name, bear *different kinds of Berries*, some of that kind call'd *Orchades*, or *Berries indented*, or as we see a *Peach* is on one side, some that call'd *Radij*, or *long, lank Olives*, both which, seem to be properst for the *Table*; some bear those call'd *Pausia*, or such which are fitter to press for their *Oil*. Mr. D. has left his English Reader to interpret, and *find out the kinds* of this *Fruit*, for himself, if he can; and he must be a *learned Gardiner* indeed, who can *learn* any thing from his *Version*.

Unlike are Bergamots, and Pounder Pears. Ver. 127
No doubt of it; but what's that to *Virgil's Crustumis, Syriisque pyris, gravibusque volemis*. *Rueus*, it's true, taught this, but *Rueus blunders*; the *Bergamot* is so call'd, from *Bergamo*, a Town on this side the *Po*, *Crustumis*, is a Town near the *Tyber*, whose *Pears* *Virgil names*; the *Syrian Pears* are no *Bergamots*, by the same Rules, and the *Volemi* are a kind of *Pear* somewhat answering the figure of a *Gourd*, and, as some affirm, is more like to be the *Bon Cretien*, or the *Gourd Pear*;

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for, I think, I have met with a kind of large Pear call'd by that name, from it's shape.

Ver. 128. Nor our Italian Vines produce, &c. Is false English; the shape of all Grapes, so far as I've seen or read, is the same.

Ver. 131. The Thasian Vines in richer Soils abound, The Mareotic grow in barren Ground. Rueus, and Mr. D. both contradict Virgil here; for it's the Mareotic which requires the fat, heavy Soil, the Thasian, the light, as any one who considers the Latin well, and the nature of the thing, must observe. Mr. D. takes no notice of his Author's observing both these kinds to be white.

Ver. 332. The Psythian Grape we dry. It's very dubious whether that be Virgil's meaning — Lagæan juice will stammering Tongues, and staggering Feet produce — Is such stuff, as is intolerable; Virgil says, there's a dusky brown kind of Grape, of a very subtle juice, which soon weakens the Feet, and ties the Tongue; but who can make this sense out of the Translation? Ogylby's infinitely beyond this — Lagæos strong, Which soon will try your Feet, and tye your Tongue.

Ver. 134. Rathe ripe are some of later kind, Of Golden some, and some of Purple rind. This Couplet was made only to bring in the fine Northern Phrase, Rathe ripe, else it's false, and none of Virgil's; He says, only some Grapes are of a Purple colour, and early Ripe. Grapes of a Golden rind, I'm afraid, are great rarities.

Ver. 136. Raethean Grape. I suppose, is an error of the Press; but the next should be Inferior only to Falernian Wine — For that's Virgil's sense. The

The Amminean many a Consulship survives,^{Ver. 138.}
 And longer than the Lydian Vintage lives, Or
 high Phænæus King of Chian growth—
 Was eyer so absurd a piece of Nonsense, call'd
 Translating a Noble Author? Virgil says, There
 are a kind of Grapes, call'd Amminean, from
 their place of growth, which yield Wine of a
 very strong body, to which, that growing a-
 bout Mount Tmolus in Lydia, and that about
 Mount Phænæus in Chios, tho it self, the King of
 Wines, must yield, as must that of the smaller
 white Grape, which Grape, yet yields the most,
 and the most lasting Wine of all others; but
 who can make this fence out of Mr. D's Far-
 gony?

The Rhodian in second Services is pour'd to ^{Ver. 144.}
 Jove — A ridiculous blunder; but, which al-
 most all the Commentators have stumbled on;
 only they talk of setting Grapes on the Table a-
 mong other Fruit, for a second Course. Mr. D.
 will have it, Wine pour'd on the Altar (I sup-
 pose for a second Service.) But Virgil says, on-
 ly, It was acceptable at Tables, and to the fa-
 vorable Gods; and this answers that other read-
 ing best Rhodia sic mensis & dijs servata secundis,
 Secundis belonging to Dijs, and not Mensis, as
 Philargyrius only could observe.

Nor must Eumætbus his old Honours lose, In ^{Ver. 146.}
 length and largeness like the Dugs of Cows. A
 Grape this of a very strange figure; the
 Grape, indeed, may be nam'd from the Cows
 Teat, but not for length, but for largeness, and

fullness of juice, and this agrees well enough with Pliny's account of it.

Ver. 155. *The Sallow loves the watry Grounds and low — Not always ; for it loves the Banks of Rivers, as Virgil says, and Ditches which are wet, but not low.*

Ver. 156. *The Marshes Alders — Alders love boggy and moorish Ground, indented with Trenches and Water cuts. The Rocky Clift, is not the meaning Saxosi montis.*

Ver. 158. *The baleful Yeugh to Nothern blasts affigns. But how comes this in here, which his Author has plac'd better below ? To shores the Myrtles, Virgil's Littora, are only the sides of Rivers, not the salt Beach.*

Ver. 160. *Regard the extreameſt, &c. Is very clear and elegant, instead of See then the utmost, &c.*

Ver. 165. *Balm slowly trickles thro the bleeding Veins Of happy shrubs in Idumæan Plains. Our Botanists, indeed, say the Shrub yields its Gummy juice, both by incision by others, and by a natural Exudation ; which last, Virgil mentions only, but says nothing of the place where it grows, which gave opportunity to Mr. D. to show his Skill in Blunder ; for Idumæa has it not, Arabia Felix is its Native Country ; to Palæstine is only adventitious, and Cultivated in Gardens, as Josephus, and Pliny, and others, inform us.*

Ver. 167. — *For Medicine good — That's out of Ruæus's Notes ; not out of his Author.*

Ver. 168. *With Æthiops hoary Trees, and woolly Wood. Where Virgil speaks of Woods among the Æthio-*

Æthiopians hoary with soft Wool, which, I suppose were only the Cotton Trees, now very well known.

— *And how the Seres spin their Fleecy Forests* v.r. 170.
in a slender twine — Did the Seres then *spin* whole Trees? So Mr. D. would make us think, but this means only that the Seres drew out the inner *Barks* of a certain Tree which was spun like *Wool*, and *woven*; of this kind, are our present *Bengals*, and *spun* and *woven* by the same People; for *Emmenessius*'s Fancy that the *Chineses* were known to the *Ancients*, by the name of *Seres*; and the *Siamites*, by that of *Sinæ*, is altogether groundless.

Who mixing wicked Weeds with Words im- v.r. 179.
pure — But, how can *Words* and *Weeds* be mingled together? *Virgil* means, they mingle *Herbs*, or the *juices* of *Herbs* of a venomous nature, and mutter *Charms* over them, as *Witches* are suppos'd to do. And *Virgil* makes his to do in his *Pharmaceutria* — *The Fate of Envy'd Orphans* would procure — I think, those are not call'd *Orphans*, who have *Fathers* alive; but *Step-mothers* commonly are most spiteful against such.

Mr. D. here ascribes that to the *Flowers*, v.r. 183, which *Virgil* ascribes to the *Leaves*, and takes no notice at all of them.

With which the Medes to labouring Age be- v.r. 185.
queath new Lungs. I doubt, Mr. D's mistaken here, and that no recipe can make *new Lungs*, and perhaps, *shortness of Breath* mayn't always rise from the *Corruption* of them.

- Ver. 191. Nor any Foreign Earth of greater name — An impertinent Addition, for Rhymes sake.
- Ver. 200. The warriour Horse here bred, is taught to train. Virgil says nothing of that, but that the warlike Horse runs at liberty about the Fields,
- Ver. 202. — Whose waves — prepares False Grammar only for Rhyme.
- Ver. 210. — Or is, when known, refus'd — This, with the preceeding verse, is either No sense, or no English.
- Ver. 212. Or rais'd on such a spiry volume ride — Is nonsensical fustian; and ver. 215, 17, 22. Hills that — Seas that — Mound that — For which, but there's nothing commoner than this false Construction, as has been observ'd before.
- Ver. 214. Their costly labour, and stupendous frame. What does Mr. D. mean by the Stupendous frames of Cities and their costly Labour? Virgil by the *operum laborem*, means their vast Ambi-theaters Theaters, Guglia's. Aquæducts, and the like Publick, Magnificent, or useful Works.
- Ver. 217. Our two-fold Seas — Is a very odd Phrase; we talk of our four Seas, but few would call them four-fold Seas, unless they were Seas of fire, Air, Earth and Water, or however, consisting of different Materials — The rest is Apocryphal.
- Ver. 228. For veins of Silver, and for Ore of Gold — But why were the veins of Brass forgotten?
- Ver. 236. — And greater Scipio's double Name. This is another of the *Elegantiæ Drydenianæ*, and perhaps,

perhaps, may have some meaning in it ; but it lies very deep.

— Their fertility. Instead of, *What kind Ver. 248.*
of Trees their Nature will best agree with.

Yet this suffices the Palladian Plant. Here *Ver. 252.*
Virgil honestly names the Olive Tree, that his Readers might know his meaning ; but Mr. D's Prudence, has left his learned Gardiner to find out, if he can, what the Palladian Plant is. Virgil too saysthe Grounds above nam'd delight in Olive Woods, as being the best for that use ; our Translator, it suffices, it makes a sorry shift, or will serve with much ado ; and a Soil which wants all Succour, is a very perspicuous expression.

— Wild Olive shoots — Seedlings are never *Ver. 254.*
call'd Shoots by learned Gardiners.

Then when the bloated Tuscan blows his Horn, *Ver. 263.*
And reeking Entrails are in Chargers born.
Here's somewhat of the Horn sticks in Mr.D's Head, which his Author has not the least hint of. The Tuscans us'd to play on their Pipes, it may be, what we call Flageolets, at the time of Sacrificing, their Pipes were made either of Box or Ivory ; but, we don't use to talk of Ivory Horns nor Boxen Horns ; but perhaps, he read for want of his Spectacles, in some Commentator, *Tubicen*, for *Tibicen* — Reeking Entrails, are such as are newly taken out of the Belly of a Beast just kill'd ; but Virgil speaks of *fumantia exta* — Smoking Entrails, or such as have been just boil'd, and come off the fire,

fire, and from thence, are return'd to the Altar.

Ver. 271. Or Goats that, for which, graze the Field, and burn it bare. Ridiculous, and quite beside Virgil's purpose, who reflects not on the Goats, as burning up the Fields, for then, no Pasture would be fit for them, but as mischievous to all manner of Trees, where they can come at their Barks, for their bite kills the Trees; which, tho the Latines may express by *Uro*, is not well interpreted by *burning* with us.

Ver. 274. — Swans sail down the watry Road. A choice Phrase, above Virgil's reach!

Ver. 276. Thoere Christal Streams perpetual tenour keep — Perpetual tenour, is a choice Phrase too, and us'd, as I remember, by Mr. D. in the beginning of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, and there with as little fence as here.

Ver. 278. For what the Day devours, the Nightly Due Shall to the Morn in Pearly drops renew — A very pleasant mistake! Virgil commends the Fertility of the Mantuan Plains, because the Grass grows so fast, that what the Flocks had eaten down by Day, would by the next Morning, by assistance of the Nights moisture, be grown as high again as it was before. Mr. D. thinks that as much as the Sun should waste the Springs by Day, the Night Dew should make up again by Morning; which is an evidence of a very quick Apprehension.

Ver. 282. For Plowing is an imitative toil, Resembling Nature in an easie Soil. Is an admirable elucidation of Virgil's fence; that by Plowing, we imitate

imitate Nature, i. e. endeavour to make some Lands mellow, as she has done others.

Scarce dewy Beverage for the Bees provides. Ver. 294.
Rueus, and reason shows, that Virgil by Rorem, meant not Dew, but Rosmarinè, meaning such poor Land scarce bears so much as Flowers for the Bees to suck on.

— *The Food of Snakes.* That's not the Ver. 295. meaning of Nigris exesa Chelydris Creta — But that Chalky Ground is often pierced full of holes by Water and other Snakes, which Holes they make not for Food, but for Lodging ; but Mr. D. speaks as if the crumbling Stones too, which, yet would prove but a hard Diet, were Snakes meat.

Such large increase Vesuvian Nola yields. Mr. D. it seems, was resolv'd to cross his Author, and to give Nola a place where Agellius, ridiculously tells us, Virgil had dash't it out ; this is certainly, not doing right to him ; but one comfort is, Mr. D. has made it Nonsense, for it was not Nola, but the Field about Nola, which yielded the large increase, and Virgil teaches him to speak so, in the beginning of the same verse.

And such a Country could Acerra boast, Till Ver. 307.
Clanius over-flow'd th' unhappy Coast — No, the over-flowing of Clanius made the Soil rich, and the richer it was, yet the more it endangered Acerra with its Inundations.

I teach the next, &c. Here Mr. D. contracts four admirable lines of Virgil into two, and scarce fence of his own, which, I'd rather Tranlate thus ; Ver. 309.
Of

Of Moulds I'll now the various temper show,

If you the *heavy* or the light would know,
That for your *Bread*'s the best, and this for
Wine,

Corn loves the *heavy*, but the *light* the
Vine.

Ver. 318.

— If sullen Earth repines Within its native
Mansion to retire, And stays without a heap of
heavy mire, Is a meer heap of absurdities; the
first *Periphrasis* an obscure Version of Virgil's
clean Expressions. But suppose the Earth dug
out of a *Hole* won't go all in again, but
makes a *little rising*, must that needs be *mire*?
Mire commonly lies in *Holes*, not on *Hills*,
unless in *London-streets*, by the assistance of the
Scavenger.

Ver. 327.

This truth by sure experiment is try'd— What
truth does Mr. Translator mean here? That
salt Earth is neither fit for *Vines* nor *Corn* — Vir-
gil says nothing to that purpose, nor can any
of the *Experiments* he mentions, declare that;
the Poet only shows *how*, or *by what Signs*
you may distinguish *salt* and *ill temper'd* Earth
from other kinds; and perhaps, our *Salt-Petre-
Men*, and their *method of working* is the best
Comment on Virgil's discourse.

Ver. 329.

— Such toiling Peasants twine When through
streight passages they strain their *Wine*. Here
we should have a *Poeta loquitur*, meaning Mr.
Bays, for his *Author* always talks *more to pur-
pose*; however, the *Idea* is fine, and those
who

who cure the Wines in France, or elsewhere,
will edifie much by it.

In this close Vessel — I believe this is the first time that ever a *Calendar* was call'd *a close vessel*; the *good Woman* when she took the *Calendar* for the *Chamber-pot*, would have been glad to have found it so. But why should *salt Land* be call'd *accurst*, unless Mr. D. thinks there was no *salt Ground*, but what was about the *Dead Sea*? Beside, *salt Marshes* are often very *fruitful*, and tho' not so good for *Corn*, excellent for *Pasturage*, therefore not *accurst*.

And by the bitter raft, &c. A wretched Ver- Ver. 334.
sion of Two of Virgil's excellent lines!

— *The meagre kind* — Is a new Epithet for a Ver. 336.
poor soil, and all poor soil won't crumble into dust, therefore Virgil talks not of it.

The heavier Earth is by her weight betray'd, Ver. 343.
The lighter in the poising hand is weigh'd — The first line is truth, the second, Nonsense. Had Mr. D. said, *Light Earth and heavy, are by weight betray'd*, tho' betray'd be but a scurvy word, it had been Virgil's fence; but we had wanted the fine Rhyme tag'd too it.

With furrows deep which cast a rising Mound — Ver. 353;
Is a verse with no meaning in it, much less Virgil's, whose advice here is, *to fix your Vine-yards on the side of Hills*, and to open them with trenches, for the better mellowing of the Soil for the future Plantation

The Clods expos'd to winter winds will bake — Ver. 354.
Well, but baking is the way to prevent Putrefaction

faction or mellowing, and consequently, to spoil the Ground.

Ver. 366. So strong is Custom, such Effects can use In tender Souls of pliant Plants produce. How soft are the Expressions; and how supra Maronian the figures! But what effects does he mean? for preparing a Nursery of an Homogemeal Nature, and planting 'em in a parallel to their Original situation, are the effects of Care, not of Custom. Virgil's true sense is not to be understood Morally, but Physically, and amounts to this, So much of advantage arises from keeping Plants still to the same usage they met with, when they were young and tender, which, neither Mr. D. nor his Commentators have hit on.

Ver. 368. Chase next a Province for thy Vineyards reign, &c. Meer fustian, therefore, be sure, none of Virgil's, who, only bids his Farmer see whether the Hills or the Plains are like to agree best with the design'd Vineyard; for, tho' Virgil recommends the sides, as the most Eligible where their situation's good, yet if the sides of Hills in my Ground lie expos'd to blasting or pinching Winds, and a falling Sun, I must be content with a Vineyard on the flat, as more likely to do well than the former.

Ver. 374. Extend thy loose Battalions, &c. Here Mr. D. like one of the Forlorn-hope, is running upon the Enemy at random, and spoiling a beautiful Similitude, by beginning it before the time; and yet, what he puts in front, has no kind of Cohærence with that of Virgil, which follows, after

after; *Virgil* shows the *Quincuncial Order*, some think the *Square* two, as the best to Plant the *Ordines*, or *Rows of Vines* in, on Hill-sides; but how either one or other can be pick'd out of Mr. D's Jargonry, no body can find.

See Lipsius de Militiâ Romanâ. L. 4. Dial. I.
where he descants on
these very lines of
Virgil.

And move to meet their Foes — Here Mr. Ver. 380.
D. will, as usual, be wiser than his Author.

Virgil shows us an *Army Embattail'd standing still*, and facing the *Enemy*, whose posture then, resembles that which he would have *Vines* Planted in; but I believe Mr. D. never heard of a *Vineyard moving*, tho' he may of *Macduff's besieging Dunsinnane Castle*, or of the *Kentish Parade*, to meet *William the Conqueror*.

And equal Mars, like an impartial Lord, Ver. 384:
Leaves all to fortune, and the dint of Sword. Is by no means *Virgil's fence*, which, perhaps, may be better express'd thus;

As when *Embattel'd Troops* expect a Charge,
And the *Battalions* all their *Fronts* enlarge;
Stand to their *Arms*, and with a *Martial Grace*,

In *Ranks unmov'd th'* opposing *Army* face,
While yet, they for the fatal *Signal* stay,
And *waving Arms* the glittering *Fields* display;

And *fickle Mars* to neither part retains,
But hovers dubious o'er the dreadful *Plains*;
So let your *Vines* at *equal distance* stand,
Not that your *Eye* the *Prospect* may command.

But

— But that each Plant alike may ~~task~~ the Ground,
And freely throw their spreading Branches
round. Mr. D. has given 10 lines
Which lines, if I'm not too much mistaken,
give us a much fairer view of the Poet's mean-
ing, than Mr. D's tedious and impertinent
Paraphrase.

Ver. 389. That their extreameſt lines may scarce em-
brace, Is inexplicable Nonsense.

Ver. 392. But for the Ground it ſelf this only way — In-
ſtead of, For that, without which it's false
English, with which, it's like R. Wisdom's
ſtreins.

Ver. 397. Not to the rest of Plants — Plants comprehend
all things growing from the Ground, even
Roots and Flowers ; but Virgil plainly diſtinguiſhes between Vines and Trees, as if the for-
mer were only to be teckon'd among Shrubs
So that Mr. D's Translation's only a proof of
his Ignorance.

Ver. 400. And next the lower Skies a Bed profound.
Whether Nebuchadnezzar's Tree was the ~~Aescu-~~
lus, or any kind of Oak, I know not; but
this which Mr. D. describes, and which his
Author would have been ſcar'd at the thoughts
of, must be at leaſt as high as that he dreams
of; for the lower Skies must be thoſe over the
Heads of our Antipodes ; but if the Roots of Mr.
D's Oak must reach next thoſe Skies, they
must ſtrike thro, and beyond the Center at leaſt;
and that's a great way, and very anſwerable to a
Tree, whose top reaches up to Heaven, without
a figure.

And Lives of mortal Men contend in vain — Ver. 406.

With what? Where's the fence and Grammar
of this line? Or where can Mr. D. find a Pa-
rallel expression? DO NOT USE IT.

Full in the midst of his own strength, &c. is Ver. 407.
all fustian, absurd figures, neither suitable to
Virgil's Character nor sense. What if this
whole Sentence were Translated thus?

If you know how deep to plant your vines would know,

*Vines, tho' but shallow set, will kindly grow:
But solid Trees a deeper Graft require;*

So the huge Oak, whose soaring tops aspire
To touch the Clouds, with taper Roots will go
Downward as deep, to reach the shades below.

Hence it is shock'd with Winter storms remains; and here many flowers

¶ Or sudden Whirl-winds, or impetuous Rains;
¶ Outlasts a redious Course of Humane Lives,

And a long long posterity survives;
Spreads out its Boughs, and mighty Arms
around; The Father Trunk it self, with a vast Om-
bre crown'd.

Nor Prune with blunted knife the Progeny — Ver. 413.

Of what? Or who ever, before our *Translator*, call'd the *Suckers* of a *Vine*, the *Progeny*? Or us'd that word *absolutely*? And who could pick out *Virgil's meaning* from this *Translation*? Which, advises the *Farmer* to take his *Layers* neither from among the top *Branches* of the *Vine*, nor from among the lower *Suckers*, but from the *middle Branches*, which are the

strongest, and the best ; but not to hurt them with a blunt Knife, when he lays them ; which, by the way, shows what Virgil meant by his *Mala* *falso*. Eclog. 3. Ver. 10.

Ver. 435. For sparkling fire from Hinds unwary Hands,
Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous Rinds. How
was it possible Mr. D. should stumble upon
so absurd a Fancy ? Or why should — sub
Cortice — signify, o'er the Rinds ? But was it
ever known, that Farmers planted wild Olives
among their vines, and scatter'd fire among
'em, which presently set the green Trees a blaz-
ing ? Or did Virgil's Farmers take Tobacco,
from which, we know what mischiefs have
sometimes happen'd ? Or did the Link-Boys
of those days knock their Links against the
Olive Trees, and so set them on fire ? Had but Mr.
D. look'd a little into his Commentators, he'd
have found there, a Quotation from Aristotle de
Cælo, l. 2. and Thucydides, l. 2. and from his Friend
Lucratius, lib. 5. which would have taught
him, that Trees by rubbing one against another
in a wind, have been set a-fire, which must
lurk under the Bark, by the galling of which
it's rais'd, for a while, till it breaks out by the
continual agitation of the wind, and spreads
ruines among the Trees ; and this is what Vir-
gil meant and forewarn'd his Farmers of.

Ver. 439. — It crackles in the leaves — In other
places, Mr. Translator out-rants his Author, and
loads us with bombastic stuff ; here he dwin-
dles into nothing, and talks of crackling in the
leaves, where Virgil, who knew how to soar

in season, tells us of the Flame — *Frondes elapsus in altas Ingensem cælo sonitum dedit.* As creeping and *insipid* are his next lines.

Of the long Files destroys the beauteous Form — Ver. 423.
Here Mr. D's gotten again into his Ranks
and Files, where no *Soldiers* are permitted to
fraggle from their *Band*, so fond is he of a *silly*
Thought, and of *Burlesquing his Author*.

But the wild Olive shoots, and shades the in- Ver. 427.
grateful Plain — A Plain then it must be,
whether the *Vineyard* be on a *Hill-side* or in a
Bottom; take the whole Sentence thus Trans-
lated:

Let not your *Vineyards* face the falling Sun,
Nor sow rough *Hazles* where your *Vines*
should run;

Nor take the utmost *Tendrils* of the *Vine*,
And the poor *Suckers* from the *Roots* decline.
But draw your *Layers* from the *Trunk* below;
Those soon familiar with the *Soil* will grow:
But ne'er with *rough-edg'd Knives* the *Bran-*

ches wound,

Nor let *wild Olive Plants* infect the *Ground*.

Oft, when their Work the thoughtless *Farmers* leave,

Their fretting Boughs an inward *Fire* conceive,
Which, hugg'd beneath the *Oily Rind*, grows
strong,

And grasps the *Body* as it creeps along,
Till mounting thro' the crackling Leaves, at
last

The *flame* breaks upward with a thundering
Blast:

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Feeds on the *Boughs*, the lofty *tops* commands,
While wrapt in *flames* the *blazing Forest* stands,
And hurls dark *Clouds* of *Smoke* against the
Skies;

But chiefly, if a sudden *Tempest* rise,
Break on the *Woods*, and every *blast* engage
To add new furies to the Conquerors rage.

Thus should a Vineyard fall, the *Sapless Roots*
No more could flourish with their former
Shoots;

No *Pruner's Art* could make the *Branches* rise,
Nor could the *Soil* advance the like *supplies*,
But *self-sown* bitter *Olives* soon would reign
O'er all the *Vineyard*, and their *Ground* main-
tain.

This, whatever the Verse may be, I'm sure's
more agreeable to *Virgil's* sense than Mr. D's.

Ver. 430. When Winter Frosts constrain the Field with
cold, The fainty Roots can take no steady hold —
This I'm certain does not grow out of *Virgil*.
To constrain the Field, is Nonsense; and *Virgil*
talks not of the faintness of the Roots, but the
hardness of the Ground.

Ver. 432. But when the Golden Spring reveals the Year.
Ver Rubens is not the Golden Spring; and to re-
veal the Year, is Nonsense.

Ver. 437. Or Capricorn admits the Winters Sun — is
meer stuff, and not related to *Virgil*.

Ver. 439. The Womb of Earth the Genial Seed receives —
It had been better to have said, Then Earths
rich Womb, &c. but receives, is not the sense
of poscunt; and if Mr. D. does not, I do
know that asking and receiving are two things.

And

And mixing his large Limbs with hers — Ver. 442.
gives us a very strange Idea of Almighty
Jove. When Metamorphos'd for an Amur,
he might have well-set Limbs ; but, when he
influences the Earth, the figure's ridiculous.

— The Western Spirit — for Tepentes auræ Ver. 447.
Zephyri, as if Spirits were only Airy Bodies, which,
perhaps, may be the Translator's Philosophy ; or
as if *Aura* signified Spirit, or Spirit were a fine
way of expressing the Morning Air or Wind.

And on the Faith of the new Sun relies. Vir. Ver. 452.
gil speaks somewhat toward this, concerning
the Grass ; Mr. D. will mend him, by applying it to the Vines ; but his Fancy adds no great Beauty to his Author — *Nec metuit surgentes pampinus Austros, Aut actum caelo magis Aquilombus imbre,* were beneath Mr. D.'s regards — or the swerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail, quite bewildred me ; but if Mr. D. means the Vines crept up the tall Elms, then it's plain they did not swerve. However, the Phrase is delicate.

They spread their Gems the genial warmth to Ver. 455.
share, And boldly trust their Buds in open Air —
Gems, as Mr. D. calls 'em, are Buds, or those little round Puts on the Vine which shoot into Branches ; the Frondes are the leaves afterwards rising from those Branches.

In this soft Season, &c is so perverse *Ver. 457.*
a Translation, as his own *Mac-fleeno* would scarce have been guilty of ; but by Translating *Crediderim* in *Virgil*, by, so sweet Poets sing, seems to intiate, that he'd have every body believe

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believe what he writes, since he has set up for a sweet-singer — *In prime of all the Year, and Holydays of Spring* — is unintelligible Fustian. From hence to the 474 Verse, he comes no nearer *Virgil*, than a *Colt* would do to a *wind-mill*; but his observation, *That Man at the first Creation, was made of Stones*, (from whence, *Virgil* had good reason to call him *Ferreæ Progenies*,) is an Original.

Ver. 475. — *And dung with hot Manure* — An admirable Hypallage for *Manure with hot dung*.

Ver. 476. These 4 lines would move a Stoick's Spleen. *Virgil* bids his *Farmer* lay *Stones*, or *Shells* in the *Ground* about the *Roots* of his *Trees*, that by their *hollowness* the *water* may the more easily moisten the *Roots*, and invigorate the *Plants*. All which, is an *Operation under ground*. Mr. D. supposes it would rise in *Dews* from among the *stones* to water the *Shoots above ground*, which is a very fine *Speculation*, and I hope, our great *Planters* will thank him for it.

Ver. 492. — *To raise their fork'y Head, for Heads* is false English; and to set it off the better, *Virgil* by *Furcas bicornes*, means *forked Poles*, or *Crotches* to support the *Vines*. Mr. D. thought the *Vines* themselves, had *forked Heads*, which argu'd a very clear Apprehension. The same good English he gives us again, l. 498. *While they spread Their springing Leaves, and lift their Infant Head.*

Ver. 500. — *Childhood and Nursling*, are *Boyish Figures* when applied to *Plants*. Nor exercise thy *Rage on new-born Life*; silly and impertinent.

— *Crop*

— Crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loath To Ver. 504.
 Strip the Branches of their Leafie growth. Vir-
 gil only means, If the Leaves be too thick with-
 in, and binder the Sun, and Air's influence too
 much, you must not cut the inner Branches with
 the Knife, but thin the Leaves with your Hand;
 which I could never have found out by Mr.
 D's Version.

— Disobedient Boughs — Beyond their Ver. 507,
 Ranks — The Lawless Troops which Disci-8, 9.
 pline disclaim, don't grow out of Virgil, but
 out of a shallow Brain.

Virgil talks of his *Indignæ Hyemes*; Mr. D's Ver. 517.
 Noddle runs upon *unworthy Brouze*, far e-
 nough from the Poet's meaning.

Nor Dog-days parching Heat, which splits the Ver. 520.
 Rocks — is a new Thought, and far above Vir-
 gil's reach,

When Earthen Images adorn the Pine, And Ver. 536.
 there are hung on high, in Honour of the Vine —

I hope, none will think this is the meaning
 of Virgil's *Oscilla ex altâ suspendunt mollia pinu*.
 Nor can I agree with Ruæus's Interpreting
Oscilla, by little Earthen Images; since the *mollia*
 are an odd Epithet for them, nor is there
 any reason to understand *Mobilia* by *Mollia*,
 the Translation's too Catechistical; but *Mollia*
Oscilla seem to be Effeminate disguises, or
 Masques, which, after their ridiculous Bacchan-
 alian Mummeries, they hung up in remem-
 brance of those Games, wherein, they us'd
 such looseness. Whereas, as Mr. D. goes on at
 ver 540. to Translate, as if the *Images of Bac-*

thus were hung up like Kings-Fishers, in Country Kitabins, to show which way the wind sits; were it true, the Wind would turn the Pendulous Image every way, and every Field by that means, would be blest. But Virgil means, that which way soever the God himself, not his little Image, turns his jolly Countenance, or nods his Head in token of Favour, (which Favour was only attainable by offering the appointed Sacrifices at the appointed time) there the Vineyards would thrive and multiply.

Ver. 546. Whose offer'd Entrails shall his Crime reproach,
And drop their fatness from the Hazel broach —
is very obscure, and not the English of Pinguiaque in veribus torrebimus exta columnis; where, pingua exta shows the goodness requir'd in the Sacrifice, that it should be well fed, and the Entrails white, but if the fat were never so little, when roasted on the Hazel Spit, or broil'd on the Broach, (to humour the Translator) it might drip away.

Ver. 550. For thrice at least in compass of the Year Thy
Vineyard must employ the sturdy Steer — Mistake upon mistake! Virgil does not say, thrice at least, but, very often; so terque quaterque, signifies as every School-boy knows; nor must Steers be brought in to Plough among well rooted Vines; but the Ground must be dug with broad-tin'd Forks, to prevent hurting the Vine Roots, and must be carefully stirr'd, to mellow the soil, and to give the Root-Fibres liberty.

— The Leaves to thin that (for which) Ver. 555.
such the vital moisture of the Vine. Not at all;
but to give the Clusters Air to ripen.

— In the lowest Months, when Storms have Ver. 558.
shed From Vines the hairy honours of their Head —

What are the lowest Months! Or in what
Country is that Phrase us'd? I thought too the
Vines, not the Storms, had shed their Leaves;
their Head is false English; and, pray, what
are the Hairy honours of the Vines Head? At
this rate, I'm afraid, Sylvester's woods Peri-
wig'd with Snow, must be no more Fustian.

— To commend excess, is absurd, and not Ver. 572.
countenanc'd by his Author, in the least.

— The Shrubs of prickly Thorn, suppose it Ver. 573.
fence, are very unfit to bind Vines with. But
Bucklers Broom is us'd in Italy, and very fit for
that work, it growing *Densis v. minibus, len-*
tatis, fractaque conumacibus, &c.

Nor when thy tender Trees at length are Ver. 576.
bound, is the third Rhyme, but neither ends
the fence, nor the Period; nor does ver. 579.

do it.
Insulting o'er the toils, &c. An absurd Ver. 581,4.
Phrase, and not growing out of Virgil; and
their joys are unsincere; false, for any Man's
joys may be very hearty and real for what's
past, tho he have a return of work afterwards.

— But fixt below Rejoice in open air, and Ver. 582.
unconcern'dly grow — Quite beside his Authors
fence, who only asserts, Olive Trees are very
hardy when they have drawn good Root, and are
us'd to, or season'd in the weather.

V. Raji
Hist. Plant.
l. 13. c. 12.

- Ver. 593. Soft Peace they figure, and sweet Plenty bring —
is none of Virgil's sense. *Hoc pinguis & placitam paci nutritor olivam.* i.e. Therefore
plant the fat Olive, which is the Emblem of
Peace, indeed, but not of Plenty, nor do those
things always go together, nor does Virgil
teach any here to sing *Hymns to Pallas.*
- Ver. 599. Till with the ruddy freight the bending Bran-
ches groan. The precedent lines are but so
many mistakes of his Author; and this line he
applies to Apple Trees, which Virgil applies to
those, which Mr. D. very Elegantly calls *Trees
of Nature.*
- Ver. 602. Vile Shrubs are shorn for browse — is very
pleasant; what Virgil calls elsewhere, *Floren-
tem cysifum,* can't be lo very *vile* a Shrub; but
why shorn or cut for browse, for so Rueus Inter-
prets *tendens?* Cattel browse on the ten-
der twigs when growing, If those Shoots are
cut off, there's no browsing for them, nor
is it browsing to eat 'em when cut off, if they
could any more than to eat Hay is grazing.
- Ver. 603. — The towering height Of Unctuous Trees are
Torches for the Night. A very fine Periphrasis
for tall Trees afford Flambeaux Staves, and
maintain Fires in the Night, and give light.
By Mr. D's way of expressing it, a Man would
think his Unctuous Trees were made natural
Beacons, and fir'd as they grew, to make Illumi-
nations; and the towering height — are — is ve-
ry good English.
- Ver. 614. Narician Woods of Pitch — Tho Virgil
might call them, *Picis lucos;* yet his Interpre-
ter

ter should have call'd 'em *Firr*, or *Pitch Trees*; a *Wood* or *Grove* of *Pitch* or *Rosin*, sounds very oddly in English. — *Whose gloomy shade Is for retreat of thoughtful Muses made* — is an impertinent flourish of the Translator.

Even cold Caucasian Rocks with *Trees* are ver. 618.
spread, And wear green *Forests* on their billy
Head — is to explain Virgil's words, *Barren Woods*, or *Woods without Fruit grow on the top of Caucasus*, and their *Head* is exquisite Grammar.

The shent their Leaves — What's the Eng. ver. 621.
glish of that? Our *Western People* when they say, *We shall be shent*, mean, *They shall be chidden*; but what means Mr. D.?

Cypress provides for Spokes and Wheels for ver. 624.
Wains — I wonder in what Country? Or how the Translator came to think his Author talk'd so? For, he says, *The Woods in general afforded such*; but *Cedars and Cypresses were for wainscoting, and cieling Houses*; nor are all kinds of *Wood* for *Keels of Ships*, as any *Shipwright* will inform him; so *Myrtles and Cornelis* both make *Javelins or Spears*, not *Shafts or Arrows*, light *Wood* making them best. And *Teagh and Bow*, is just *Brains and Stairs*; and it may be *Kerve*, v. 632. is but a new fangled word; tho' we know there is a *Kerf* made in sawing Timber.

Wine urg'd to lawless Lusts the Centaurs ver. 627.
train — I find then the *Lapitha* are out of Mr. D's favour, sure they were *Williamites*, and therefore forgotten; but *Virgil and Ovid*, both

both remember them, as concern'd as far as the other in *Pirithous's wedding-feast*, and the unhappy Consequences.

Ver. 647, These four lines are all spurious, Excrements of the Translator's Brain, and as just as his Thoughts commonly are. The Gyants at Guild-Hall, doubtless, put him in mind of his threatening Statues, unless he Dreamt of those which came to supper with *Don Juan*, in the *Libertine*. His Persian Arras is very quaint too; and, I suppose, the Town of *Arras*, since our late Wars, has taken shelter under the Wings of *Casbeen*, or *Ispahan*; or it may be, *Babylon* was the Ancient Name of *Arras*; for I'm sure, Mr. D. had some reason for that Epithet, and the rest is as plain as the Nose on a Man's Face, that in Persian Arras — *Vest* thro' their shady Fold, good Grammar again! *Betray the streaks of ill dissembled Gold*. This had certainly turn'd my Stomach, but, that reading Mr. Cowley's admirable Paraphrase on this *Encomium* of the Country Life, settled my brain again, and made me sleep without the trouble of the *Night Mare*. I pass by his foolish Alteration of *Virgil's* whole Scheme.

Ver. 659. Unwext with Quarrels — This is an impertinent tauntology; we had it in 640 before, and *Virgil* gives us nothing like it.

Ver. 671. From hence, *Astraea* took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing steps appear — This
was stolen from Mr. Cowley, and therefore,
good. — Free

— Free from Cares and Strife — The same ^{Ver. 686.}
ungrounded tautology again.

Nor, when contending Kindred tear the Crown, ^{Ver. 707.}
Will set up one, or pull another down — But a
Republican will pull both down; and of such,
we have now, too many.

The Senate's mad Decrees he never saw — ^{Ver. 718.}
This is a Flirt at our Parliaments too, and
should the Reflection be just, it's besides his
Text quite; the *Populi Tabularia* were the
Chancery Court, and the *Rolls*, where, what-
we seek for, I fear to no purpose, a
publick Registry of Lands, &c. was kept.

With Wars and Taxes others wast their own — ^{Ver. 727.}
Still girding at the Publick Management; and
yet, not unwilling that the French King, while
he kept his Honour, should have put the
three Kingdoms to greater Charges.

Is an extravagant Paraphrase, of two full ^{Ver. 745,}
lines, and not at all the advantage of the sense; 53.
besides, the transposition of the Original's beau-
tiful Order.

The Vines liquid Harvest Bak'd in the Sunshine ^{Ver. 753.}
of ascending Fields — whatever Retrospect the
Translator may pretend to, is Fustian Non-
sense.

And winter fruits are mellow'd in the frosts — ^{Ver. 758.}
is a new discovery, and the Farmer commonly
takes care to prevent the frosts affecting his
fruit, for rottenness, nor a grateful mellow'ness,
commonly succeeds it.

— Kids with budding Horns prepar'd — is an ^{Ver. 765.}
elegancy, *Valla* or *Buc* were never ac-
quainted

quaainted with; such another is that 772. *The Herdmen provoke his Health*, i. e. they drink his Health in a round.

Ver. 773. — *The Groom his fellow Groom at Buts desies,*
And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes.
 As this shows Mr D. a compleat Archer, so it's a very good Account of shooting at a Prize fixt on the top of a Pole, which Virgil speaks of only, which he mentions again, at the Funeral Games for Anchises, and which several Nations practice to this Day; we may be satisfied by this, that Mr. D's sometimes very cautious, and will not *Altum sapere*.

Ver. 779. — From whence the austere Hesrurian virtue rose — What, from Romulus and Remus? that's new! It's true, Mr. D. out of his vast unknown Treasury, sometimes furnishes us with an odd piece of Antiquity, very great, and very surprising. It's the extream unhappiness of Gravius and Granovius, that they're unacquainted with him.*

This Description of the Country Life, is Mr. D's Master-piece, or at least, the most pardonable of any thing we have met with yet; but whosoever reads the Original, and Mr. Cowley's Translation, and this together, will easily find the difference between *Tissu* and *Tinsel*, the plain, unaffectedly clear Sence of Mr. Cowley, and the glaring, taudry, superficial Dress of Mr. Dryden. One understood, and study'd his Author, and by a strange Sympathy of Humour, Copy'd him justly; the other, had little of Virgil's Genius, and only

study'd

study'd himself, and therefore wrote like himself, and almost, has lost the *Character* of his incomparable, pretended *Master*.

BOOK III. Of the GEORGICS.

WE are now entring a new Field, and examining a piece of Mr. D's *Younger Labours*, where to spare our own trouble, and the Reader's expence, our Observations will be fewer, whether his faults be so or not. Mr. D. ought to look for more severity than other Men, since he values himself above all Mankind, and is the most unmerciful in his own Reflections on others; which, considering his own obnoxious State, and how little he was able formerly, when his Blood ran high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle, was extream imprudence; but we lie open to his Exceptions too, and therefore, need not beg any Pardon.

*Where cooling Streams invite the Flocks to Ver. 21.
drink — Is a Patch on a Face which needed it
not; Virgil thought not of it, no more than
of that impertinent Parenthesis. Ver. 26.*

*A Hundred Coursers from the Goal will drive — Ver. 27.
Read your Author again, good Mr. D. and count upon your Fingers, and see if *Centum quadrigi currus*, are not drawn by above 100 Horses; for *Coursers*, is a very fenceless word there. I'm almost certain, those words could not mean single Horse Calesbes; but, so I remember, some positive Pedants have thought a *Hecatomb* was but as Oxen; but they*

they had some reason, for 25 Oxen might have a 100 feet among them.

V.r. 31. — Shall be reserv'd for Cæsar, and Ordain'd by Me — is quite beside the Cushion.

V.r. 37. From thence return attended with my train — Thank you, good John Hopkins !

V.r. 40. And shew their Triumph which their shame displays — Speaking of the Britons, whom Mr. D. very learnedly calls Britains, as if it had been so great a shame for a little Island, under a great many petty Kings of different Interests, to be worshipped by the Veterane united Armies of the Roman Empire; or as if solido Elephanto in Latin, were intelligibly Translated by simple Elephant in English.

V.r. 44. His shatter'd Ships on brazen Pillars ride — Very well guess however, and a clear Evidence how one Poet understands another by Inspiration. Virgil promises, in a fit of Portic Grandure, that he'll erect lofty Pillars, cast of the brazen Beaks of Ships, taken from the Egyptians, alluding to the four brazen Pillars so cast by Augustus's Orders, after the Reduction of Egypt. And has not Mr. D. given this sense very clearly? Nor, does he shew less discretion in talking of Niphates with inverted Urne, and dropping Sedge; when Virgil talks of the same Mountain, which Horace, on a like occasion, calls rigidum Niphaten, which Epither, tho there is a River of the same name, and rising, as they say, out of that very Mountain, can properly be applied only to such a Mountain

rain, as that part of the *Taurus*, which is so call'd, is.

*With backward Bows the Parthians shall be Ver. 48.
there, And spurring from the Fight confess their
fear.* Virgil's fence is, *The Parthians shall be
represented there, who confide in their flight, and
in their way of shooting backward,* which is just
the same. So immediately, he makes *Augustus's two Trophies* to be recover'd from *Euro-*
pe and Afric, which really were meant from
Asia and Britain; which argues good skill in
Geography. *But neither Shore his Conquests shall
confine;* is an absurd addition; but above all,
for clean *Paraprase,* and *Noble Figures,* the
next six lines are *Non-pareils,* unless equall'd
by the closeness of the six following.

*Come then, and with thy self thy Genius bring— Ver. 71.
as if en age segnes Rumpe moras,* were spoken
to *Mecænas,* which is only applicable to his
own Muse.

*Sour Headed, strongly Neck'd — Virgil says, Ver. 88.
big Headed, and long Neck'd, but so small a
difference breaks no Squares;* but, I suppose,
he was thinking of the *Manchegan Her-*
o's Triumphal Cage, drawn *A la mode d'*
Espagne, when he would have the *Cows*
strong Neck'd for the Yoke. But what he
means by *rising in her Gate,* and being *free*
from fears, I believe, few *Farmers* understand,
whatever the *Ladies* may.

*Watch the quick motions of the frisking Tail — Vir. 105.
that's a new Diagnostic of the Translator's own*

N Expe-

Experience; Damætas thought such a thing
an ill Omen.

Ver. 122. — *And prancing in his Gate, for Et mollia crura reponit,* nicely Translated! and to tempt the Flood, is a very good English Phrase; but attempt it, had been better. And Argutum Caput, is rather a lean than a sharp Head, if Jockies mistake not.

Ver. 132. — *And trembling with Delight,* no, he trembles with Rage, and all his other motions shew it; but I'm afraid, the double Chin'd Horse must be a Monster.

Ver. 140. — *He bears his Rider headlong on the Foe* — (to pass the foregoing line,) is the character, not of a Horse well train'd for War, and well Man'd, but of a fiery Steed, under a Clinias, or a Damætas, or a *Man of Mr. D's own Courage*; but it's such a Commendation, as Virgil would never have given him, and Virgil's next line, would be enough to confute this Translation.

Ver. 149. — *Saturnturn'd Horse, &c. Ran up the ridges of the Rocks amain* — It was a very strange Beast indeed, and Pacolet's could not have much out-done him; but it's a little unlucky, that Virgil knew not one word of all this. Virgil, good Man! thought that *He fill'd Mount Pelion with his Neighings* — Mr. D. says no, it was the Plain, the reason must be, *He durst not Neigh as he run up the Rocks, for fear of making a false step, and breaking his Neck.* It's a wonder Mother Ops did not discover the Traitor by his strange scampering. There

These are a *lewd Illustration* of the most ^{Ver. 155.}
modest Expressions of a *chaste Poet*, who would ^{60.}
 blush, were he alive again, to see himself
 Painted in so filthy a Dress.

The flying Chariot kindles in the Course — is *Ver. 170.*
 absurd Nonsense; but instead of farther Cri-
 ticism on these 12 lines, take them thus;

Have you not seen, when Chariots *lightly*
wheel'd

Start from their Stands, and rush along
 the Field.

How the *brisk Drivers* pant with Hopes
 and Fears,

And each with eager cries his Horses chears.
 They *stretch*, and *cut*, and *reach* to give
 the *Reins*,

While the *hot Axis* smokes along the Plains;
 Now they run smooth, now jump, and
 mounting high,

Rake thro the Air, and seem to touch the
 Sky.

No stay, nor rest! while *Sandy Tempests* rise,
 And they who strain, the foremost toward
 the *Prize*

Grow wet with *Foam*, and *Breath* of those
 behind,

Such eager thirst of Praise enflames the
 meanest Mind.

To stop, to fly, the Rules of War to know, To *Ver. 183, 4.*
obey the Rider, and to dare the Foe — The *La-*
pitæ were fine Gentlemen, and Mr. D. an ex-
 cellent *Panegyrist*; but these excellencies are
 wholly new Discoveries, which, *Virgil* not

knowing of, would sooner have ascrib'd to the Centaurs, than the *Lapithæ*. The next four lines are strangely wide from the Text.

Ver. 207. For all's too little for the craving kind — is so lewd an illation, and this whole Period is so scandalously Translated, and beside his Author, as might justly strike the Book out of every modest Hand.

Ver. 218. For fear the rankness — &c. here Mr. D's mad after his old *Lucretian Episode*, and what *Virgil* expresses with the greatest purity, he vitiates, and makes wholly obscene and detestable, when all *Virgil*'s meaning is only, that the Mare too rank fed, especially with Grass, won't take so well as one dry fed, and in a lower Condition; which every Horse-breeder knows,

Ver. 231. — Where Nature shall provide green Gras, and fatning Clover — this is somewhat extraordinary in Forests, and what his Author forgot.

Ver. 235. — With holly green — *Virgil* says, — *ilicibus virentem* —

Ver. 342. Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his Channels dry — *Risum teneatis* — *Virgil* says, The roar of Cattle bitten by the Breez reaches the very Skies, and makes the woods, and dry banks of Tanagrus, a Winter Torrent, but dry in Summer, Echo again, Mr. D. supposes the Brook runs away frightened at the noise, which is extreamly Poetical.

Ver. 261. Set him betimes to School, and let him be Instructed in the Rules of Husbandry — these, and the following lines, would put a Man beside all

all patience ; certainly, Mr. D. wanted this care himself ; but if *Calves* must go to School while their Youth is flexible and green, nor have seen the bad Examples of the World ; and the Stubborn Children must begin to be broke early. St. Francis for my Money ! Unless the Translator thinks he can do wonders in the Case.

Thy flattering Method on the Youth pursue, Ver. 270, 5
Joyn'd with his School-fellows by two and two —
E'er the Licentious Youth be thus restrain'd, Or
Moral Precepts on their Minds have gain'd —
all this of Calves still ! Sure, Calves thus Edu-
cated, would make excellent Poets ; I'm sure
some Poets for want of it, have prov'd meer
Brutes,

Who fill'd the Pail with Beestnings of the Ver. 283.
Cow — Well remember'd again, Mr. Bays,
this comes of not going to School to learn the
Country Trade.

And let him clashing Whips in Stables hear — Ver. 292.
 is beyond question, the meaning of — *Stabulo
 frænos audire sonantes.* So again, — *Et plausæ
 sonitum cervicis amare — Make him understand
 The loud applauses of his Master's Hand.* Is not
 this, exquilitate Interpreting ? To which, may
 be added — *Inscius ævi* — very well explain'd
 — *Guiltless of Arms —*

It's an endless work to mark the Absurdi-
 ties of this Translation, yet, who can forbear
 observing how Mr. D. Tranlates — *spumas*
aget ore cruentas —

Sustains the goring Spurs — but who can Ver. 316.
guess why he Tranlates — Belgica vel molli

Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

mellius feret effeda collo — Or, bred to Belgian Waggon leads the way, Untired at Night, and cheerful all the Day?

Ver. 360. His Horns, yet soar, he tries against a Tree,
And Meditates his absent Enemy — is ridiculous Nonsense; and all this Battle of Bulls so impertinently vary'd from his admirable Author, as if he design'd an abuse, not a Translation of him; and tho' Virgil might say in Latin — *Signa movere* — meaning, — He marches forward, could any Man of sense remember what he was speaking of, and say, A Bull, single too, moves his Camp? It's a wonderful Honour to our English Tongue, to have a toppling Author write thus.

Ver. 376. The secret Joys, &c. — This, and several following lines show how hard it is for an inveterate Debauchee to be modest, and what care ought to be taken of such as pretend to Translate Latin Authors, who it seems, creep under the shelter of their Authors Names to instill Filthiness, and Obscenity into the Minds of such who can't command the Originals; the Faults are too many to be noted.

Ver. 399. The sleepy Leacher shuts his little Eyes, About his churning Cheeks the frothy Bubbles rise — Virgil has nothing like this, and every word in it is ridiculous. The Boar while he's grinding and rooting, can't be very sleepy, Love commonly keeps the Lover awake. Shuts his little Eyes — that is, for Sleeping or Meditation; for why mayn't Boars have as good Morals as the best educated Owls in the World? But

the

*the Chaps must burn in the Dream, or else
the Pigsnes must be awake again ; and for
the frothy bubbles, they must rise from the
Churn, and, must needs be extraordinary indi-
cations of violent Love. The Sluces of the Sky
were open spread — is another very sensible Ex-
pression, and much to Virgil's purpose.*

*But far above the rest, &c. — here again Ver. 419.
our Translator runs at random, indulging his
own lewd Fancy, and neglecting his Text.*

*But when they seem exhausted swell the Pail — Ver. 484.
Never, certainly, has any Man met with such
Cows and sheGoats as Mr. D. Their dugs are in-
exhaustible, and the least of 'em would almost
make a Chedder Cheese at a Meal. But Camelots
made of Goats hair is a Bull, and neither private
Centinels, nor Marriners are much troubl'd
with Camelot Cloaks.*

*In depth of Winter to defend the Snow — is a Ver. 495.
particular way of speaking, which Mr. D.
much delights in ; and to defend the Snow, is
indeed, to defend from the Snow, which is a
Phrase as clear as the Sun at Midnight.*

*— Produce in open Air Both Flocks, and send Ver. 502.
'em to their Summer fare — needs not to be
reflected on, but as the English to In saltus
utrumque Gregem atque in pascua mittes.*

*Before the Sun, while Hesperus appears — Ver. 504.
what can that mean ? Hesperus appears pre-
sently after Sun-set ; but that can't be the
Poets meaning, but it's Lucifer, as Virgil calls
him, which appears before the Sun in the
Morning, and which, follows in the rear of*

the departing Stars, as Ovid; and while he shines, and before the Sun's up, the Dew lies in deed upon the Gras; but it's plain, Mr. D. knows no difference between the Evening and the Morning Star.

Ver. 522. When Linnets fill the Woods, &c. Mr. D. will defend himself here by his Friend Ruæus, and other Dutch Commentators; yet Servius hints at the Nightingale; and since the Poet is describing the Evening when Linnets are all hush'd, Common Sence would have taught him, that Virgil could mean no Bird but the Nightingale, and this, a judicious Translator would easily have observ'd.

Ver. 556. — The Ice an Hostry now for Waggons — which, if it answer Virgil's — Hospita Plaustris, is a very considerable Discovery, and is somewhat beyond the Thames, during Blanket Fair; so again, — And thence By weight the solid Portions they dispence, is not Virgil's — Et totæ solidam in glaciem vertere lacunæ.

Ver. 566. The starving Cattle perish in their Stalls — by no means; they are stall'd to prevent it, for, there they are warm, and their Keepers find means to give 'em Fodder, tho' the Snow be very deep.

Ver. 571. — Or makes a distant War with Dogs — can never be the fence of — non agitant immis- sis Canibus — Mr. D. here mentions several Implements of Hunting, which Virgil names not, but takes no notice of — Puniceæve agitant par- vidos formidine pinnæ — was it because it was insigni-

insignificant, or because, he really did not understand it?

— Such are the cold Ryphean race, and such Ver. 586.
The savage Scythian, and Unwarlike Dutcb —
Pray, what difference must we put between the *Ryphean race* and the *Scythian*, since the *Ryphean Mountains* are in *Scythia*? And what temptation could Mr. D. have, to attack the Dutcb in their Winter Quarters? Was it because they are of the same *Flegmatic* and *Unwarlike Temper* with himself? Of all Persons, a *Roman Writer* would never have call'd the *Batavians unwarlike*, and they'd rarely mention 'em without Honour. And Mr. D. should have remember'd he was now Translating the great *Master of Decency* among the *Romans*, and not *Advice to a Painter*. The *Batavians* are Celebrated by the *Romans*, both for their *Fidelity*, and their *Valour*. And those who are acquainted with the Story of their *Recess from Spain*, must own, either that the *Spaniards* were meer *Cowards*, and Men of no spirits, or that the Dutcb were not so *unwarlike* as our *Malecontent* would make 'em. And the Camps of *Prince Maurice*, and *Prince Henry Frederic*, were the *Schools of Mars*, where most of the great *Commanders* of the last Age were brought up in the Art of War; and perhaps, His present *Majesty*, the *Heir of those Martial Princes*, has let the World see that his *Counrymen can fight*; nor have our *Naval Broils* prov'd 'em altogether *unwarlike*, for it's possible Men may be stout *Soldiers*, and

cunning Merchants at the same time ; but however, they must be with our Translator, rude Barbarians, drest in the skins of Beasts, Bears, and Foxes. I remember Report talkt such things of some of that unwarlike Crew who came o'er with the Prince of Orange, but the same report said they were Swilles and Laplanders, which frightened some very unwarlike People.

Ver. 608.

— And to the Taste restore the favour of the Salt — for *Et salis occultum referunt in lache saporem* — Does not such an Interpretation shew an extraordinary acumen ?

Ver. 610.

Some, when the Kids the Dams too deeply drein,
With Gags and Muzzles their soft Mouths restrain — This is Mr. D's fence. Virgil's is,
When it's time to wean the Kids, some put a
prickly Muzzle on their Noses, which hurting the
Dam, she'll let 'em suck no more ; but for Gag-
ging 'em, that's a new Device ; as new a way
of speaking is that of — Pursuing the fear of fly-
ing Hares with the crys of Hounds, and To rouze
from their Dens the bristled rage of Boars ; which,
shows too no great skill in Hunting. But I
must remember, Mr. D. long since, rejected
cant Words, and terms of Art.

Ver. 631.

— And shunning Heavens broad Eye, Cælum
does not signifie that broad thing. But the
English Parnassus is a very good help sometimes.
And Snakes familiar to the Hearth succeed, Dis-
close their Eggs, and near the Chimney breed —
this, beside that superfine Phrase of succeeding
to the Hearth — is *nihil ad Ipbicli boves*. I
don't

don't remember that the *Italians* had Chimneys in their *neat Houses*, nor in their *Sheep-coats*, nor did they live in *Virgil's days*, as they had done under the Government of old *Saturns beard*.

— *Cum frigida parvas
Præberet spelunca domos, ignemque lareisque
Et pecus & dominos communi clauderet umbra.*
Juven. Satyr 6.

which Mr. D. thus scantily Translates —

*When in a narrow Cave, their common shade,
The Sheep, the Shepherds, and their Gods were
laid.*

And which, was thus Paraphras'd by a former Hand ;

*'Twas when whole Families and Gods were
found*

*Nestled in little Burrows under ground ;
When Hall and Kitchin were one nasty hole,
Where Men and Swine in common dirt might
roul — But these Days are now past ;
and therefore, Mr. D's Version's unseasonable,
and childish.*

*Or with hard Stones demolish from afar His Ver. 640.
haughty Crest, the seat of all the War — is a
strange kind of Language ; and sure, that de-
molish is a *Cant word*, and very oddly apply'd ;
but by the seat of all the War, I suppose, Mr.
D. means the place where all the danger springs ;
now that's the Mouth, not the Crest, for, I
think, the *venom* seldom lies there, but a-
bout the *Teeth* ; now if the *Teeth* be demoli-
ed,*

ed, the Adder will soon be Crest-fallen, I make no doubt; but what demolishing it means, I confess, I know not; nor do I believe, that when a wounded Adder, or Snake bides his Head — he leaves expos'd to blows his Back and batter'd Sides — any longer than needs must.

Ver. 668. — Forgets to rear The hopes of Poison for the following Year — is all *fustian* again, and extravagant; for tho' the Calabrian Snake may fly off his Nest at a *Man*, or for thirst may go a great way off, and be very dangerous to all he meets, it does not follow at all, that he must leave his Brood; such a Thought could never have grown out of Virgil, and looks but scurvily now it's stuck to him.

Ver. 673. When the raw Rain has pierced 'em to the quick, Or searching Frosts have eaten thro' the Skin — where Virgil teaches his Shepherd, that the scab breeds in his Flocks, either in moist slabby weather, or in severe frosts, either of which affect 'em to the quick. But for that, when burning Icicles are lodg'd within, it's an Original; and if the Court Ladies can't understand it better than your Shepherds and Farmers, it will pass for exquisite Nonsense; however, burning Icicles will always be admir'd.

Ver. 681. And their Flock's Father — his usual Periphrasis for the Ram. Forc'd from high to leap — false English, and which, that he might have been all of a piece, should have been — whom in Floods they steep — and that had been better Rhyme too — Swims down the Stream, and plunges in the deep — now durst I lay a Jacobus,

cobus, that if the Father of the Flock be forc'd to leap from high, he'll plunge in the deep before he swims down the Stream — so that this is an egregious *Hysteron Proteron*. But if Mr. D. stands to see Sheep wash'd in a River, he'll find they are not only thrown in from high, but that Men are fain to take somewhat more pains with 'em, and if after washing, they are left to swim down the Stream, it's only for a convenient Landing place.

Virgil's Medicine for the Scab among Sheep, Ver. 683.
is a Composition of Lees of Oil, Mercury, Flower of Brimstone, Rosin, Bees-wax, Squills, Hellebore; for which, now a-days, they take Tobacco stalks, and Pitch — for these, Mr. D. orders, Mother'd Oil, Founts where living Sulphurs boil, The Scum that swims on molten Silver, fat Pitch, black Bitumen, the wanton labour of the Bees, with Hellebore and Squills deep rooted in the Seas — Quære, who's the better Leach, and more intelligible Author? Add to this, — *The secret Vice is fed* — for *alitur vitium*, as if *vitium* in Latine were of no larger a signification, than *vice* in English, and you have an excellent Doctor and Interpreter together.

Virgil for the Fever in Sheep, advises — In- *Ver. 700.*
ter ima ferire pedis venam — i. e. says, Servius, to Breath a vein on the top of the Foot, or between the Nails. Mr. D. advises to breath a vein underneath the Foot, so he constru'd his Author; but what part of the Hoof, pray, do the veins lie in in Horses, Kine, Goats, or Sheep?

Re-

Ver. 709.

Revenge the Crime, and take the Traytor's Head — but, why is it a *Crime* for a *Sheep* to be sick? Or how comes the sick *Creature* to be a *Traytor*? Or why must he lose his *Head*? These Questions, I confess, are to me unanswerable, to kill one which is diseas'd to prevent Contagion, is good, but *Shepherds* very seldom turn *Headsmen*. But this agrees well enough with the *Nation of Sheep*, because *Virgil* calls 'em *gentem*, which shows a deep reach; and with the *Shepherds happy Reigns* — for *Regna Pastorum* — Dr. *Busby* would never have pardon'd such Construing.

Ver. 722.

— *The dumb Creation* — i. e. *Trees*, unless they happen to be *vocal*; *Earth*, unless there be some *Aetnaean Rupture* in it, *Sea*, *Sky*, *Stars*, yet *Virgil* talks nothing of these; but *Birds* and *Beasts* are not the *dumb Creation*, unless every thing be so which can't speak with *Humane voise*. *Birds* and *Beasts* have a *Language* of their own, which they mutually understand, and are as noisie, and as rational too as some Men. Again, whence comes that difference between *tame Cattel*, and *the Beasts of Nature*? Are *tame Cattel* monsters, or unnatural Products? But this is the *Fauntee way of writing*.

Ver. 731.

Converting into Bane the kindly juice Ordain'd by Nature for a better use; is the exact sense of — *Omniaque in se offa minutatim morbo collopsa trahebat*.

Ver. 737.

— *By the holy Butcher* — This becomes Mr. D. and doubtless, is the true English of such

such a *sacerdos* as he would have made, had he been admitted, but in it he shows his respect, not to *Pagan Priests*, whom perhaps, in many cases, it might be proper enough to *ridicule*, but to all, for with him *the Priests of all Religions are the same*.

Or the black Poison stain'd the sandy Floor — not Ver. 742.
to take notice of Mr. D's ignorance in *Heathen Sacred Rites*, it's plain, he takes *fejuna sanie* — to signify *black Poison*, and he's the *first*, and I hope, will be the *last* who understands it so.

And render their sweet Souls — Dulces Animas — well Constru'd again! These, doubtless, were some of those well educated moral *Calves*, of whom, Mr. D. gave us so fine an account before.

— *And rugged are his Hairs* — never was any thing more *insipid*, than this Noble part of the *III. Georgic*, as Mr. D. has given it us; among the rest, he says, *rugged are his Hairs*. Virgil says, *his skin grows hard*; which is a *very different thing*. But it seems, this *Distemper* sublimes the *brutal Nature of the Horse*, so as he comes to groan with *Manly moans*; I suppose, he means moans of such Men as were Originated from *Deucalion's Mother's Bowels*, which I have shown before, must make 'em of a *very soft temper*.

Which timely taken ope'd his closing Jaws, Ver. 764.
But if too late, the Patients death did cause. Virgil's sense is, that When this Pestilence first began, a Drench of Wine prov'd very good for the sick Beast. But the Pest spreading the Disease was

was alter'd, and what had been Physick before, now became the grand incentive of the Distemper, adding fury to the inward flame; but he thought nothing of giving the Dose sooner or later, for that made no difference. I wish too, Mr. D. would give us some application of 1768, 9. *Ye Gods to better Fate good Men dispose, And turn that impious Error on our Foes;* I doubt not, but it will be very diverting.

Ver. 771. *The Steer studious of Tillage, and the crooked Plough* — this too must have come of those Calves of liberal Education, mention'd before.

Ver. 774. *The Clown who cursing Providence repines* — Must every one then who's sad, repine, and curse Providence? It becomes a Republican Atheist well enough, or one who has lost the Bays to do so; but Virgil's Farmers had better Manners.

Ver. 781. *His Eyes are settled in a stupid Peace* — A dull Nonsensical way of saying, — *A heavy dulness hangs upon his Eyes.*

Thus have I gone thro' this III^d Book, noting a few of almost numberless Faults in English, Insence, in his Authors meaning, and in propriety of Expression; and can't but wonder that any Man, who could not but be Conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned World with such an undertaking. A Man ought to value his Reputation more than his Money; and not to hope, that those, who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a Partially, and unseasonably celebrated Name.

THE BOOK

BOOK IV. Of the GEORGICS.

THIS again is one of Mr. D's labour'd Pieces, and which, he values himself upon, where, if I meet with fewer blunders, I shall be very glad for his, and for the Readers, and for my own sake; for I know but of one thing more Nauseous to a wise Man, than to find faults; and that is, to meet with any one who has so many to find. But to the Book it self.

— *Before the busie Shop* — Mr. D. resembles Ver. 16. the Bees-hive to as many things as the famous Preacher did *Meditation*. Here in a few lines it's their Station, their City, their place of Trade, their Mansion, their Shop, and doubtless, it's resembl'd to many more things afterwards; but with such a Copia, as Virgil would have been no ways pleas'd with.

— *As the cold Congeals into a lump of liquid Gold* — Ver. 49. Who'd think this liquid Gold were meer Honey? Or where's any Author whoever call'd it by that Name? Virgil's our Text, and it's best keeping to him.

— *The niceness of their Nose* — false Grammar Ver. 67. for Noses. Such another incoherent verse is that, And doubled Images of voice rebound. Which, if any one can make sence of, with the precedent, or subsequent Lines, they'll oblige me.

The winged Nation wanders thro the Skies — Ver. 73. This supposes Bees very high flyers, which really they are not, and therefore, Virgil says nothing like it. O — Drunk

Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

— Drunk with secret Joy — for Nescio qua dulcedine letæ; and for Progeniem nidoque fovent, the Paraphrase is wonderful; Their young Succession all their cares employ, They breed, they brood, Instruct and educate, And make Provision for the future State. These Bees then are brought up at the same Academy, where the Calves were in the former Book under Tutor D—n, but I'm afraid, in the issue, they'll prove Anti-Republicans.

F. Raium
de Plan.

Then Milfoil beat, and Hony-suckles pound—
this is not Virgil's Recipe, and any Country Housewife could have taught him, that Balm and Hony-wort, are the proper Herbs to daub a Hive with, nor the Ground to which you'll draw the Swarm; and so our Botanists interpret Melisphylla and Cerinthe. And mix with tinkling Braſs the Cymbal's droning sound — is a very singular way of speaking. Should these have been beaten and pounded too?

Straight to their ancient Cells recall'd from air, The reconcil'd Deserters will repair — what a strange Idea has the Translator of the management of Bees? House-wives will tell him, they don't try to reduce the Swarms to the old, but to new Hives. The old Stock turn 'em out for want of room, and they put 'em into new Hives to increase 'em; so that I have known an old Stock, in a kindly Year, throw out two good Swarms and a Cast, which makes 'em multiply apace, else the smothering of their Bees, which is easier than driving, would quickly ruin the Bee-Merchant.

With shouts, the Cowards courage they excite — Ver. 98.
 Here Mr. D. enlarges violently, and gives us a glorious Representation of the *Bee-war*, far beyond his *Author*; and yet methinks, *Virgil* talks very *handsomely* too; but he knew not any thing of the shouting of *Bees*, nor could he distinguish which of the *Bees* were *Foot*, which *Horse*, and which *Dragoons*, nor between the *Light Horse*, and those heavy *Arm'd*; nor had he any notice of an *Order of Knighthood* among 'em, and knew nothing of the *Bannerets*, these have been *discoveries of later Ages*; and Mr. D. has honour'd us with a very exact account of them. Thus too, he runs riot from ver. 122 to 130, and beyond his *Author's design*, carries on the *Fray* till it's scarce worth while to part 'em. But if one only can reign — *What will become of our new Republicans?*

*And like their grizly Prince appears his gloomy Ver. 145.
 Race — As if all the rest of the Bees were bred by him, which is much to his Honour — But, we may observe, Mr. D. here talks of the Lawful King, and some Usurper; Virgil makes that Lawful King meerly Elective at the will of the Bee-Master, whose Judgment interposing, quite beside any Right of Succession, makes a Lawful, when a good, and abdicates an ill-look'd, i. e. a bad King; I would not have Mr. D. misapply it, but it gives us a somewhat particular notion of Legal Royalty.*

Qu. Whether *Falx saligna*, signifies a *Latb-Sword*?

Ver. 215.

And tame to Plums the sourness of the Sloes —

This is such a piece of Husbandry and Elegancy, and rises so naturally from Virgil's words, as may be justly admir'd, but is really inimitable ; it's a way of meliorating Fruits, by Graffing beyond any Experiments of my Lord Bacon. Nor less valuable is that, *Each has a certain home, a several stall; All is the States, the State provides for all.* Ver. 228. Which favours too much of Republicanism.

Ver. 232.

Some o'er the Public Magazine preside — is a Thought so extreamly ridiculous, as none but Mr. D. could have stumbl'd on ; nor could any but he, have dreamt of Bees making use of Narcissus leaves, in building of their Combs.

Ver. 238.

Some nurse the future Nation of the Hive — Virgil says — *Aliæ, spem gentis, adultos Educunt fatus.* — This looks as if it had another meaning ; but Ruæus interprets it just as wisely as Mr. D. and both without any reason ; when the true sense is, *Some lead out and exercise the young Bees* ; i. e. that they may know how, and where to feed themselves, to work, and to gather Honey, and Wax against the time they're to set up for themselves. And this is proper to be done for the *Fætus adulti*, who are past Nursing, when call'd by that name ; and every Body must know the difference between *Educere* and *Educare*.

Ver. 239.

— Some Purge the Grout — I confess my ignorance of what Mr. D. means by that Employment ; Virgil forgot it, and I have not Butlerby me ; but upon this, I find our Trans-

lator

flator fell fast asleep, and quite slipt those admirable Lines. — *Sunt, quibus ad Pertas cecidit custodia sorti; Inque vicem speculantur aquas & nubila Cœli, Aut onera accipiunt venientum* — What if they were thus Translated?

Some by their Lots before the Portal ply,
Some view the Clouds, and watch the changing Sky,
Unload their weary'd Mates; and jointly strive

From *lazy Drones* to clear the thrifty *Hive*.
But for the *Bees* being stung with *Envy*, and therefore, I suppose, working the harder, it's the Genuine Product of Mr. D's own Brain.

Subdu'd in Fire the Stubborn Metal lies — Ver. 247.
is neither Poetical, nor proper English, nor tele-
rable fence; nor does the *Translator* mend in those. — *Huge flakes of flames expire, With Tong's they turn the Steel and vex it in the Fire.*
And when he tells us the Employment of the *Elder Bees*, he's as *ridiculous* as possible; but he's beyond measure exact in the Names of *Plants* and *Flowers*, which his *Author* men-
tions; and those two, *The hollow murmurs of their Evening Bells Dismiss the sleepy Swains,*
and toll' em to their Cells — ver. 276. are Ori-
ginals.

— *Their modest Appetites, is Grammar*; but *Their Heroic Mind* — *Their strength, are false English*; and to talk of their *not using Woman-kind*, is absurd; and *the rage of Honey*, ver. 299. is a *Nonsensical Latinism*.

Ver. 313. — *The King presides, &c.* are all impertinent, and silly *Excursions*, an affectation of fine *Thoughts* without reason, and without any Countenance of his Author.

Ver. 326. — *And kindles as he goes*—is what I can make no fence of; if it refer to God, here made the *Soul of the World*. *He kindles*, must be understood *passively*, for he is kindled, and what fence it will have then, I know not; if it refers to the several parts of the Creation, it must mean his influence *kindles them in an active fence*, which is an odd way of speaking, and would require a larger *Commentary* than I'm at leisure for; it may be, this *Translation* may express *Virgil's* meaning more clearly.

Such wondrous *Signs*, and *Instances* of old
Made Men renown'd, for Sacred Wisdom,
hold

That *Bees* were by *Ethereal Fires* enflam'd,
And *Portions* of th' eternal *Essence* claim'd.
God might thro all the *parts of Nature* move,
Thro Earth and Seas, and *Heavens* vast *Orbs*
above;

Hence *Flocks*, *Herds*, *Men*, and all the *Savage Crew*,

Their *Lives* from that *Immortal Substance*
drew;

All when dissolv'd, to this return at last,
Not into *noughts* *Inexistence* cast;
But live the *Life of Stars*; are always bright,
And always beam'd with indefective Light.

Ver. 340. — When their *Quire* surveys, *The Scorpion*
mend his pace — such English as a Man would
hardly

hardly look for, from a Master of our Language.

And break the Waxen Walls to save the State — Ver. 351. Virgil says, *Take away the empty Combs to prevent Vermin harbouring in 'em*. And here he pursues a Metaphor till it grows nauseous.

— *Or Wasps infest the Camp* — Every Dictionary, I believe, would have satisfied Mr. D. that *Crabrones* are *Hornets*, not *Wasps*.

These four lines, in which, Virgil talks of Ver. 363. the care of the Bees to recover their own *ruines and losses*, Mr. D. absurdly enough, applies to the Bee-Masters; but he writes for the *Ladies*, not for *use*.

— *And shagged is their Hair* — A singular Ver. 371. Observation, but which, the Farmer could scarcely have made without a Microscope; and I'm afraid that line, *Their Friends attend the Hearse, the next Relations Mourn* — is all Apocryphal, and as wide from truth and his Text, is the following line.

With such a Tempest thro the Skies they steer — Ver. 447. is an absurd fence added to the Poet, who makes them appear thick, as a stormy Shower in the Summer; but never thought of their driving like a Tempest, which had been such an Idea of their first rising, as would have been hit at by Augustus and Mæcenas, and the Roman Ladies. And such a form the winged Squadron bear, is applicable to nothing which went before.

On Peneus banks he stood — is false measure; Ver. 453. it's not Pe-neus with two Syllables, but Pe-ne-us

with three, and the penultima long, as any Poet would have show'd him.

Ver. 459. *The third by him, and theo from Heavens high King* — Who could imagine Mr. D. a Denizen of Parnassus, who could not find out the difference between two and three upon his Fingers? *Apollo* was the Son of Jupiter, by Latona, as Homer shows, *Aristaeus* was the Son of Apollo, by Clymene; therefore but the second from his Heavens high King; but, perhaps, he was thinking of — *A fore tertius Ajax*, and fancy'd *Aristaeus* a Grecian Commander, which might bring his Thoughts to a dislocation.

Ver. 462. *If by d. st thou me, unhappy me, create?* This, I doubt, is the first time that any Mother was said to have Created her Child; I hope Mr. D. may know some difference between Generation and Creation, or his Theology, and Philosophy, must run very low.

Ver. 482. — *And clad in party-colour'd Cloth* — i. e. according to the high mode of our English Ladies; but it was the worst Fashion which could have been thought of, for those who liv'd under water, and could not get from their Lodgings but thro' the Flood. Had Mr. D. here err'd with his Author, he had been excusable; but this was meer whimsie and indefensible. Mr. D. it seems, was better acquainted with those Nymphs than his Author; and therefore has fixt Characters on them all, or else he took 'em from some, whose Names, if known, would doubtless be very diverting.

But

But Arethusa leaping from her bed — is a *Ver. 498.*
very new thought, nor could I have believ'd
the Ladies lay spinning a bed, had not Mr. D.
found it out; I think Knotting was not quite
so ancient, or it had been a more agreeable
business for such lazy Lasses.

— *His careless Mother* — says Mr. D. — *Tua Ver. 504.*
maxima cura — says *Virgil*; both respecting
the same Aristæus. — *Upbraiding Heaven from*
whence his Lineage came, And cruel calls the
Gods — this addition both abuses *Aristæus*, and
Virgil.

— *Conduct him here* — is false English, for *Ver. 510.*
Conduct him either. *Qu.* Whether — *jubet* — signifies,
She wav'd her hand on either side.

He bears the crackling sound of Coral Woods — *Ver. 521.*
is wild enough, and from the Original distant
enough; but why Coral Woods? *Rheæus* thinks,
Virgil meant only Weeds and Bul-rushes grow-
ing in the bottoms of Rivers. And Mr. D.
should have remember'd, he was here disco-
vering a Rivers Head; now Coral is no
growth of Rivers, but of the Sea, and there-
fore, was by no means to have been men-
tioned here.

And rub his Temples with fine Towels dry — *Ver. 542.*
is a very smooth verse; but since he was wash'd
all over, why were his Temples only rub'd dry?
It's not intimated in — Tonisque ferunt mantilia
vallis — There must be some Mystery in it, if
a Man could but find it out.

Mr. D. talks of two Bowls, and afterwards *Ver. 547.*
of this to the Ocean, this to the Nymphs, which is
all

all stuff; in their *Libations* but one was us'd, and when one, the Principal, had sprinkl'd a few drops on the Altar or Table, and had drunk first, the same Bowl went from Hand to Hand, as may be seen in that Feast which *Dido* makes to *Aeneas*.

Ver. 551. She sprinkl'd thrice with Wine the Vestal Fire—is an intolerable Anachronism. *Vesta* here signifies, the Fire it self, not the Fire as kept to the honour of that Goddess which was an Institution of *Numa Pompilius*, as we learn both from *Livy*, and *Plutarch*.

Ver. 571. —The wily Wizard — a very civil, and a very sensible Expression of him, whom he calls both a Prophet and a God before. For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for nought, Nor is with Prayers, or Bribes, or Flattery bought, is all Riddle, and past my understanding.

Ver. 595: — Beware to strein his Fetters — is a fine new way of speaking, and worthy of the Inventor.

Ver. 599. With Nectar she her Son anoints — No, it was with Ambrosia, *Virgil* says, and there's as much difference between them, as between Meat and Drink, for neither of 'em are like true nappy Ale; which of our two Authors now should be chiefly credited? He breath'd of Heaven, and look above a Man; is bombastick impertinence, in which, it's certain, Mr. D. does not creep servilely after sense, a thing, which he condemn'd long since.

Ver. 605. If any Man or Woman can explain the meaning of those three Verses concerning the Cave of Proteus, where heaps of Billows driven by

by Wind and Tyde, In form of War their watry ranks divide, And there like Centries set (a ver-
ry Poetical word) without the mouth abide — or can show me how they grow out of Virgil's — *Quo plurima vento Cogitur, inque sinus scin-
dit sese unda reductos,* I shall own my self their most Humble Servant.

Her self involv'd in Clouds precipitates her *Ver. 614.* flight — here Mr. D. very honestly contradic'ts his Author, who tells us only, that She stood at a distance muffled in a Cloud, indeed, to see the event, which answer'd the Character of a tender Mother. That some Copies read *re-cessit*, is not to the purpose, and is refuted by the Sequel of the Story, where, Cyrene is at hand to chear up her Son daunted with Proteus's terrible tale. Mr. D. says indeed, She return'd to comfort him, *ver. 769.* But Virgil says nothing of returning, nor was Cyrene so great a Goddess, as to have known her Son's condition in a trice, if she had not been near, as appears by her insensibility and slowness to hear him when he came crying, to tell her his misfortunes.

— They rouling spirt the bitter Sea ; for Gens *Ver. 622.* rorem dispersit amarum ; the meanest Pedant in England, would have whipt a Lubber of Twelve for Construing so absurdly ; what follows is of the same batch, *Unweildily they wallow, first in Ooze, Then in the shady Covert seek repose.* Whereas, Virgil says, The Sea Calves lay themselves down on the shore ; and Navigators say, they chuse the Sun to bask in when they sleep. The rest to 630, are meer Kim Kam. And

Ver. 638. And wearies all his Miracles of Lyes — It seems then, they were Roman Miracles. Convinc'd of Conquest, for Convinc'd that he was conquer'd, is a very quaint Phrase.

Ver. 642. — What madness could Provoke a mortal Man t' invade a sleeping God ! Mr. D. tacks this to his Author, and with his usual Success; for *Aristæus* was a God too, tho a Shepherd, as his Father had been ; he was as Honourably descended as Proteus himself, and invok'd as a God, by *Virgil*, in the beginning of his *Georgics*.

Ver. 645. *Aristæus*'s answer is in *Virgil* so apposite, and lively, in the Translation so dilute and insipid, that, it's intolerable to Compare 'em ; but who would think that *Aristæus* meant his Bees, by his perish'd People ?

Ver. 663. Qu. Whether *Ante Pedes*, signifies, At her Heels ?

Ver. 667. The Realms of Mars remurmur'd all around — What Realms were they ?

Ver. 727. After abundance of extravagant additions to his Author, to show the Luxuriancy of his vanity, he adds, — He prays, he raves, all means in vain, he tries, With rage enflam'd, asto-nish'd with surprise, But she return'd no more to bless his longing Eyes — But, we must remember, it's Mr. D's *Orpheus*, not *Virgil's*, of whom, these things are said,

Ver. 735. — In the leaky Sculler — i. e. I suppose, in *Charon's* lap ; for the Boat is the Scull, the Waterman who rows, is the Sculler, as Mr. D. may learn every day at the Water-side.

Whoever pleases to read *Virgil's Latine* in Ver. 742. this Similitude of the *Nightingale*, with Mr. D's Version, will soon be sick of the latter, or else must have a very mean taste of Poetry.

Alone he tempts the Floods, &c. *Virgil*, So- Ver. 751.
Ius lustrabat — quoniam bene conveniunt!

On the glad Earth the Golden Age renewes, Ver. 814.
And his great Fathers path to Heaven pursues.
This is one of Mr. D's Interpolations, and what it means, is not very plain. If by *Augustus's Father*, he means *Julius Cæsar*, his *History's* but indifferent; and no body ever pass'd that complement on *Julius Cæsar*, That he had restor'd the Golden Age, or had much cultivated the Arts of Peace. *Octavius* did so indeed, but that was not pursuing his Father's way; in short, Mr. D. abuses 'em both, by affixing inconsistent Characters on them, and his Author, by presuming to teach him how to Court his Patrons.

Thus, Sir, at your Desire, I have gone thro' the Eclogues and Georgies, as Translated by Mr. D. and have been sufficiently weary'd with the Task; I won't pretend to have been infallible in all my Observations, but as I think, I have rarely charg'd him where he was not guilty; so I can easily satisfie him, or you, that I let many pass, only because they were too thick; and none can pass a Rational Censure on them, who reads not *Virgil's Original*,

ginal, and Mr. D's. and these Remarks together. The *Aeneids* I design not to meddle with, at present, tho the Faults in them, are innumerable, and such as convince me, that Mr. D. either did not, or would not understand his Author. After all, I'm not the Translator's enemy, but a Lover of Virgil for whom, if by showing the Errors of this Translation, I could procure an accurate one, I should think this time well spent. I cannot bear to see the best Poets, either Sacred or Profane, Burlesqu'd, or abus'd; and it's no ill Nature, but Zeal for their Honour, which makes me turn Critic; and I must thank Mr. D. that his Mistakes, have given me an opportunity to dive farther into Virgil's meaning, and to admire his beauties more than I had ever done before. If I have turn'd Mr. D's harsh words sometimes upon himself, he may remember, that besides his Brother Poets, he never spar'd a Clergy-Man, which perhaps, might make the Hand the rougher of

Your Humble Servant.

The I. Book of Virgil's Georgics made English.

WHAT makes the richest *Tilth*, beneath
what Signs
To Plough, and when to match your *Elms*
and *Vines*? What

What care with *Flocks* and what with *Herds*
agrees,

And all the management of frugal *Bees*,
I sing *Mecenas*; Ye immensely clear,
Vast Orbs of Light which guide the rolling
Year;

Bacchus, and Mother *Ceres*, if by you
We fatning *Corn* for hungry *Mast* pursue,
If taught by you, we first the *cluster* prest,
And thin cold streams with spritely juice refreshit.
Ye *Fawns* the present *Numens* of the Field,
Wood Nymphs and *Fawns*, your kind assistance
yield,

Your gifts I sing ! And thou, at whose fear'd
stroke

From rending Earth the fiery *Courser* broke,
Great *Neptune*, O assist my artful Song !

And thou to whom the Woods and Groves
belong,

Whose Snowy Heifers on her flowry Plains
In mighty Herds the *Cæan Isle* maintains !

Pon, happy Shepherd, if thy cares Divine,
Eer to improve thy *Mænalus* incline ;
Leavethy *Lycean Wood* and *Native Grove*,
And with thy lucky smiles our work approve !
Be *Pallas* too, sweet Oils Inventor, kind ;
And he, who first the crooked *Plough* design'd !
Sylvanus, God of all the Woods appear,
whose Hands a new drawn tender *Cypress*
bear !

Ye Gods and Goddesses, who e'er with Love,
Would guard our Pastures, and our Fields im-
prove !

You,

10.

20.

You, who new Plants from unsown Lands
supply;

30. And with condensing Clouds obscure the Sky,
And drop 'em softly thence in fruitfull
Showers,

Assist my Enterprize, ye gentler Powers!

And thou great Cæsar! Tho we know not
yet

Among what Gods thou'l fix thy lofty Seat,
VVhether thou'l be the kind *Tutelar God*
Of thy own *Rome*; or with thy awfull nod,
Guide the vastVVorld, while thy great Hand

shall bear,

The Fruits and Seasons of the turning Year,
And thy bright Brows thy Mother's Myrtles
wear:

40. Whether thou'l all the boundless Ocean sway,
And Sea-men only to thy self shall pray,
Thule, the Farthest Island kneel to thee,
And that thou may'ſt her Son by Marriage be,
Tethys will for the happy Purchase yield

To make a Dowry of her watry Field;

Whether thou'l add to Heaven a brighter Sign,
And o'er the Summer Months serenely shine;
VVhere between Cancer and Erigone,

There yet remains a spacious Room for thee.

50. Where the hot Scorpion too his Arms declines,
And more to thee than half his Areb resigns;
VVhat e'er thou'l be; for sure the Realms
below

No just pretence to thy Command can show:
No such Ambition sways thy vast desires,
Tho Greece her own Elysian Fields admires.

And

And now at last, contented *Proserpine*
 Can all her Mother's earnest Prayers decline.
 What e'er thou'l be, O, guide our gentle
 course,

And with thy smiles our bold attempts en-
 force;

With meth' unknowing *Rustics* wants relieve,
 And tho on Earth our sacred vows receive!

60.

In early Spring, when first the melting Snow
 Begins from Mountains hoary tops to flow,
 And western Gales dissolve the Frozen Soil,
 Then let my Bullocks first begin their toil.

Groan at the weighty Plough, and make the
 Share

VVith constant work a cheerful brightness
 wear!

That Soil must gratifie the greediest Swains,
 VVwhich *Summer* twice, and *Winter* twice su-
 stains.

70.

Ground turn'd so much, with heavy Crops
 defies

Barns narrow walls, and in huge Stacks must
 rise.

But e'er the Plough a Field unpractis'd tries,
 First let's observe, beneath what VVinds it lies,
 VVhat Air it's in, hot, dry, or moist, or cold,
 It's former Crops, and how Manur'd of old;
 VVhat Fruit the Land will bear, and what re-
 fuse,

Some better Grain, some nobler Vines pro-
 duce;

Some are for Fruits, and native Pastures best:
 Hence *Tmolus* is with fragrant *Saffron* blest.

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80.

India with *Ivory*, the *VWorld* supplies,
VVwhich Incense from the *loft Sabæan* buys ;
In Steel for *Trade* the *hot Sinopian* toils ;
And Pontus sells the *fætid Beavers* spoils ;
Epirus is for *fleetest Mares* repon'd,
Oft with the *fam'd Olympic Garlands* crown'd.
Nature of old these lasting *Sanctions* made,
And certain Tasks on certain Countries laid,
E'er since *Deucalion* stones behind him threw,
And made Man's stubborn Race the *VWorld* renew.

90.

Go to then streight, and at the Years first
 Hand,
 Let sturdy Oxen turn the fruitfull Land ;
 And let the dusty Summers Sun digest
 The sloping Turf with inward fatness blest.
 But if the Soil be poor when *Charles's Wain*
In Autumn rises, let the wary Swain
 The Land with shallow Furrows sleightly
 Plow
Here left a Crop of baneful Weeds should grow,
 And choke the Corn, *there* left the moisture
 drein'd,
 A scorching Drought should burn the barren
 Sand.

100.

Sometimes a new reap'd Field recovers
 best
 When left unplow'd each other Year to rest ;
 Else, when the Sign is chang'd sow Broad-Corn
 there,
 Where *Pulse* had flourish'd the preceding Year,
 Where the thin *Vetch*, and bitter *Lupines* grew,
 The stalks Plow'd in the mellow'd Soil re-
 new. So

So oft the Noblest Crops of *Wheat* we find,
Where those dry Husks stood rattling in the
wind.

But hungry *Flax*, and *Oats* exhaust the Field,
And Poppies, which forgetful Slumbers yield.
Yet still that cure's the easiest, and the best,
To leave the Ground each other Year at rest.

Rich fatning *Dung* on Glebe half spent be-
stow,
And Mossy Lands with Sooty Ashes sow.

It's oft prov'd good the barren Fields to fire,
Where *Haum* and *Leaves*, and crackling *Flames*
conspire;

Whether their inward warmth the ground
relieves,

And fatning Food, and secret vigour gives ;
Or flames against the barren parts prevail,
And off the useless moisture quite exhale ;
Or finds new ways, and clears exhausted Pores,
And freer Sap to springing Plants restores ;
Or bakes the Glebe, and stops it's gaping Veins
Against th' untimely flows of soaking Rains ;
Or to secure it from the fierce extremes
Of *Winters* cold, or *Summers* furious Beams.

He too improves his new laid Lands who
breaks

The tough unbearing Clods with sturdy *Rakes*,
Then lays 'em smooth with weighty twisted
Thorns.

Kind *Ceres* too, his pains with wealth adorns,
Who, where the *Leys* are low, cross Plows the
Lands,

And stirs 'em oft, and every Clod commands.

110.

120.

130.

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Such careful Tillage makes the *Mysians* boast,
Their wondrous Crops, when on the *Pbrygian*
Coast,

Fair *Ida* her astonish'd Brows can raise,
When she the monstrous growth beneath fur-
veys.

I'll pass those by, who, when they're new-
ly sown,

Streight Harrow all the crumbling Ridges
down;

Then all the Plains from Neighbouring Rivers
flow,

When all for want of moisture languid grow.

140. Or from some higher Grounds by gentle
dreins,

Draw down embody'd Waters o'er the Plains;

Which o'er the Stones their chiding mur-
murs yield,

And cool the thirst of all the neighbouring
Field.

What should I mention those who, when
the blade

Makes all the *Leys* diffuse an even shade,
Lest too weighty Ears the stalk should
crown,

Let in their Sheep and feed the rankness down.

Or when the glutted Fields have drunk at
large,

With double Plows th' excessive wets dis-
charge;

150. Chiefly in Vernal Months, when every Flood
Breaks o'er it's Banks, and spreads the Fields
with mud;

And

And every swamp a standing Water shews,
And moisture warm, and noxious vapour
spues.

Thus' when the busie Men and Oxen toil
To turn, and manage, and improve the Soil.
Sometimes th' improving Soil, of hurt com-
plains,

By greedy Wild-Geese, and destructive Cranes,
And from wild Chichory, whose noxious
shade,

And bitter Roots the forward Crops invade.

Great *Jove* himself first clog'd our Lives with

Pains,
Taught Tillage, and repaid our Art with gains.
He whetted Humane Wits with studious care,
Nor would his Reign a lazy temper bear.
Before his Government no careful Swains
Plow'd up the Field, or measur'd o'er the
Plains,

No Balks, no Mounds the proper Owners
show'd,

But all in Common, Golden Plenty flow'd.
What from unwounded Earth by Nature
sprung

Into their Arms a blest abundance flung.
Jove made the gloomy Serpents poisonous
grow,

Wolves ravenous, and Storms at Sea to blow.
No more the sweets from dropping Branches
flow'd,
No more the flames at wholsom distance
glow'd,

No Rivers now with native Nectar swell'd,
But all their Lives by sleights and practice held.
For new Inventions now their thoughts they
strein'd,

And Art by slow degrees perfection gain'd.
He made them get their Bread with restless
pains,
And force their site from flints obscurer veins.
Then hollow'd Trees the Rivers wondring
bore,

180. And Sea-men first presum'd to quit the shore,
The Stars in various Constellations threw,
And all their names, and all their numbers
knew.

And could fit times for Voyages declare
From Pleiad's, Hyad's, and the Northern Bear.
Bird-lime and Springes, then for Birds were
found.

And Hounds to draw the spacious Forests
round.
With jagged Spears the largest Brooks they
try'd,
And let long Nets drive down the briny Tide.
Beside the Wedge, they'd thro' the Timber
draw

190. The well edg'd Ax, and plated ringing Saw.
Then various Arts in various ways appear'd,
And want extream, which nothing sharper
fear'd,

With indefatigable pains renew'd,
Forc'd every bar, and every stop subdu'd.
When

When common Trees, and sacred Groves
deny'd
Their Malt, and Jove's blest Oaks no more
supply'd.

Kind Ceres first the Share and Coulter show'd,
And Men by her Divine Instruction Plow'd.
Yet troubles soon attack'd their labours there,
And Blire and Mill-Dew blackt the weightless
Ear.

Now the wild Teazle starves our hopeful Fields,
Thistles and Thorns, the richest surface yields,
And where a Golden Crop had rarely fail'd,
There Darnel sooth, and barren Oats prevail'd.

And now, unless with restless Rakes and Hoes,
You Brakes and Briars, and springing Weeds
oppose,

Shout off the Birds, and lop the shady rows,
Till the free Air thro every quarter flows,
And beg, and pray for seasonable Rain;

You'll look on others rising Stacks in vain ;
In vain you'll envy their Industrious Care,
And must to Woods again for wretched Mast
repair.

Now will we teach the Tools which Farmers need

When e'er they'd House their Crops, or sowe
their Seed ;

A Plough-Share, Coulter, and a weighty Beam,
A slow-paced Cart, and Gears to fix the Team,
Such Ceres kind, once taught her Host to make,
The Sledge, the Tumbrel, and the weighty
Rake,

And if you'd be for Husbandry renown'd,

220. Tools yet more mean must in your Yards be
found,

Implements of the pliant Osier made,
Sieves, Riddles, Fans with turning Canvas
made,

Or on the Knees of toiling Threshers play'd.
Now search the Woods some crooked Elm to
find,

Or for a Plough-Beam force it to your mind,
Give it Eight Foot in length, and double Ears
Of Iron tooth'd, to fix the toiling Steers.

Then some fair Beech, or Teil in season fell,
Which for a lightsome Yoke, and Staff excell.

230. And for a Plough-Stail take a smoke-dry'd Oak,
To check the Wheels, and guide the Coulters
stroke.

Here, could I many ancient Rules declare,
Unless you scorn the Countries meaner care.
To make your Barn a solid Floor assume,
Forge Dust and common Earth, and binding
Loom,

Temper and mix 'em well, till firmer grown,
You roll 'em level with a pondrous Stone.

Then won't it crumble, nor the creeping weed,
Nor other Pests of Corn about it breed;

240. Else Mice in it, and Rats will build their Nests,
And plenty fill the little proggings Beasts.
There dark Ey'd Moles will cait, and loath-
some Toads

Lurk in their holes, and Vermin swarm by loads.
Weevils the largest heaps of Grain infest,
And Ants with fears of future wants possest.

Then

Then watch the time when budding Almonds
show,

And tender Twigs with fragrant Blossoms
bow.

If thick the Fruit, and thin the Leaves appear,
'Twill prove a sultry, but a plenteous Year;

But if the Leaves above the Fruit abound,
The Sheaves will be but lank, and empty found.

I've seen the subtle Farmer, wisely sure,
His Seed with Lees of Oil, and Nitre cure:

That Art your Seed in weight and bulk improves,
And all the Vermin of the Field removes;

But when it's nicely cull'd, and plump, and fair,
And steep'd, and warm'd with all his utmost
care.

'Twill soon degenerate, till with Art renew'd,
Cull'd o'er, and still with double care purſu'd.

Thus all things suffer in their fatal course,
Change every day, and every day grow worse.

So when a Man with restless toils and pains,
Rows up the Stream, and ground but slowly
gains;

If he but slacks his Arms a while, he's gone,
And in the rapid Stream is hurry'd head-long
down.

Besides, the Farmer with a curious Eye,
Should watch the various motions of the Sky;
On Charles's Wain his Observations make,
And on the rising Kids, and glittering
Snake,

As those who venture on a stormy Sea,
And near Abydos take their dangerous way.

When

250.

260.

270.

When *Libra* balances the Day with Night,
 And parts the Globe with equal shades and
 light, ~~no aurum of the earthy darkness~~
 Then Yoke your Oxen, Swains, your Barly-sow,
 Till Winter's cold extrem, and churlish grow.
 Then Harrow in your Flax and Poppy-feed,
 And ply your busie Ploughs with early speed.
 Sow Beans in Spring, and in a mellow Soil,
 Clover and Millet ask your Annual toil.

280. When first bright *Taurus*'s Golden Horns ap-

pear, ~~the sunne~~ And letting *Sirius*, shows the rising Year.
 But if with Ryes and Wheats, you'll sow the
 Field, ~~and when the earthy darkness~~ And none but Grains which solid substance
 yield.

First let the *Pleiades* a Mornings set,
 And the bright Crown before the Sun retreat
 Before you sow, or trust the Field Manur'd,
 With all those hopes your yearly toils ensur'd.
 Some can't indeed, for the right season stray,
 Whose greedy hopes as wretched Crops repay.
 But if you'd common Tares or Vetches sow,
 290. 290. Or any pains on *Egypt's* Pulse bestow,
Bootes set the proper season shows,
 And the wise Swain from thence, to middle,
 Winter sows.

The Times and Seasons that we thus might
 know,
 The Sphere by certain Lines is parted so,
 That thro' Twelve Heavenly Signs the Golden
 Sun
 Might Yearly with commanding Influence run.

Five Climates the superiour Skies divide,
 One with eternal heats and scorchings fry'd,
 From which the two extremes on either Hand,
 Horrid with Ice, and gloomy Tempests stand.
 The Two between *Jove's* condescending Grace
 Made Habitable for our Mortal Race ;
 Thro' them the *Zodiack* cuts its Oblique way,
 Whence Twelve bright Signs the lower World
 survey.

And since to us the *Scythian* Mountains rise,
 Beneath our feet the Southern Circle lies ;
 O'er us the Freezing Constellations roll,
 And our Horizon views the Northern Pole.
 The Southern sinks to those dark deeps below
 Where Ghosts reside and Stygian waters flow.
 O'er us the monstrous winding Serpent glides,
 And like some Flood the neighbouring Bears
 divides.

The Bears by jealous *Juno's* fury scar'd,
 And from the cooling Oceans waves debar'd.
 Some think there Reigns impenetrable Night,
 And Clouds repell the smallest Gleams of light.
 Or that with us when cheerful Light decays,
 There *Phosphorus* his Morning Beams dil-
 plays ;

And the gay Sun's hot Car that Hemisphere
 surveys.

Hence, we before the various seasons know,
 And when to Reap the Fields, and when to Sow.
 When with our nimble Boats at Sea to ply,
 Where Warlike Fleets with Canvas Wings may
 When Timber may be kindly fell'd, and be
 From Sap, and penetrating Vermin free.

300.

310.

320.

Nor

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Nor do we watch the moving Signs in vain
 How they alike thro' all the Quarters Reign.
 When Frost and Storm the butle Swain con-
 fines,

330. He then at leisure various Works designs ;
 At leisure ends, which in a clearer Sky
 He'd hurry o'er, or too confus'dly ply.
 One Plates anew, or files his blunted Shares,
 Or for his Cattel hollow Troughs prepares,
 Brands them, or Figures out his Sacks for Corn,
 Another sharpens Stakes, or Forks if worn ;
 Makes ready Twigs with which his Vines he
 binds,
 Or nimble Skeps with pliant Osiers winds.
 Then's time to grind your Corn, your Batch to
 bake ;
340. Some Liberties on Holy-days we take ;
 Some work, all Laws of Gods and Men permit
 On those great Days; no wise Religion yet
 Forbad the Boor his flooded Fields to drein,
 Or mend his Fences to secure his Grain.
 To burn the Thorns, or greedy Birds t' allure,
 Or sickly Sheep in wholsom Streams to cure.
 Oft too he drives his slow-pac'd As to Town
 With Oil, or mellow Apples loaded down ;
 Which, there he trucks for necessary things,
 350. And Pitch, and Rosin home, and Mill-stones
 brings.
- The Silver Moon too with her powerful Rays
 Marks out th' unlucky, and auspicious Days,
 On her Fifth Day ne'er stir the Fruitful Earth,
 Then Hell and Hellish Furies took their Birth.
- On
woe

On that curst Day Earth with a hideous roar

Cæus, Briareus, and Typhoeus bore.

At Heavens bright Realms the Brother mon-
sters flew,

And *Offa* thrice on staggering *Pelion* threw,

Thrice huge *Olympus* from the Centre torn,

Was to the top of groaning *Offa* born. 360.

Thrice angry *Jove* impetuous Lightnings
hurl'd,

Rush'd down the three-pil'd Hills, and save the
Starry World.

Next to the Tenth the Seventh's a Lucky Day,

To prove your Bullocks, and your Vines to lay;

Or warp your Pieces; on the Ninth you'll be
Safe in your Journeys, and from Padders freed

Some Busines in the Night may best be done,

Or e'er the Dawn leads up the rising Sun.

Night's best to Cut your Haum, your Meads
to Mow,

While to the Scythe the dewy Vapours flow. 370.

I'th' Chimney Corner one a Winter Nights

Makes Matches, while his Wife with Songs
delights

His Ears, and makes the cheerful hours con-
sume,

Or with her nimble Shuttle plies the Loom.

Else he boils up his Must with gentle Fire,

And makes superfluous Particles retire;

And ever as the rising scum appears,

He with a Bough the foaming Copper clears.

But Mid-days heat best reaps the burden'd

Fields,

And Mid-days heat the fairest Flooring yields. 380.

Sow

- Sow then, and Plow when the kind season's
warm,
And then you strip to work you'll catch no
harm.
- But he some Rest in lazy Winter gains,
And reaps the Fruits of all his former pains.
From House to House the jolly Farmers feast,
With easie Thoughts, and honest plenty blest.
As Sea-men when their Ships have made their
Port,
Put out their Waft-cloaths and dissolve in sport.
Yet then beat Acorns down, your Olives clear,
390. Get what your Bays, and Purple Myrtles bear.
When Earth lies cover'd o'er with driving Snow,
And Rivers scarce beneath their Ice can flow.
The Swain for greedy Cranes his Springes sets,
And for the Stag extends his Toils and Nets;
Or traces to their Fournis the listning Hares,
Or else his *Balearian* sling prepares.
With mighty force he whirls it round his
Head,
And strikes the game with glowing Bullets dead.
What should I sing, what Constellations
Reign,
400. What Storms in Autumn sweep along the Plain?
The Farmers work when days in length decline
And Summer Beams with fainter Furies shine,
Or when wet Spring rolls hurrying towards
an end,
And bearded Ears o'er all the Fields ascend,
And Milky Grains the swelling Husks extend?
Oft have I seen the gathering Vapours jarr,
And full grown Winds commence a fatal War,
Then.

Then when the Reapers ply'd the Golden Field,
And Mowers made the crackling Barlies yield.

I've seen the storm tear up the standing Corn, 410.

The weighty heaps on rapid Whirl-winds born,

And Stalks, and Ears like horrid Tempests fly,

Spread far and wide, and darken all the Sky.

Often have I seen prodigious Spouts ascend,

And gathering Clouds their heavy Wings ex-tend,

Till Heaven all black with gloomy Tempests grown,

Seas thro' the Air at once rush tumbling down,

Drench'd all the cheerful Harvest, drown'd the Field,

The slimy Dikes, and low sunk Rivers fill'd,

Till the swell'd Waters o'er their Bounders flow'd,

(glow'd.) And Seas, enrag'd with foaming Whirl-winds,

Nay, love himself, in that unnatural Night

With ruddy Bolts enhanc'd the dismal fright.

Shock'd the wide World, with hideous Thunders roar,

Till Savage Forests Herds could bear no more,

In Humane hearts dejecting Terrors reign'd,

While stern Lightnings with a fatal Hand

At Rhodope, and lofty Athos hurl'd,

And flames around the glowing Mountains whirl'd;

And pouring Rains and Storms embodied more,

Made the Woods reel, and dash'd the sounding shore.

(Signs, A

For fear of this, observe the Months and

Which way old Saturn's frigid Orb inclines,

See

- See in what secret Roads bright *Mercury*, (Sky.
 Northward or Southward wanders thro the
 But above all, the bounteous Gods adore
 Thy Tilth once past, of all thy Yearly store
 A chearful Sacrifice to *Ceres* bring,
 When sinking Winter greets the rising Spring,
 When fatted Calves, and racy Wines delight,
440. And shady Hills to wholsom sleeps invite,
 Then let the merry Youth to *Ceres* bow,
 And with thy self, to her their service vow.
 New Wines with Milk and Honey Sacrifice,
 And let your Prayers before her Altars rise.
 Lead then the Consecrated *Heifer* round,
 Thrice let her trace the pious *Farmer's* Ground.
 Let all the jolly *Lads* her steps attend,
 And that she may with happy smiles descend.
 To humble Cells let all the Jovial Crew
450. The Goddess with her loudest Prayers pursue,
 Nor let the Sickle touch the ripen'd Corn
 Till all the Swains with Oaken Wreaths adorn
 Their chearful Brows, and in an Antick Dance,
 Her mighty Name with sacred *Hymns* advance.
 And, that we might by certain *Signs* descry
 Heats, Rains, and e'ry Wind which rakes the
 Sky. (creed,
 Great *Jove* himself, the changing *Moons* de-
 To show what Weather every Month should
 breed, (the Swain
 What Signs rais'd Southern storms, and when
 460. Should near their Stalls his grazing Herds retain.
 When *Storms* are brewing from an unseen
 cause,
 A *Billow* breaks at Sea with mighty flaws.
- The

The lofty Hills with crackling noises sound,
And rising Murmurs roll the Forests round,
And hollow groans from distant Cliffs re-bound.

The Ship may then expect an angry Sky,
When off from Sea the *Gulls* directly fly,
And with a sudden Clamour stretch to shore,
And *Fen-ducks* wanton all the Meadows o'er ;
Or when the *Hern* his watry haunt forsakes, 470.
And o'er some Cloud his Airy Passage makes.
Oft you may see before a Storm can rise
Bright *Star-like* Meteors shoot along the Skies,
And where they pass thro shades of darksome
Night,

A glittering Tract drawn out of Silver light.
See Chaff, or Leaves as nimbly whisking round,
And mildest Lakes with floating Feathers
crown'd.

But if a Northern dreadful Tempest roars,
Or East, or Western Gusts assault the Shores ;
High Flouds o'er all the Country Banks prevail, 480.
The cautious Sea-Man furls the dripping Sail.
Nor yet can sudden *Flaws* the Swain surprize,
Who reads *Prognostics* with attentive Eyes ;
If he'll observe the soaring *Crane* aspire,
And from the Vale, before the Storm, retire.
He'll oft the *Bullocks* spacious Nostrils find
Toss'd toward the Skys, and snuffing up the
Wind.

He'll see the pratling *Swallow* skim the Lake,
Or croaking *Frogs* their old complainings make,
The busie *Ants* their ancient Lodgments fly, 490.
Drag out their Eggs, and narrow Tracts apply.

Vast *Bows* suck up the Rain, and noisy *Crows*
 Scar'd early home, a threatening Change disclose.
 The Fowls which haunt the Seas, and those
 which near

Caister's Banks and Marshy Pools appear,
 Dip down their Heads, and toss the wavy Dew
 High o'er their Shoulders, and their Mates
 pursue.

Run back and forward, and with Gesture gay
 Wash wildly, and along the Waters play.

500. The boding *Coughs* aloud the Rains implore,
 And stately stalk along the Sandy shore.

Thus too, the merry *Maids* who Nightly spin
 Their carded Wools, can see the change begin,
 While from their Lamps the glittering sparkles
 rise,

And round the Wick a foaty Capping lies.

By Signs as sure, the cunning Swain descrys
Fair Weather breaking thro the louring Skys.
 Then all the Stars shoot out with brisker gleams,
 And the bright Moon returns her Brother's
 Beams

510. With sharper Horns; no fleecy Clouds appear
 Aloft, no *Halcyons*, to the Ocean dear,
 Bask with their open Wings along the shore,
 And nasty *Swine* their Litter toss no more;
 But Foggs descend, and belly toward the Plain,
 And when the *Sun* sinks down beneath the Main,
 From some lone Turrets melancholic height
Owles hallow shrilly thro the silent Night.
 The royal *Hobby* cuts the liquid Air,
 And the poor *Lark* still rues the Purple hair;

Where

Where e'er the wretched *Lark* for shelter flies,
Her cruel *Sire* pursues her thro' the Skies,

520

Where e'er the cruel *Hobby* cuts the Skies,
Away the trembling *Lark* for shelter flies.

Then oft the *Raven* with a hollow noise
More deep than usual, strains his croaking voice
They meet in Flocks with uncouth blithness
gay,

Hop thro' the fluttering Leaves, and loofly play,
And to their dear lov'd Nests, and young at last
Return before the driving Storms are past.

Not that I think they're blest with Nobler
Sense,

530.

Or know more nicely what the Fates dispense.

But when the Weather, and the various Air
Their tempers change, and what before was rare,
Condens'd appears beneath a Cloudy Sky,
Or *Dense* grows rarer when the Season's dry;
They with the changing Weather change
their Sense,

And flying Clouds their Bosoms influence.

Hence thro' the Fields we hear the cheerful
Quire, (admire.

The joyous *Ravens* croakes, the Cattels freaks

If from the rapid *Sun* your Rules you'll take,
Or from the *Moons* sequacious Circles make;
To morrows *Grey* will ne'er delude your sight,
Nor the false Calmnes of the sliding Night.

540.

When first the *Moon*'s declining Beams renew,
If then her *Horns* obscure, and gloomy shew,
Thick weighty Clouds are gathering in the
Wind,

And all's to wet by Sea and Land inclin'd.

Q 2

But

But if her Cheeks a Virgin blush diffuse,
Winds, stormy Winds the blushing *Moon* fore-shews.

550. If four days old she brightly mounts the Skies,
The Farmer thence unfailing Signs descryes.
If bright and sharp her Silver Horns appear,
That, and the following Days will all be clear.
No Winds, no heavy Rains will clog the Sky,
But the expiring *Months* serenely die.
Then *Sailors* safe a shore, their Vows shall pay,
And *Offerings* on the sacred Altars lay,
To Panope their grateful Sacrifice,
To Glaucus and to kind *Palæmon* rise.

560. Observe the *Sun* too, watch his rising Signs,
And how he toward his watry Couch declines.
The *Sun's* Prognostics all are plain and clear,
Both when he mounts, and when the Stars appear;
If with a spotted *Limb* he climbs the Skies,
Or *Masques* in Clouds, or half his Beams denies,
Then look for Showers and for a Southern wind,
To Plants and Herds a moist unwholsom kind.
If when he rises first his languid Beams
Break thro the gather'd Clouds with watry
Gleams.

570. Or if the *Morning* leaves her Saffron Bed,
Her faded Cheeks with deadly paleness spread,
What ratling storms of Hail their looks attend?
What Leaves can then their tender Grapes defend?
Your Observations yet are surer far
When down Heavens steep he drives his burn-ing Carr;

His Browsoft change then with a various hue,
And Winds his Red, and Rains his Black pursue.
If gloomy spots mix with his ruddy Flame,
All mighty Winds, and mighty Rains proclaim.
With such a Sky I'd never quit the shore,
Be drill'd to Sea, or once my Boat unmoore.

580.

But if his *Rise* unclouded Beams display,
And with unclouded Beams he close the Day,
Fear neither Rains nor Winds, the North then
moves,

Drives off the Clouds, and rustles thro the *Groves*
In short, the *Farmer* by the *Sun* may know
Whence Clouds will rise, or gentle Gales
will blow,

What Storms the Watry South designs to bring,
What Weather from the falling Night may
spring,

590.

For who'd with false *Prognostics* charge the *Sun*?
He warns us oft of Mischiefs scarce begun;
Foreshows blind *Insurrections*, unfledg'd *Farrs*,
Fermenting *Treacheries*, and brooding *Wars*.

He pity'd *Rome* when murder'd *Cæsar* dy'd,
And to the World his cheerful Beams deny'd,
Behind a gloomy Scurf obscur'd his light,
And Godless Men fear'd an Eternal Night.

'Twas then the Time when Seas, and Air, and
Earth,

Contriv'd to give prodigious Monsters birth.
Dark Heaven on that Inhumane Action scowl'd,
And *Dogs* obscene in every Quarter howl'd;
Ill-boding *Schrieck-Owls* with their ominous
Notes,

600.

Scream'd thro the Day, and stretch'd their fate-
full Throats.

Hot

The I. Book of the Georgics

Horus *Eros* burst his fiery bounds below,
And made *Sicilia's* Fields with Sulphur glow,
Made melted Rocks in vivid Torrents roll,
And shot vast fiery Globes against the Pole.

Th' affrighted Germans heard the dismal sound
Of clanking Arms which march'd the *Welkin*
round. (reel'd,

610. The Snowy *Alps* with uncouth tremblings
And silent Groves prodigious voices fill'd.
Pale meager *Ghosts* broke from the rending
Tomb, And glaring stalkt thro' Nights obscurer gloom.
Brutes (horrid strange!) with Humane Lan-
guage spoke, (broke.

And staggering Earth her shattered Surface
Swift Brooks a passage to their Streams deny'd,
And quite forgot the Seas attending Tide;
Big with their Tears the sacred Marbles stood,
And sweating Statues dropt a Sanguine Flood.

620. *Po*, Prince of Streams, with uncouth madness
swell'd, (fell'd,
Bore down the Groves, and Forests headlong
At once drown'd all the Fields, and Herds and
Stalls,

Hurry'd with violent fury to his dreadfull falls.
Beasts *Livers* all with boding Lines were Vein'd,
And bloody Springs their Streams with Gore
distrain'd. (sounds,

Th' unpeopled Streets were fill'd with hideous
And howling *Wolves* there took their Mid-
night rounds.

Lightnings n'ere shot so thick from Cloudless
Skies, Nor such portentous Comets plagu'd our Eyes
Pbi-

Philippi then a griev'd Spectator stood, (Blood. 630.

And saw her Fields o'erflow'd with streams of
While Roman Troops in War with Romans clos'd,
And Friends their Friends with equal Arms
oppos'd.

(once more
Heaven angry, thought it worth it's while
To enrich the barren soils with Roman Gore,
To glut the wide Pharsalian Fields around,
And the large Plains by lofty *Hæmus* crown'd.
The time shall come, when as the toiling Swains
With crooked Plows shall furrow up the Plains.
They'll find our Spears with eating Rust con-

sum'd,

And hollow Helmets long in Earth inhum'd,
And Pigmy Heirs shall with amazement see
The mighty Bones of their Gigantic Ancestry.

Ye kindred Gods who o'er great Rome preside,
Quirinus too to all the Gods ally'd !

And Mother *Vesta*, whose protecting Hand
Makes Tiber flow, and Rome triumphant stand.

O let this one, this gallant Youth remain,
And the vast ruines of the World sustain !

Enough of Blood for Perjuries we've paid

To Woes by false Laomedon betray'd.

To us the Gods, Great Cæsar ! envy thee,
And all thy Triumphs here with Envy see,
They grudge to see a wretched Age, opprest
With Lawless Guilt, by such a *Guardian* blest.
For all our lower World's involv'd in Blood,
And horrid Sins with impious Art pursu'd.
The Plough lies rusting by, the Soldiers scorn,
The Fields uncultivated, wild, forlorn. (make,
New Swords of Scyth's, the Martial Farmers
And arm'd, their desolated Lands forlacke. (End.

660.

1450 *Euphrates* sounds with marching Troops from
so far, *when D. Wolfe* abstr. 1. 101. *W. C. L. 1. 101.*
And nearer *Germany* reviews the War,
All Leagues are broke, and Civil Wars divide
Cities by all the nearest Bonds ally'd.
We see this All in dire confusions hurl'd,
And Tyrant *Mars* rage thro an Impious World,
The fiery *Couriers* rushing from the Stand
Fly out, and scorn the Charioteers command,
In vain he draws the Bit, along the Plains
The head-strong Horses scour, and scorn the
sounding Reins.

cqd

F I N I S.**E R R A T A.**

cqd

Page 6. line 20. for read, p. 7. l. 15. after Davi-
dus l. 22. after his d. p. 8. l. 4. d. 18. l. 19. af-
ter for, p. 19. r. *trump.* p. 13. l. 6. r. *Simeon's.* p. 15. l.
25. after say, add to. p. 20. l. 13. r. *trump.* l. 18. r.
subtili *ligitor.* p. 21. l. 21. r. *Racer.* p. 23. l. 23. r.
Gaffer. p. 28. l. 35. r. *Trumper.* p. 38. l. 24. r. *abysse.*
p. 54. l. 11. r. *Pipes.* p. 63. l. 13. r. *Gallous.* p. 102. l.
17. r. *Domus.* l. 12. r. d. *gad.* p. 111. l. 13. r. *Ho.* l.
16. f. *mush.* r. *ispo'd.* p. 113. l. 17. f. *wed.* r. *sand.*
p. 127. l. 25. r. *horn.* p. 134. l. 14. r. *cafe.* r. *car.* p.
138. l. 1. r. *musk.* r. *Surpriz'd.* p. 188. l. 30. r. *Heath,*
r. *Harris.* p. 219. l. 31. r. *Wren.* p. 221. l. 10. r.
serv'd.

cqd

Many more Errors in the Pointing, the Reader will
observe, and correct himself.

